

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

April, 1931

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

10c a Copy



Interior Decorators
when planning rooms
invariably start with the **FLOOR**



DOMINION INLAID LINOLEUM

The floor, interior decorators say, is the keynote for all decorative schemes. It is the background . . . that can either lift a room to heights of distinction or chain it to the commonplace.

With Dominion Inlaid Linoleum you are offered wider decorative scope than with any other floor covering. As the sole floor or supplemented by woven coverings, it permits a catholicity of choice in

furnishings and drapes, a smartness of arrangement, a scope for striking colour schemes that interior decorators have been quick to seize upon.

It will give YOU the same inspiration to work out charming, yet inexpensive room effects.

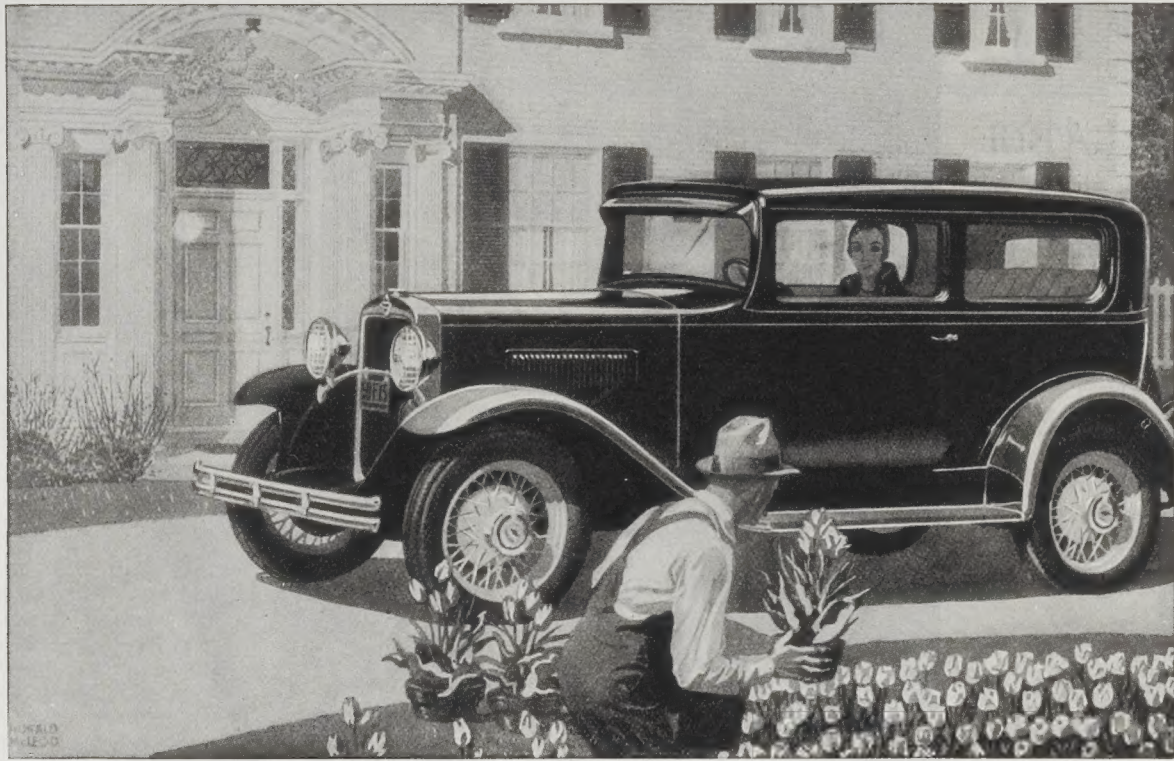
Dominion Inlaid and Jaspe Linoleum is permanent and easy to clean. It comes in designs, many of them new this season, suitable for every room.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY LIMITED, MONTREAL

Design illustrated is Dominion Blue Jaspe Linoleum, made in Canada by the makers of the famous Dominion Battleship Linoleum.



Sold by house furnishing, departmental stores and general stores.



Women are finding the Chevrolet Six Unusually Easy to Drive.

IT is a real pleasure to drive a car so alert and capable in performance—so quick to respond to your fingers' touch—as the new Chevrolet Six.

Due to the new steering gear, and the slim, easily-handled, 3-spoke wheel—you can guide the car effortlessly with your fingers—even in turning and parking where space is restricted. Other reassuring features include a silent, easily-operated clutch—a smooth-shifting transmission—and a quick-acting four-wheel braking system.

Because it is a six-cylinder car, Chevrolet is always velvety smooth and quiet. And because it is an unusually powerful car, the new Chevrolet accelerates easily from slow speeds—climbs even steep grades "in high". As a result, you can avoid much of the customary gear-shifting.

All driving controls are well within reach. The driver's seat is instantly adjustable. You will appreciate the safe, clear vision provided by the Fisher non-glare windshield.

Call the nearest Chevrolet dealer and learn by a demonstration the exceptional handling ease of the new Chevrolet Six. Know, too, how easy it is to own this modern, Fisher-body car at its *new low prices*.

The Chevrolet dealer near you is listed under "General Motors" in the advertising section of your 1931 telephone directory. Ask him about the G M A C plan of deferred payments—and the General Motors Owner Service Policy.

**The NEW
CHEVROLET SIX**
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

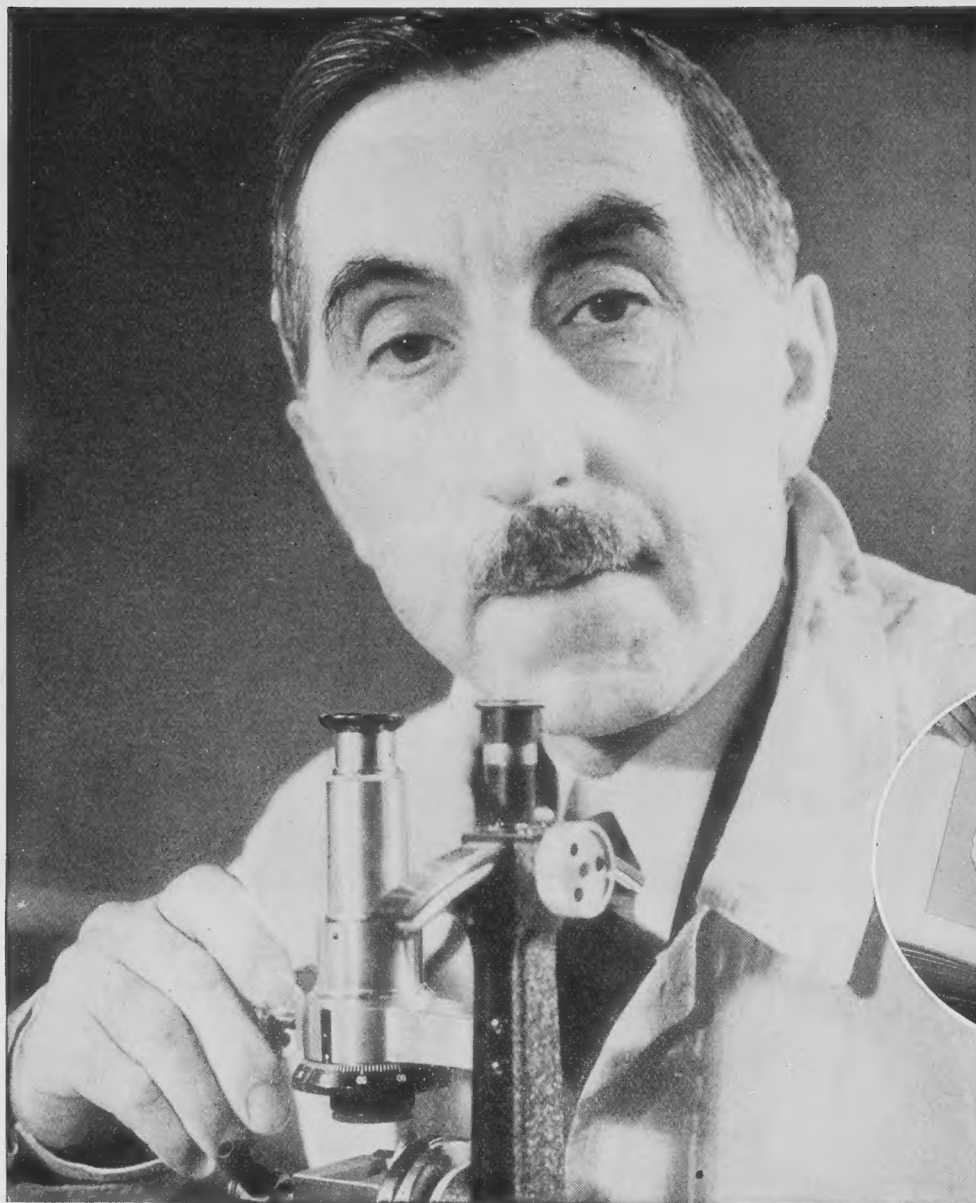
Beginning April 10, "Canada on Parade"—a contribution to Canadian progress—comes to you over radio stations from coast to coast every Friday evening.



Priced from \$610 at factory, Taxes Extra

DR. HENRI LABBÉ

Specialist in metabolism, biology and nutrition. Dr. Labbé is Professeur Agrégé (full professor) in the Faculty of Medicine of the University of Paris and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France. He is frequently called upon as a consultant by other physicians in difficult cases.



YOU CAN'T CURE a sluggish condition of the intestines with cathartics and pills. That's why doctors advise yeast. Fresh yeast "tones" and purifies the intestinal tract.

This famous French physician says,

"Yeast is *entirely* different from ordinary laxatives . . ."

THE statement above is from a lecture on the properties of yeast by one of the greatest medical authorities in Europe . . . Dr. Henri Labbé, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris.

What Dr. Labbé says concerns the very vital matter of your health. It concerns a simple way to correct an unpleasant trouble that afflicts

nearly every one from time to time.

"Being a food," Dr. Labbé explains, "the action of fresh yeast is entirely different from that of weakening laxatives or cathartics."

"Fresh yeast tones up the stomach and intestines—helps them to function easily and regularly. It prevents the formation of poisons in the intestinal tract . . . increases appetite . . . helps the system resist lighter forms of infection."

Isn't it clear, from this, why so many thousands have adopted the sensible Fleischmann's Yeast method of keeping in top-notch physical trim?



Add fresh yeast to your diet.

EAT THREE CAKES of Fleischmann's Yeast a day, before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold).

For fresh yeast keeps bodily elimination regular *by natural means*. It strengthens sluggish intestinal muscles . . . softens the accumulated wastes. Your whole system is gently cleansed and purified. Digestion improves. The skin clears. You are less susceptible to headaches and colds.

Why not try it? Just eat Fleischmann's Yeast every day. Eat it any way you like. Each cake is rich in vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains, drug stores. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Building, Montreal, P.Q.

Follow these Great Doctors' Advice!

DR. FRONZ, physician to Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, explains: "I know nothing better than fresh yeast to regulate the intestines." DR. KROMAYER, Berlin sanitarium head, declares: "Fresh yeast purifies the whole intestinal tract."

Buy Made in Canada Goods.



"Eating Fleischmann's Yeast cleared my skin and brought back my appetite," writes Miss Margaret Macdonald, public stenographer at Canada's largest hotel, Toronto. "Best of all, it seemed to give me boundless energy for my work."



(LEFT)
"I suffered horribly from indigestion," writes Norman E. Longheed, Vancouver, B.C. "I had no appetite and whatever I did eat disagreed with me. I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast and gradually my digestive troubles left me. I've said good-bye to indigestion forever."

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast . . . the kind famous doctors recommend. Eat 3 cakes every day!



VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 4

Cheering Advance

THOUGH during the last month nothing has occurred in the Dominion either to inspire hope or to cause discouragement, there have been two notable achievements in the greater world that may have greater significance than anything of local origin. The first was the entry of France and Italy into the League for Disarmament, the second was the signing of the treaty at Delhi.

It was discouraging in the extreme when the conference on naval limitation last fall ended with two of the nations unwilling to sign an agreement. They had what seemed to them ample justification for their action. The forbearance of the other three powers and their decision to act independently, trusting to time to work in favor of a later acceptance of the Mediterranean nations, must be heartily commended. Now that the outstanding differences have been reconciled and a five-nation treaty made, it is possible that in their quieter moments all the countries concerned, and other nations with them, may find time to consider the foolishness and the crime of increasing armaments when a whole world is yearning for peace. It is surely evident that the surest way to hasten war is to prepare for war; the surest way to promote peace is to cultivate the arts of peace.

There are three very obvious reasons why expenditure on naval armaments cannot be defended. Battleships, cruisers and submarines are provocative of war. A fleet of vessels is to a nation what a chip on the shoulder is to a small boy. It is a challenge to the other party. Then the building of a navy means the expenditure of incredibly vast sums of money that could be expended otherwise in useful undertakings—improving living accommodation, adding to facilities for education, beautifying the countryside. In other words, what is now being spent for purposes of destruction could be saved for purposes of construction. In the third place, a fleet cannot any longer do the work that is expected of it. Its day has partly gone. The warfare of the future will be not chiefly on land, and not chiefly on water, but in the air. It is with pleasure, then, that the world learns that the agreement has been reached. It may have been the last of the three reasons that weighed most with the countries participating in the settlement. Rather let us hope that it was a real desire for world-peace.

The second cause for genuine thankfulness is that an understanding has been arrived at between the Nationalists in India and the British Government. True it is only a step towards permanent settlement that has been taken. There is a long road to travel till the end of the course is reached. It is good, however, that the parties to the race have all turned their faces in the same direction. Let us be optimistic enough to believe that there can be no obstacle in the path to peace and self-government, which cannot be overcome by patient forbearance and just dealing. The greatest need of the world today is the British Empire, and the greatest need of the units of Empire is that they retain their loyalty to their King, and their affection for one another. May the future of India be greater and happier than the fondest imagination of the most ardent Nationalist could have pictured.

University Education

DURING the last year there have appeared in both English and American magazines and newspapers, articles urging the necessity of limiting the number of young people who attend University. The University of British Columbia has gone so far as to give notice that the number now attending is beyond the capacity of the institution and that next year only the best qualified will be admitted.

The argument for restricting the number of students is not always the need of further accommodation, but rather the fact that many of those seeking admission are not of the class that can possibly benefit from university education. "Time and Tide," facing this argument, says there are not too many

seeking higher education, but that the Universities are failing to give most of the students the kind of higher education that is needed. It is not the young people who are wrong, but the Universities. They are so wedded to tradition they cannot meet the practical needs of the students. Indeed it is getting to be that University education of the traditional type is about the most useless training that a practically-minded young person could have. For neither the methods nor the subject matter are such as to call forth the best in young people. There are exceptions, of course. Students of the scholastic type usually have their needs met, but the time has gone by when Universities should minister merely to young people of the scholastic type. All education should make for life development, and a University should make it easy for all classes to reach the highest in their own line. A higher education in agriculture, in music, in the printer's art, and in the conduct of business, is just as necessary as higher education in pure mathematics, astronomy, classics, or modern languages.

Announcement of Winners in The Advertised Product Contest

- 1st PRIZE—Mary McLean,
1327 Frontenac Avenue,
Calgary, Alta.
- 2nd PRIZE—H. J. S. Reynolds,
Nanaimo, B. C.
- 3rd PRIZE—George L. Pierce,
515 Nelson Street,
Fort Frances, Ont.

As a matter of fact in this busy work-a-day world there are in Western Canada few who can settle down for five years to purely academical studies. The majority are demanding such instruction and training as will not only broaden their conceptions of life, but enable them to take an active part in some useful calling. To limit the curriculum to traditional studies is to favor a class that needs no particular encouragement in this land.

The University is always costly. Its support means a heavy tax on all the people. It is the children of only the fairly well-to-do that can afford to attend lectures. Yet the common people, for whom no higher education is provided, have to assist in paying the bill. Surely in education the wealthy might be expected to assist the poor rather than the reverse.

The time seems to have come for a thorough-going modernization of the University so that its curriculum and methods will appeal to all who aspire to higher education. The ideal for most people is not that of the cloistered hermit nor the book-learned ascetic, but that of men of action who are guided by intelligence and rich in personality. It is impossible to have too many of this type, and therefore there is no limit to the number who might profitably receive higher education. When a world is changing a University should change. That is the beginning and end of the argument.

The Virtue of Modesty

ONE thing that causes amusement in a none-too-joyous world is the self-importance of some of those who have been appointed or elected to positions of public honor, or who, having acquired great wealth by inheritance, accident or trickery are looked upon as objects of envy by the multitude. Reference is made to such persons as judges, mayors, members of Government, presidents of industrial and financial

concerns, and in general to all who fill responsible positions and take themselves too seriously. It is a great honor to be appointed to a judgeship, but a judge is not an authority on finance, education, public morals, religion and philosophy. He should be modest. It is a fine thing to be a mayor, but a mayor is not qualified to express an opinion on world-problems unless he has studied them. There have been mayors who would have had a fine reputation if they had only known enough to keep quiet. It is distinctly an honor to be a Minister of the Crown, but why not let it go at that? Every minister is not a Solomon. With his investiture he does not even attain wisdom. Some affect infallibility. This is why they cause amusement. As for some plutocrats, it is no longer customary to take all their opinions seriously. They are not as a rule trained to sober reflection and at best their opinions are as likely to be biased as those of the politician or the religious fanatic. The most lovely virtue in the world is modesty, the most objectionable quality is braggadocio, the most unbecoming attitude that of superior wisdom.

Relieving Business Depression

THE Christian Science Monitor tells this story: "Debts amounting to \$2,400 were cancelled in 60 days by three \$50 checks given the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce by the Sugar Refining Corporation of Savannah, Ga., as a debt-paying plan, it being stipulated that each recipient of the checks should use them at once to pay a creditor, and checks to be cashed by those individuals or firms holding them at the end of the specified time.

"Emphasis in this experiment was placed upon prompt payment of debts as an effectual method of putting money in circulation and aiding in bringing about normal business conditions.

"In the two months in which they travelled from hand to hand on their debt-cancelling tour check number one wiped out \$1,150, check number two \$700 and check number three \$550 indebtedness in the city of Atlanta.

"The experiment is considered to have proved what it set out to prove—that prompt payment of debts is an effectual way to circulate money and to aid in relieving business depression.

"Wide interest has been manifested in the use of these three checks as a debt-paying plan, many letters from other cities having been received by the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, making inquiry about it, Benjamin S. Barker, executive vice-chairman and secretary, said. Mr. Barker further stated that after putting it to the test he recommends the plan and feels it would be particularly successful in smaller cities and towns."

Citizenship

MR. L. P. JACKS, in his great work on Constructive Citizenship, defines the good workman in this wise: "As I conceive him, three main elements combine in his make-up, each interpenetrating the other two—trusteeship on the moral side, competent technique on the scientific side and skill on the practical side." This thought of trusteeship applies to every citizen whether he is contributing to others or receiving from them. Whatever his calling, trade or profession may be, it will always contain the distinction between an inferiority that is criminal, a mediocrity that will pass muster, and a superiority that will do him honor. His trusteeship will be no less active in hours of leisure than in hours of labor. "Considering the citizen in this light as worker and worked-for, the ideal of industrial society assumes a clear outline. It becomes the ideal of an organization world-wide and world-deep, of reciprocal trustees bound together and vitalized by mutual loyalty in daily work." This idea carried to its logical completeness suggests that the ultimate form of human organization is not necessarily political. Politics makes more noise than associations bound together on the basis just outlined. Perhaps the idealist, the Christian moralist, has a right to his dreams.

Busy Business Women in B.C.

A Few Activities in Public Life

By Mary Markwell

A DAINТИLY packed box of sweet lavender, bearing Christmas greetings, brought me in touch with "The Lavender Lady," who lives on one of the fairy Islands just outside the city of Vancouver. Attached to the box-of-lavender is a pretty story: A few years ago, while Fortune smiled, the lavender lady picked up an acre of ground, with a shack upon it on this fairy island, and used it as a summer-holiday camping ground. Later, when the slump in investments came, the lavender lady woke up one morning to find herself and her little brood facing a future that frowned.

Frowns are not in the line of the lavender lady. She stepped out of her fine house (which she had planned hopefully) as the auctioneer stepped in, and hieing away to her mimic island she put hand to the spade on *Gypsy Hill*, set out some lavender roots, chinked the leaky roof so that the drip wouldn't spoil her books or piano, and there, a very feminine Robinson Crusoe—ess, the lavender lady—waited.

What capital had she? "Bust, Belief and Begin-again!" In 1931, a new and pretty bungalow replaces the shack. *Gypsy Hill* is redolent of sweet lavender. Every inch of the reclaimed ground was dug with hands unused to labor. The lavender lady, as befits literary gifts, acts as librarian to the larger Islands, a travel library having (through her efforts) been established, and this year lavender from *Gypsy Hill* went on the market!

When I asked for a photograph to illustrate my story, the gypsy lady threw up both busy hands: "Oh, let me save my face" she said, "I must make a success of my lavender before I say anything about what is as yet but a hope!"

Still, I hold that her *Alma Mater*, St. Mary's Academy, in Winnipeg, and her fellow graduates, scattered now, may like to know how "Gladys Ballentine" turned hard times into good times, by pluck—and sweet lavender!

A Lady Of Leisure Looms

IN THE late federal election, the name of Mrs. Alice Townley went on the nomination paper. Burrard wanted a woman candidate in the field; but "party" exigencies fearing a split vote, most generously, the lady candidate retired from the contest, showing a fine spirit by supporting her "friendly enemy" in the stiffest fight Vancouver ever saw!

I sought out Mrs. Townley, expecting to find exactly what I did find, a shy and retiring young woman, filled with love for Canada, and (candidly speaking) no 'ornamental figure' in public life, but brilliantly capable of representing any Riding in B.C. I also found an author: "The Opinions of Mary"—a philosophical treatise on life generally . . . some "Children's Stories," beautifully illustrated, and a staid brochure "Points in the Laws of British Columbia," written with astuteness and skill, stating "The Legal Status of Women." Mrs. Townley is accredited with mothering an amendment to the city charter, granting to "Married Women" the same privileges (in municipal elections) as "to Men".

The "Parks' Board" availed itself of Mrs. Townley's artistic tastes in inviting her to a membership seat, where her forceful arguments, expressed almost timidly, generally find acceptance. Her work in this line is particularly interesting, she being the only woman in Canada holding such office!

An Optimistic Lady

"THE OPTIMIST" is a Weekly newspaper, owned, managed and edited, by Mrs. T. A. Dunning, of Ladner, B.C. I found the "Lady Editor" in active

action, struggling (printing day) with a fine up-to-date linotype printing press, which had replaced the old hand-press upon which she had first played a tune of Hope.

Left a widow with three children under age, "a mountain of debt" facing the bereaved mother, but "so many friendly faces!" (in her own words) "I just felt that I had to keep right on and make good somehow!" The words formed a fine text for a sermon on "Fear Not!" Of the struggle, this plucky woman refused to speak; of the fine



Mrs. R. C. Townley, Mrs. John R. Costigan, Mrs. C. Pearson,



Mrs. Dunning, Mrs. Crawford.

Canadian spirit that met and aided her on each and every occasion she is eloquent: "It couldn't be done anywhere but right here in Ladner, B.C.," she says.

She tells some amusing "corners" turned, as, when the crops didn't fulfil promises, "I just took garden stuffs and fruit as collateral in subscriptions, and I NEVER LOST A SUBSCRIBER!" How the heavy editorials "floored" her—how she gathered up news items—meanwhile cooking dinners for hungry school urchins; mending and darning—dashing to the office to take in "the odd ad"—and coming through "somehow," in her own words.

Today "THE OPTIMIST" stands side by side with any other B.C. Weekly. The "mountain of debt" has become a mole-hill, being levelled day by day. This through the energy and pluck of a still youthful woman who speaks of Manitoba (Pilot Mound) as "home."

What One Family Piano Did

THE family piano was a wedding Present. It played many a merry tune when Hon. John Costigan—one of the fathers of Confederation—travelled up and down the country in his private car; his son's wife, one of the "beautiful Dowling Girls," a guest of honor at every function given in the Season at the gay Capital.

John Costigan Jr., himself a brilliant K.C., lent to Canada high prestige as a pleader at the Bar; but, without warning, the young wife (with three tiny tots) left widowed one day, stood by a newly made grave and asked herself the question: "What shall I do?"

A brilliant pianist, she had given to her Calgary home, to churches (regardless of creed), to charity, her musical gifts without stint. And now, Calgary asked her to give to their growing youth the benefit of her musical training, which was very high. Thus it was that the family piano came into practical use, and for many years an ever increasing class filled in the hours with harmonious sounds that drowned out every human sigh. A master musician, Mrs. Costigan has sent out into the world a number of professional pianists; a tribute from the highest authority in Canada saying: "Mrs. Costigan is a brilliant performer, a true musician in every sense of the word," and this coming from "Mrs. Annie Glenn-Broder," a famous musician herself, is high praise. Mrs. Costigan gave greater things to Canada than her art: she gave her son to the great war, and then she met the tragedy of his death, fighting for his country, as the brave mother of a brave son would, by "gritting her teeth" and going right on.

Born with a silver spoon in her mouth—a leader in social life—a reigning beauty in her day—she met reverses with marvelous bravery of soul. Still active, for the *Hudson's Bay Company* realizing her knowledge of music, secured her services (in an advisory capacity) and today she gives to buyer-patrons the value of her art in advice.

The Lady Dietitian

"LOOKING for clever women? then come with me and meet one!" I went with my guide to one of the big Banks on Granville Street in busy Vancouver, and discovered a quite young woman seated at a desk, tabulating figures. It was the o' th' month; bills were being checked; a whirl of white apron'd maids numbering a dozen were taking orders, and a "family" of some two hundred of a bank-staff were taking luncheon (in relays) at high noon.

"It's my busy hour!" the lady-of-the-smile said, "but take a seat, and—(learning the cause of my call) "There's very little to tell you about myself—in fact failure was my second name for a long time!" I said "I'd like to meet a Canadian woman who admits 'failure!'"

"I'm only Canadian by adoption," she said "but I feel Canuck clear through." Then came the story: Left with two small dependent lads, penniless, homeless! "but not friendless"—the words interjected brought the famous smile. "I hadn't a penny to my name, but, 'going back home' seemed such a weak thing to do, I decided to meet the emergency"—the word covered up and shielded the defection of one who had failed in duty—"and I started a very classy Tea-Room just before the war broke out. B.C. wanted other things than Afternoon Teas just then; I promptly failed in business, and I recollect closing the door of my venture [Continued on page 81]

Small Sum Down

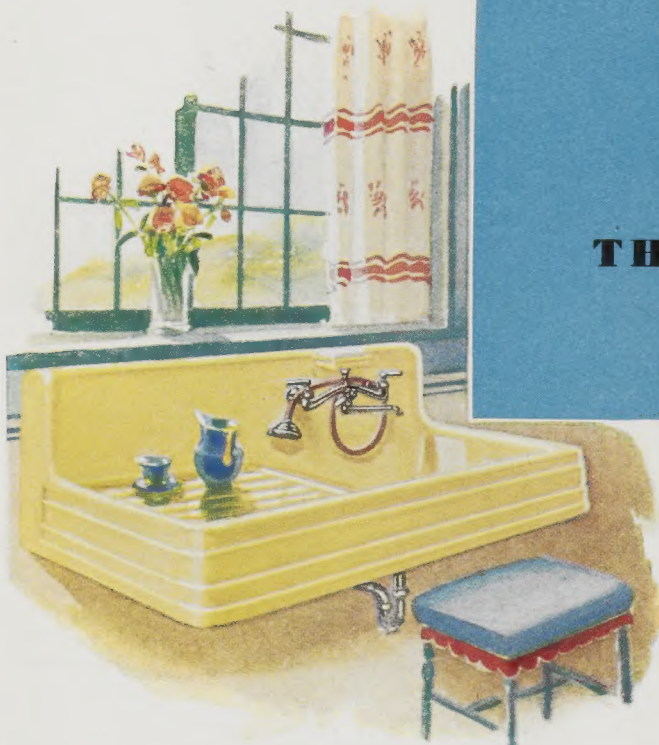
balance monthly

**FOR CRANE
PLUMBING & HEATING**

FULLY INSTALLED

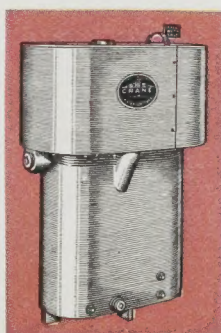
GIVING the health and cleanliness that are the best beauty secrets of all, modern plumbing and heating have enabled the modern woman to cultivate fully the personal charm that is her birthright. Bringing new beauty to bathroom and kitchen, they have incalculably assisted her in her first mission . . . the making of a delightful home. Relieving her of drudgery, they have given her a new freedom.

Are you and your family sharing fully in these benefits? You can.



You can have a bathroom that you are proud of and that your friends admire. You can have a kitchen that is a pleasure to work in. You can have plentiful hot water at any hour of day or night from a Crane Automatic Water Heater; soft

Hard water is turned into soft, automatically, by this Crane-Warlo Electro-Matic Water Softener. Supplies plenty for average homes, without any trouble on your part.



moist and healthful by a Doherty-Brehm Humidifying Radiator. You can have any or all among a hundred new plumbing and heating ideas. Select materials for small home or large from the complete Crane line. Their price will be what you can afford to pay. Their dependability is backed by a 76-year reputation. Every



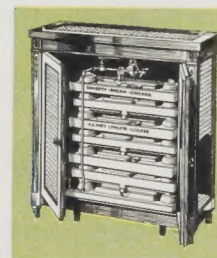
MAKING THE MODERN WOMAN POSSIBLE

water from an automatic Crane-Warlo Water Softener; the even healthful heat of radiator heating; winter air always kept

dollar invested will markedly increase the selling value of your property.

Pay on convenient installments

And you may pay only a small amount down, the balance month-



The automatic Doherty-Brehm Humidifying Radiator for steam, hot water, and vapor heated homes. Banishes dry winter air. Benefits health immensely. Low in first cost and saves its cost in fuel.

ly, under the Crane Budget Plan.

Why wait to modernize your plumbing and heating. Visit the nearby Crane Exhibit Rooms now. See before buying. Choose exactly the equipment that fits your needs. For purchase and a thoroughly satisfactory installation, consult a responsible plumbing and heating contractor. He will help you plan, recommend materials, arrange the financing on easiest terms.

CRANE

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Please send me without obligation, your latest book on plumbing and heating.

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WH-4

Calay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists

**. . . no other complexion soap
ever had such unqualified
approval from these
physicians**

And I'd like to be sure you realize something important—that this approval of Calay comes from the only real complexion authorities: licensed physicians who have specialized in the care and treatment of the skin.

After careful tests on all the different kinds of skin, 73 of the most eminent dermatologists practicing today unanimously recommended soap and water as a necessary part of skin care. And they gave Calay the highest approval as a proper soap for even the most delicate complexions.

All I need to add to that is my solemn feminine word that besides being mild and gentle, Calay is also the loveliest and most delicately fragrant soap that ever bubbled into a lather of velvet.

If you'd like special help and complexion advice, write for my free booklet "Face Your World with Loveliness." Just address me at Dept. YHH-41, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap, which is called Calay in Canada. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

Dr. Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)



Calay [called Camay in the United States] is made in Canada—10¢ a cake



"Him? He wasn't never married, Miss," said the old man scornfully.

A PILGRIM

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by R. G. Herbert

THE servants had gathered in the front hall to inspect the new arrival—cook, kitchen-maid, butler, flanked on the right by parlor-maids, on the left by a footman and a small buttons.

The new arrival was a snow-white bull-terrier, alert, ardent, quivering in expectation of a welcome among these strangers, madly wagging his whiplike tail in passionate silence.

When the mistress of the house at last came down the great stone stairway, the servants fell back in a semi-circle leaving her face to face with the white bull-terrier.

"So *that* is the dog!" she said, in faint astonishment. A respectful murmur of assent corroborated her conclusion.

The dog's eyes met hers; she turned to the servants with a perplexed gesture.

"Is the car at the door?" asked the young mistress of the house.

The footman signified that it was.

"Then tell Phelan to come here at once."

Phelan, the chauffeur, arrived, large, rosy, freshly shaven, admirably correct.

"Phelan," said the young mistress, "look at that dog."

The chauffeur promptly fixed his eyes on the wagging bull-terrier. In spite of his decorous gravity a smile of distinct pleasure slowly spread over his square, pink face until it became a subdued simper.

"Is that a well-bred dog, Phelan?" demanded the young mistress.

"It is, ma'am," replied Phelan, promptly.

"Very well bred?"

"Very, ma'am."

"Dangerous?"

"In a fight, ma'am." Stifled enthusiasm swelled the veins in the chauffeur's forehead. Triumphant pæans of praise for the bull-terrier trembled upon his lips; but he stood rigid, correct, a martyr to his perfect training.

"Say what you wish to say, Phelan," prompted the young mistress, with a hasty glance at the dog.

"Thanky, ma'am . . . The bull is the finest I ever laid eyes on . . . He hasn't a blemish, ma'am; and the three years of him doubled will leave him three years to his prime ma'am . . . And there's never another bull, nor a screw-tail, nor cross, be it mastiff or fox or whippet, ma'am, that can loose the holt o' thim twin jaws . . . Beg pardon, ma'am, I know the dog."

"You mean that you have seen that dog before?"

"Yes, ma'am; he won his class from a pup at the Garden. That's 'His Highness,' ma'am, Mr. Langham's champion three-year."

She had already stooped to caress the silent, eager dog—timidly, because she had never before owned a dog—but at the mention of his master's name she drew back sharply and stood erect.

"Never fear, ma'am," said the chauffeur, eagerly; "he won't bite, ma'am—"

"Mr. Langham's dog?" she repeated, coldly; and then, without another glance at either the dog or the chauffeur, she turned to the front door; Buttons swung it wide with infantile dignity; a moment later she was in her car, with Phelan at the wheel and the rigid footman expectant at the window.

SEATED in a corner of her car, she saw the world pass on flashing wheels along the asphalt; she saw the April sunshine slanting across brown-stone mansions and the glass-fronted façades of shops . . . she looked without seeing.

So Langham had sent her his dog! In the first year of her widowhood she had first met Langham; she was then twenty-one. In the second year of her widowhood Langham had offered himself, and, with

the declaration on his lips, had seen the utter hopelessness of his offer. They had not met since then. And now, in the third year of her widowhood, he offered her this dog!

She had at first intended to keep the dog.

Knowing nothing of animals, discouraged from all sporting fads by a husband who himself was devoted to animals dedicated to sport, she had quietly acquiesced in her husband's dictum that "horse-women and dog-women made a man ill!"—and so dismissed any idea she might have entertained towards the harboring of the four-footed.

A miserable consciousness smote her; why had she allowed the memory of her husband to fade so amazingly in these last two months of early spring? Of late, when she wished to fix her thoughts upon her late husband and to conjure his face before her closed eyes, she found that the mental apparition came with more and more difficulty.

Sitting in a corner of her car, she quietly endeavored to raise that cherished mental spectre, but could not, until by hazard she remembered the portrait of her husband hanging in the smoking-room.

But instantly she strove to put that away; the portrait was by Sargent, a portrait she had always disliked, because the great painter had painted an expression into her husband's face which she had never seen there. An aged and unbearable aunt of hers had declared that Sargent painted beneath the surface; she resented the suggestion, because what she read beneath the surface of her husband's portrait sent hot blood into her face.

Thinking of these things, she saw the spring sunshine gilding the gray branches of the park trees. Here and there elms spread tinted with green; chestnuts and maples were already in the full glory of new leaves, the leafless twisted angles of wisteria hung thick with scented purple bloom; everywhere the scarlet blossoms of the Japanese quince glowed on naked shrubs, bedded in green lawns.

Her husband loved the country . . . There was one

spot in the world which he loved above all others—the Sagamore Angling Club. She had never been there. But she meant to go. Probably tomorrow . . . and before she went she must send that dog back to Langham.

THERE was nothing extraordinary in it. His club was there on the corner, and it was exactly his hour for the club.

"It is so very fortunate . . . for me," he said. I did want to see you . . . I am going north tomorrow."

"Of course it's about the dog," she said pleasantly.

He laughed. "I'm so glad that you will accept him—"

"But I can't," she said . . . "and thank you so much for asking me."

For a moment his expression touched her, but she could not permit the expression of men's faces to arouse her compunction, so she turned her eyes resolutely ahead towards the spire of the marble church.

He walked beside her in silence.

"I am also going north tomorrow," she said politely.

He did not answer.

Every day since her widowhood, every day for three years, she had decided to make that pilgrimage . . . some time. And now, crossing Union Square on that lovely afternoon late in April, she knew that the time had come. Not that there was any reason for haste . . . At the vague thought her brown eyes rested a moment on the tall young man beside her.

Yes . . . she would go . . . tomorrow.

A vender of violets shuffled up beside them; Langham picked up a dewy bundle of blossoms, and their perfume seemed to saturate the air till it tasted on the tongue.

She shook her head. "No, no, please; the fragrance is too heavy."

"Won't you accept them?" he inquired, bluntly.

Again she shook her head; there was indecision in the smile, assent in the gesture. However, he perceived neither. She took a short step forward. The wind whipped the fountain jet, and a fan-like cloud of spray drifted off across the asphalt. Then they moved on together.

Presently she said, quietly: "I believe I will carry a bunch of those violets," and she waited for him to go back through the fountain-spray, find the peddler, and rummage among the perfumed heaps in the basket. "Because," she added, cheerfully, as he returned with the flowers, "I am going to the East Tenth Street Mission, and I meant to take some flowers, anyway."

"If you would keep that cluster and let me send the whole basket to your mission—" he began.

But she had started on across the wet pavement.

"I did not know you were going to give my flowers to those cripples," he said, keeping pace with her.

"Do you mind?" she asked, but she had not meant to say that, and she walked a little more quickly to escape the quick reply.

"I want to ask you something," he said, after a moment's brisk walking. "I wish—if you don't mind—I wish you would walk around the square with me—just once—"

"Certainly not," she said; "and now you will say good-bye—because you are going away, you say." She had stopped at the Fourth Avenue edge of the square. "So good-bye, and thank you for the beautiful dog, and for the violets."

"But you won't keep the dog, and you won't keep the violets," he said; "and, besides, if you are going north—"

"Good-bye," she repeated, smiling.

"—Besides," he went on, "I would like to know where you are going."

"That," she said, is what I do not wish to tell you—or anybody."

There was a brief silence; the charm of her bent head distracted him.

"If you won't go," she said with caprice, "I will walk around the square with you, but it is the silliest thing I have ever done in my entire life."

"Why won't you keep the bull-terrier?" he asked.

"Because I'm going north, for one reason."

"Couldn't you take His Highness?"

"No—that is, I could, but—I can't explain—he would distract me."

"Shall I take him back, then?"

"Why?" she demanded, surprised.

"I—only I thought if you did not care for him—" he stammered.



Meanwhile His Highness picked up the letter and stood politely waiting.

"You see I love the dog." She bit her lip and bent her eyes on the ground. Again he quickened his pace to keep step with her.

"You see," he said, searching for the right phrase, "I wanted you to have something that I could venture to offer you—er—something not valuable—er—I mean, not—er—"

"Your dog is a very valuable champion; everybody knows that," she said carelessly.

"Oh, yes, he's a corker in his line; out of Empress by Ameer, you know—"

"I might manage . . . to keep him . . . for a while," she observed, without enthusiasm. "At all events, I shall tie my violets to his collar."

He watched her; the roar of Broadway died out in his ears; in hers it grew, increasing, louder, louder. A

dim scene rose unbidden before her eyes—the high gloom of a cathedral, the great organ's first unsteady throbbing—her wedding-march! No, not that; for while she stood, coldly transfixed in centred self-absorption, she seemed to see a shapeless mass of wreaths piled in the twilight of an altar—the dreadful pomp and panoply and circumstance of death—

She raised her eyes to the man beside her; her whole being vibrated with the menace of a dirge, and in the roar of traffic around she divined the imprisoned thunder of the organ pealing for her dead.

She turned her head sharply towards the west.

"What is it?" he asked, in the voice of a man who needs no answer to his question.

She kept her head steadily turned. Through Fifteenth Street the sun poured a red light that deepened as the mist rose from the docks. She heard the river whistles blowing; an electric light broke out through the bay-haze.

It was true she was thinking of her husband—thinking of him almost desperately, distressed that already he should have become to her nothing more vital than a memory.

Unconscious of the man beside her, she stood there in the red glow, straining her eyes and memory to focus both on a past that receded and seemed to dwindle to a point of utter vacancy.

Then her husband's face grew out of vacancy, so real, so living, that she started—to find herself walking slowly past the fountain with Langham at her side.

After a moment she said: "Now we have walked all around the square. Now I am going to walk home . . . and thank you . . . for my walk . . . which was probably as wholesome a performance as I could have indulged in—and quite unconventional enough, even for you."

They faced about and traversed the square, crossed Broadway in silence, passed through the kindling shadows of the long cross-street, and turned into Fifth Avenue.

"You are very silent," she said, sorry at once that she had said it, uncertain as to the trend his speech might follow, and withal curious.

"It was only about that dog," he said.

"She wondered if it was exactly that, and decided it was not. It was not. He was thinking of her husband as he had known him—only by sight and by report. He remembered the florid gentleman perfectly; he had often seen him tooling his four; he had seen him at the traps in Monte Carlo; dividing with the best shot in Italy; he had seen him riding to hounds a few days before that fatal run of the Shadowbrook Hunt, where he had taken his last fence. Once, too, he had seen him at the Sagamore Angling Club upstate.

"When are you going?" he said, suddenly.

"Tomorrow."

"I am not to know where?"

"Why should you?" and then, a little quickly, "No, no. It is a pilgrimage."

"When you return—" he began, but she shook her head.

"No . . . no. I do not know where I may be."

In the April twilight the electric lamps along the avenue snapped alight. The air rang with the metallic chatter of sparrows.

They mounted the steps of her house; she turned and swept the dim avenue with a casual glance.

"So you, too, are going north?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Yes, tonight."

She gave him her hand. She felt the pressure of his hand on her gloved fingers after he had gone, although their hands had scarcely touched at all.

And so she went into the dimly lighted house, through the drawing-room, which was quite dark, into the music-room beyond; and there she sat down upon a chair by the piano—a little gilded chair that revolved as she pushed herself idly, now to the right, now to the left.

Yes—after all she would go . . . she would make that pilgrimage to the spot on earth her husband loved best of all—the sweet waters of the Sagamore, where his beloved club lodge stood, and whither, for a month every year, he had repaired with some old friends to renew a bachelor's love for angling.

She had never accompanied him on these trips; she instinctively divined a man's desire for a ramble among old haunts with old friends, freed for a brief space from the happy burdens of domesticity.

The lodge on the Sagamore was now her shrine; there she would rest and think of him, wander along the rivers where he had wandered, dream by the streams where he had dreamed.

She had married her husband out of awe, sheer awe for his wonderful personality. And he was wonderful, faultless in everything; though not so faultless as to be in bad taste, she often told herself. His *entourage* also was faultless; and the general faultlessness of everything had made her married life very perfect.

As she sat thinking in the darkened music-room, something stirred in the hallway outside. She raised her eyes; the white bull-terrier stood in the lighted doorway, looking at her.

A perfectly incomprehensible and resistless rush of loneliness swept her to her feet; in a moment she was down on the floor again, on her silken knees, her arms around the dog, her head pressed tightly to his head.

"Oh," she said, choking, "I must go tomorrow—I must—I must . . . And here are the violets . . . I will tie them to your collar . . . Hold still . . . He loves you . . . but you shall not have them — do you hear? . . . No, no . . . for I shall wear them . . . for I like their odor . . . and, anyway . . . I am going away . . ."

THE next day she began her pilgrimage, and His Highness went with her; and a maid from the British Isles.

She had telegraphed to the Sagamore Club for rooms, to make sure, but that was unnecessary, because there were at the moment only three members of the club at the lodge.

Now although she herself could scarcely be considered a member of the Sagamore Angling Club, she still controlled her husband's shares in the concern, and she was duly and impressively welcomed by the steward. Two of the three members domiciled there came up to pay their respects when she alighted from the muddy car, sent to the railway to meet her; they were her husband's old friends, Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent, white-haired, purple-faced, well-groomed gentlemen in the early fifties. The third member was out in the rain fishing somewhere down-stream.

"New man here, madam—a good fellow, but a bad rod—eh, Brent?"

"Bad rod," repeated Major Brent, wagging his fat head. "Uses ferrules to a six-ounce rod. *We splice—eh, Colonel?*"

"Certainly," said the Colonel.

She stood by the open fire in the centre of the hallway, holding her shapely hands out towards the blaze, while her maid relieved her of her wet raincoat.

"Splice what, Colonel Hyssop, if you please?" she inquired, smiling.

"Splice our rods, madam—no creaky joints and ferrules for old hands like Major Brent and me, ma'am. Do you throw a fly?"

"Oh, no," she said, with a faint smile. "I—I do nothing."

"Except to remain the handsomest woman in the five boroughs," said the Major, with a futile attempt to bend at the waist—utterly unsuccessful, yet impressive.

She dropped him a curtsey, then took the glass of sherry that the steward brought and sipped it, meditative eyes on the blazing logs. A half-length portrait of her husband stared at her from over the mantel, lighted an infernal red in the fire-glow.

A catch in her throat, a momentary twitch of the lips, then she gazed calmly up into the familiar face.

Under the frame of the picture was written his full hyphenated name; following that she read:

President and Founder
OF THE
Sagamore Angling Club
1900-1927

Major Brent and Colonel Hyssop observed her in decorously suppressed

sympathy. "I did not know he was President," she said, after a moment; "he never told me that."

"Those who knew him best understood his rare modesty," said Major Brent. "I knew him, madam; I honored him; I honor his memory."

"He was not only president and founder," observed Colonel Hyssop, "but he owned three-quarters of the stock."

"Are the shares valuable?" she asked. "I have them; I should be glad to give them to the club, Colonel Hyssop—in his memory."

"Good gad, madam," said the Colonel, "the shares are worth five thousand apiece!"

"I am the happier to give them—if the club will accept," she said, flushing, embarrassed, fearful of posing as a Lady Bountiful before anybody. She added, hastily: "You must direct me in the matter, Colonel Hyssop; we can talk of it later."

Again she looked up into her husband's face over the mantel.

Her bull-terrier came trotting into the hall, his polished nails and padded feet beating a patter across the hardwood floor.

"I shall dine in my own rooms this evening," she said, smiling vaguely at the approaching dog.

"We hoped to welcome you to the club table," cried the Major.

"There are only the Major and myself," added the Colonel, with courteous entreaty.

"And the other—the new man," corrected the Major, with a wry face.

"Oh yes—the bad rod. What's his name?"

"Langham," said the Major.

The English maid came down to conduct her mistress to her rooms; the two gentlemen bowed as their build permitted; the bull-terrier trotted behind his mistress up the polished stairs. Presently a door closed above.

"Devilish fine woman," said Major Brent.

Colonel Hyssop went to a mirror and examined himself with close attention.

"Good gad!" he said, irritably, "how thin my hair is!"

"Thin!" said Major Brent, with an unpleasant laugh; "thin as the hair on a Mexican poodle."

"You infernal ass!" hissed the Colonel, and waddled off to dress for dinner. At the door he paused.

"Better have no hair than a complexion like a violet."

"What's that?" cried the Major.

The Colonel slammed the door.

Upstairs the bull-terrier lay on a rug watching his mistress with tireless eyes. The maid brought tea, bread and butter, and trout fried crisp, for her mistress desired nothing else.

Left alone, she leaned back, sipping her tea, listening to the million tiny voices of the night. The stillness of the country made her nervous after the clatter of town. Nervous? Was it the tranquil stillness of the night outside that stirred that growing apprehension in her breast till, of a sudden, her heart began a deadened throbbing.

Langham here? What was he doing here? He must have arrived this morning. So that's where he was going when he said he was going north!

After all, in what did it concern her? She had not run away from town to avoid him . . . indeed not . . . her pilgrimage was her own affair. And Langham would very quickly divine her pious impulse in coming here . . . And he would doubtless respect her for it . . . Perhaps have the subtle tact to pack up his traps and leave . . . But probably not . . . She knew a little about Langham . . . an obstinate and typical man . . . doubtless selfish to the core . . . cheerfully, naively selfish.

She raised her troubled eyes. Over the door was printed in gilt letters:

THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE

Tears filled her eyes; truly they were kindly and thoughtful, these old friends of her husband.

And all night long she slept in the room of her late husband, the president of the Sagamore Angling Club, and dreamed till daybreak . . . of Langham.

LANGHAM, clad in tweeds from head to foot, sat on the edge of his bed.

He had been sitting there since daybreak, and the expression on his ornamental face had varied between the blank and the idiotic. That the only woman in the world had miraculously appeared at Sagamore Lodge he had heard from Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent at dinner the evening before.

That she already knew of his presence there, he could not doubt. That she did not desire his presence he was fearfully persuaded.

Clearly he must go—not at once, of course, to leave behind him a possibility for gossip at his abrupt departure. From the tongues of infants and well-fed clubmen, good Lord deliver us!

When their affection had been temporarily satiated, the dog lay down on the bed, eyes riveted on his late master, and the man went over to his desk, drew a sheet of club paper towards him, found a pen, and wrote:

"Of course it is an unhappy coincidence, and I will go when I can do so decently—tomorrow morning. Meanwhile I shall be away all day fishing the West Branch, and shall return too late to dine at the club table."

"I wish you a happy sojourn here—"

This he re-read and scratched out.

"I am glad you kept His Highness."

This he also scratched out.

After a while he signed his name to the note, sealed it, and stepped into the hallway.

At the farther end of the passage the door of her room was ajar; a sunlit-scarlet curtain hung inside.

"Come here, said Langham to the dog.

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"So that is the dog," she said in faint astonishment.

In Came Cynthia

If This Were a Mystery Story Rather Than an Enthralling Romance, of an Unsophisticated Young Man and a Red Haired Girl, the Clue Would be a Small Kitten With a Spotted Stomach

By
Anita Gabrielle
LaVack

IN another hour he would have asked her to marry him, and he had no reason to doubt her answer. He had written to her that he was coming, and she had answered "Come." But it was the first time in their acquaintance that he had taken the initiative. In a jeweler's shop on quite another errand the day he had received her letter, he had been shown a ring, and he had asked them to put it aside for him.

He had been as sure of her as that, and with cause. Of her taste too. A huge pearl raised high in a frosty filigree of diamonds. Extravagantly lovely. Ostentatiously correct.

Like Rosamond herself.

In the doorway of the hotel dining-room, a girl paused for a moment, laughing. A girl with red hair.

Red hair, a young laugh . . . and time no longer had meaning. Around the table where he sat alone, the smell of damp earth, cloying sweetness of lilies. For there had been a girl, and he was back at his last sight of her. The flames which licked at her thin dress as she sprang to save the neighbor's child who had been playing with matches had left her face untouched . . . her hands they had hidden under a drift of flowers.

Not yet seventeen, and he but two years older, yet she had spoiled all other women for him. It had seemed to Herbert Carter that she would always do so. But the years had been long, and he lonely. And Rosamond had been flatteringly kind.

Across the room, toward the table nearest Carter's, came a group of young people with the red-haired girl as its focus.

Carter looked past the others of her party to this girl who had laughed . . . who was still laughing. She was everything he most disliked. Lip-sticked mouth. Lacquered finger-nails. Shadowed eye-lids.

All the flippancy, the self-assurance of modern youth. And underneath the artificiality, in spite of it, that likeness to the girl whose memory to Carter was fragrant as mignonette.

"Carl—you sit there. Paula, over here between Carl and Roy. Toto, on the other side of Roy." Red Hair marshalled them to their places.

"Five is a simply poisonous number," complained blonde Paula.

"Pretty sour of Frank, I'll say, to do a fade-out on us at the very last minute," added Toto.

"Could he help it if his rich grand-aunt had a stroke?" asked Red Hair. "Don't be so infantile, Toto."

Everything he most disliked, Carter told himself for the second time, with irritation . . . and as he watched her the red-haired girl looked up and caught his intent gaze upon her. Her golden-hazel eyes wide with interest, she smiled at him.

Carter looked away quickly.

A man came from behind Carter on his way out of the dining-room. The noisy young people at the neighboring table hailed him joyously. His back was to Carter, but there was something about its lazy length, his amused voice, which was not unfamiliar. Page Burton—he had been best man at a wedding in Carter's home-town the winter before.

"Hello, Little Sin," Burton spoke to the red-haired girl. "How's the puss-cat?"

"Fine . . . Page brought me a kitten he found on the street the other night," Red Hair told the others.

"Black for luck, I hope," said Paula.

"Black and white. Spotted. So I named it 'Typhoid.' Because of the spots on its stomach, you know. That's how the doctor can tell if you have it," explained Red Hair blandly.

Carter thought of Rosamond . . .

As he turned away from them, Page Burton saw Carter for the first time. He came quickly to Carter's table.



"Let me go!" Effie was frantic. "I want to drown myself. I want to do it myself. Let me go!"

"My sainted aunt! Who'd have thought to see you here? . . . Sorry I didn't know you were in town sooner," said Burton after they had exchanged greetings and reminiscences. "We might have dined together—driven out to the Chateau d'Or. But I've a date now, and I'm sailing tomorrow."

"The Chateau d'Or? It sounds familiar." Burton grinned. "Historical once, our wildest roadhouse now. You probably read of the arrest there of the couple who murdered the banker."

CARTER said good-bye and *bon voyage* to him without explaining that roadhouses frequented by murderers were not to his taste. Red Hair and her friends were listening, had been all the time he and Burton were talking, he knew. He did not look toward them as he drank his coffee, signalled his waiter. But he was quite aware of the whispering going on, the mischievous chuckling, remonstrances. Then watchful silence as Carter rose to go. As he passed them a vanity bag of woven gold and silver beads slid—was pushed—from the table to the floor directly in front of him.

Neither of the boys in the party could get to it without pressing past him. Carter stooped to pick it up.

"Thank you so much," said Red Hair earnestly. "Awfully dumb of me. You're a stranger in the city, aren't you? And a friend of Page Burton's—perhaps you'd like to join us this evening? We're doing a movie and then going out to the Chateau d'Or to dance."

"I'm sorry"—but there was no regret in Carter's tone—"I'm engaged."

"For the evening, or holy matrimony?" asked Red Hair.

Carter looked at her. Under that look Red Hair flamed with a sudden scarlet, an uprush of color all her make-up could not hide. Carter watched without compunction. He was resenting that resemblance to the girl he had loved . . . which was after all no resemblance at all, because even though two girls did have the same red hair, the same sunny eyes, the same laugh like the sound of struck crystal, if one was a little saint and the other a flippant brat . . .

"Both," said Carter unsmilingly.

Laughter flared up behind him as he turned away. Their lively voices followed him.

"You're out, Little Sin, You're absolutely out." That was Paula.

Black-haired, bright-eyed Toto, mischievous as the monkey she suggested, spoke between giggles.

"A slap for Sinful, I'll say."

Rosamond was as gracious and as flawless as he remembered her to be. Her drawing-room with its grey panelled walls, her well-trained servants, everything was as impeccable, as satisfactory as he had anticipated. The realization made visible before him of his dream of the home and wife he wanted.

He had come from his quiet little city, where he was the leading—and the youngest—banker, member of the school-board, rector's churchwarden of St. Chrysostome's, purposely to ask Rosamond, whom he had met on a trip abroad, to marry him.

But he left her without speaking of marriage. That ring—so like Rosamond—he knew now he would never buy.

He stood on the broad street outside Rosamond's house for a little—just such a conservative street as the bride of Herbert Carter should come from.

From a far-off steeple chimes sounded faintly. The half hour after eleven struck.

An empty taxi came down the street on its way to its stand.

Carter stepped to the curb. Held up a finger.

"Do you know where the Chateau d'Or is?" he asked.

It was many miles out of the city. A very old house of grey stone set among noble trees in old gardens that sloped to the Saint Lawrence. Fume of blossoming lilac. Flower of mock orange. Green-hedged



Cynthia pulled herself free from him, and faced him furiously.

plots that once had flushed with roses now furnished parking-space for a motley of motor-cars. The house which more than a century before had been the stately home of those who made history, debased to its present use was a garish blaze of light.

A new hall, tawdry and alien, had been built out from the rest of the house to serve as a main dining-room and dancing-floor. Its walls were gilded, inset with mirrors. The only light except for a weaving spotlight which picked out the dancers came from the ceiling studded with alternate rows of electric bulbs, ruby-red and sapphire blue. The purple gloom they cast bathed everything in an atmosphere curiously unreal . . . unsettling. Life here seemed detached from reality. It was a place, thought Carter, where anything might happen.

It was she he saw first—the red-haired girl, "Sinful," her friends had called her, "Little Sin." Carter remembered a poem he had read long ago about a tiny, wheedling sin which cried piteously outside, so small, so lonely . . . and when compassionately let in could never again be put forth . . . but grew, no longer weak, so big, so strong, so masterful . . . it took possession . . .

When her eyes met Carter's this time, they did not smile at him. They passed him by.

By and by someone touched Carter's arm. He turned to find beside him the merry boy to whom Red Hair, earlier in the evening, had said, "Carl, you sit there . . ."

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said very courteously but with eyes twinkling, and at the "sir" Carter flushed with amused indignation. Did the young rascal think he was speaking to a contemporary of his grandfather's? "The Baby Banker" was the jocular title by which Carter's colleagues were in the habit of referring to him; he was pleasantly used to being the youngest person in the circles he frequented. "The place is pretty full tonight. We can make room for you with us if you like."

Carter followed him through the crowd to the table where Red Hair and the others were sitting.

She did not wish to dance, she told him. But she danced with Roy five minutes after. Carter did not ask her again after that. Toto and Paula and Carl accepted him as one of themselves because he was Page Burton's friend. Roy sulkily resented his presence at first; after Red Hair refused Carter to dance with him he thawed.

THE usual varied crowd surrounded them. A reserved table not far away attracted Carter's attention. Not only because of its choice position but because he had noticed a waiter come toward it bearing a silver vase of orchids which he arranged carefully in the center of the table.

Red Hair too had seen.

"What's it all about?" she asked the waiter who was serving her table. He was an older man than most of the others, with the look of a bishop and a benign dignity worthy of the resemblance. Carter had already noticed the very evident partiality he showed for Red Hair. "Royalty with us this evening?"

"That's Mr. Moroni's table, miss," he told her.

"Louis Moroni?" asked Carl. "Royalty it is, Sin. They call him king of the underworld since Tony was hanged."

"You must be awfully that way about him—to buy orchids for him," Red Hair declared to the waiter. "We've only carnations on our table, and not very fresh at that."

"He sends the orchids ahead, miss, when he's coming. He's crazy-like for orchids. Always wears one. And always has 'em on the table wherever he goes . . . Here he comes, miss, that's him . . . See the orchid?"

"I'll say he's the handsomest thing I ever looked at," said Red Hair, and at her words Carter who had hitherto loathed any comment on his own unusual good looks felt a little stab which was so new to him he had no name for the sensation. "He looks a perfect lamb."

[Continued on page 68]



Illustrated by
Herbert Rudeen

Bootstraps, Bread and the Bolsheviki

A FARM story will fairly well illustrate what the grain-producing world is up against on wheat.

This particular farmer, hunting with his two boys at night for opossums, sent his older son aloft to shake down the animal their dog had treed. The smaller boy hid behind the tree-trunk to watch the fun; the one above shook the animal out, and listened to a great commotion of barking, snarling, spitting, scratching and groaning on the ground. Instead of dislodging a sleepy opossum, they had stirred up a wildcat.

The boy above yelled: "Do you want me to come down and help you hold him, Pa?"

To which the well-nigh exhausted father replied: "No, Son, but for God's sake come down and help 'Spot' and me turn him loose!"

The intelligent reader will appreciate the analogy. The broker and grain-pit speculator hides behind the tree as the miner of prairie gold shakes down the "critter" called surplus wheat (having discovered it to be a wildcat) into the presence of the Government, which takes hold. The wheat wildcat is loose in Canada, the United States, the Argentine, Italy, Russia, Australia and France. Canada, France, the Argentine and Australia are taking their wheat bath by degrees; they have seized the animal by the foot. The United States, Italy and Russia have gone in head-first; they have tackled him around the middle. France's Socialist Ex-Premier, Julius Theodore Steeg, narrowly missed a midriff section flying tackle on January 22 when his Ministry was voted out, 293 to 283, on a proposal to peg the price of wheat at \$2 a bushel. Premier Mussolini abhors half-measures; he went all the way by signing a contract to take all of Italy's wheat needs from Russia in 1931. The Federal Farm Board of the United States Government pegged the national price at 75 cents by purchasing 75,000,000 bushels, and wheat then went up five cents. Washington seems to be in up to the chest. Canada wet her feet when the Canadian Wheat Pool borrowed from the leading banks, and went up to the knees when the Prairie Governments (Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta) guaranteed the banks against any loss that might result should wheat go below \$1 a bushel. The price soon dropped below \$1, the burden became too heavy for the Prairie Governments, and the Central Government at Ottawa stepped in up to its waist in water still rising. Russia, of course, is in up to the neck.

So fast have the Argentine and Australia gravitated toward the larger constellations that the Hon. Parker Moloney, Minister of Markets and Transport of the latter country, has proposed a world organization to revamp the economic structure; and the Hon. J. E. Brownlee, Premier of Alberta, has stated the belief that Russia has made quiet overtures to the Canadian Government looking to a mutually beneficial adjustment.

That is how the governments have gone in, and the question remains: When will they come out, that is, turn loose?

ENTER the well-known mystery man of Guelph, Ontario—Mr. Arthur W. Cutten, who took \$400 to Chicago, worked 14 years as a bookkeeper and small trader, and became "wheat king" and Chicago's financial factotum with an income so large that he was obliged to pay \$540,000 in taxes on it in a single year. This Herrman-like wizard followed as independent a course in his operations as did Lindbergh in the memorable flight to Paris, and he has gained the nickname of the "Lone Wolf." On January 27 Mr. Cutten appeared in Winnipeg. He was quite a stranger to Western Canada, and the reason for his coming was important. On January 14 he had purchased a seat on the Winnipeg Grain Exchange at \$12,600. The "Lone Wolf" had found pickings leaner in the Chicago pit, and was looking for new fields; he arrived personally to qualify as a member, meeting the requirements of the Exchange. The Federal Farm Board's intervention in the wheat situation had stabilized the market; there could not be much speculation in wheat futures when the future was known. In other words, the bottom had dropped out at the centre of grain trading in the United States, so that Winnipeg, already considered by most people as the

From Grain Pits to Premiers Goes Titanic Battle Over Wheat

By George M. Battey, Jr.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In the Western Home Monthly for October, 1930, the author of the accompanying article contributed an item entitled "Wanted: New Uses for Wheat," in which he reviewed the work of Dr. George Washington Carver, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry at the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama, with peanuts, sweet potatoes and pecans. After that article was written but before it was published, Henry Ford and the Economic Committee of the League of Nations came out for new uses for wheat, and subsequently, so did Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas. The article presented herewith may be considered a continuation of the other; and the whole discussion seems appropriate in view of the likelihood that unexpected factors in the economic scheme will make farm and city problems, for a time, at least, more complicated than ever before.



The Hon. R. B. Bennett

leader, became unquestionably so, for the business at Kansas City, Minneapolis and Liverpool was nothing by comparison.

On Feb. 10, 1930, Mr. Cutten granted an interview reflecting the views and hopes of the speculators in grain. He said in part from Chicago:

"Foreigners are not going to buy North American wheat at artificially high prices. We seem to have forgotten how incensed this country (the United States) became when England tried to regulate the price of rubber through monopolistic methods. The European feeling toward us is somewhat similar but more intense because wheat is the staff of life. England's effort to regulate the price of rubber failed, and failure is the only result I can see for efforts to maintain the price of wheat in this country above its value which was established by normal conditions of supply and demand.

"The quickest way to get wheat up to a higher price than it brings at present is first to allow it to seek the lower level at which foreigners will buy it in volume. They are well aware of the wheat situation in this country, and cannot be frightened into feverish buying when they believe there is a superabundant supply."

Mr. Cutten added that he thought the Federal Farm Board would be liquidated after it had disposed of its 1930 wheat at a loss. Such philosophy is by no means unanimous. When the shrewd New England Yankee devised an import tariff to protect "infant industries," he told the agriculturists that as soon as these "infants" could walk alone, the Government would retire from the tariff business. That was a good many years ago, and the toddling industries have never reached the point where it was considered wise to level the tariff bars. When President Wilson carried the Federal Government into the labor union business with the Adamson eight-hour law, he may

have wanted to make an end, but the end is not yet. When the United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation were called into being by the World War, it was anticipated that they would be liquidated in two or three years in favor of private enterprise; most of the tentacles have been lopped off, but part remains. Parliament authorized the British dole in an emergency, and now realizes it got hold of a wildcat.

Having granted favors to industry and labor, governments are now expected to go all the way with something definite and permanent for the farmer, which will make the score even and may be the very thing needed to cure the economic lumbago which afflicts the world. Getting governments out of enterprises in which they have embarked reminds one of the negro soldier from the South who protested at marching from France into Germany after the Armistice.

Said Sambo to the pompous colored sergeant:

"I's listed for de durashun ob de wah."

Said the hard-boiled sergeant:

"De durashun am now just begun; right shoulder arms! Forward, march!"

PREMIER BENNETT'S bow to the inevitable was made on behalf of the Canadian Government the night of December 22, after he had chased illusory remedies across two continents at a speed somewhat strenuous for one of his corporosity and age, and in the determination to steer clear of such widespread entanglements as long as possible. Following a memorable session at Ottawa with leaders from Montreal and Toronto who mostly represented the Canadian Bankers' Association, he offered his assurances in the following cryptic statement of 17 words, which is quoted in full:

"Arrangements have been concluded which assure the orderly marketing of the 1930 wheat crop of Western Canada."

The reader will recall that this pronouncement came close on the heels of the Premier's visit to the Imperial Conference at London, which resulted largely in a deadlock, and his three-day stop in Paris, in which he made arrangements whereby the French would take 7,000,000 to 9,000,000 bushels of Canadian wheat under conditions not disclosed. Then, on December 30, Mr. Bennett appeared before 8,000 people at Regina in an effort to halt the tide of discontent among the farming class. He not only told of the agreement with the French, but expressed the belief that new markets would soon be open to Canada in China; and he approved a suggestion made by Mr. E. W. Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that a private corporation be formed to lend \$5,000,000 to the most needy wheat-growers, and otherwise to advance their interests. This speech made a very good impression and lessened the apprehension, but it was conspicuous in the absence of any reference to the possibility of developing new uses for wheat.

Perhaps the writer will be pardoned for expressing the opinion that none of the political poultices or make-shift remedies so far suggested will effect a whole and permanent cure for the ills which have beset life on the farm, and have spread to city folk. What is considered to be the negative side of the picture—the old way—has accordingly been presented first, and it remains to offer the new way, or alternative uses in a glutted market.

BEFORE proceeding with the other, however, a few remarks involving observation and opinion may be allowed. Under the social and economic structure of the past sharp conflict has existed between city folk and country folk. The city man has been closer to law-making bodies and able to obtain legislation



Ex-Premier Theodore Steeg of France

protecting his particular interests to a greater extent than has the farmer. If we delve into history—not so far back, either—we find advantage being taken of the agriculturist in ways that shock the public conscience of today. As it is, the farmer does not enjoy the safeguards he should have. He still throws his produce into a speculative market, largely for what it will bring, and often below the cost of production. Even if he is a Wheat Pool member his grain is subject to a gamble unless the government guarantees a fixed price. The lump sum of his products—wheat, butter, milk, honey, eggs, meat and vegetables—will usually average less than 5 cents a pound; while he pays for what he buys usually from 20 cents to \$3 a pound, which amounts to a bootstrap game. The farmer is not the fool he is represented by some as being; he merely looks a bit foolish trying to lift himself by the aforesaid bootstraps. He must find some amusement in hearing himself called inefficient and lazy when he peeps into the audience of reserve man-power gathered around blackboards of grain pits.

If the city man threw down his pencil and quit in bank, grocery store or counting-room, the farmer could still live indefinitely; but let "Uncle Reuben" strike for 30 days and see what would happen. There could be no greater fallacy than that the farmer is any less anxious to make a million dollars and enjoy it than the city man, or that he should be content with a living, his health and the pure air and water of the great outdoors. The ruralist has ceased to be a yokel; he likes butter on his bread and occasionally a bit of sugar; wife and daughter take naturally to silk stockings and the movies; while the kids—well, whoopee for them along with work and school. Fortunately for all, the farmer has friends in town who are sportsmen and who are fighting with him for what he considers his just deserts. Ex-Premier Steeg, of France, felt that no government in his country could enjoy a sense of stability until it had gone to the roots of the trouble with agriculture, hence his dramatic and nearly successful attempt to peg wheat at the highest peace-time mark on record. Other statesmen believe the same, so "Uncle Reuben" should not be disheartened.

OVER at Geneva the mills of the gods are grinding. There is difference of opinion as to the effectiveness of the League of Nations, but none as to the substantial character of its buildings and the dignity of its pronouncements. The voice of world peace began as a stifled cry; today it can be heard everywhere. Some of the fireworks of national animosity are scattered about and are popping spasmodically, but the old spontaneous combustion is gone, and war poems like Kipling's can be had for a song. Nations have begun to fight with the weapons of trade; the ammunition consists of the contents of sample cases. The Allies had no stomach for a concerted drive against the Bolsheviks at the close of the World War; they remembered Napoleon Bonaparte after Moscow. The World War won't be paid for in another century, so who is going to foot the bill for a new one? The winners as well as the losers went bankrupt. The lesson was so severe that the men of large accumulations are now backing the League, because they feel that another conflagration would bring world revolution and sweep away their fortunes. Sitting on the lid is strenuous, but it is preferable to falling into the pot. Nothing but sheer madness could start another general war.

The League is encouraging disarmament in tariff barriers and other artificial restrictions as well as in arms. Its Economic Section is making progress. The Consultative Committee is going into the question of manufactures on one end and agriculture on the other. It is encouraging closer contact between producers' co-operatives and consumers' co-operatives. There are 45 members representing 28 states. Canada's representative, Dr. Adam Shortt, died January 14 at Ottawa. The United States is represented by three members, Robt. E. Olds, Asher Hobson and Edward A. Sumner. Canada retired from the League Council last September 17, and will be eligible for membership again three years hence. The League's opinions and decisions are worth watching. The move toward economic reforms comprehends new uses for wheat. This edifying squib appeared from Geneva Saturday, September 27, in the Manitoba Free Press (Winnipeg):

"A meeting to discuss new uses for wheat and thereby alleviate the general overproduction has been suggested by the Economic Committee of the League of Nations. The report, it was learned today, will be forwarded to the Eleventh Assembly of the League . . ."

Henry Ford, Detroit automobile manufacturer, celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday July 30, 1930, with Thomas A. Edison at West Orange, N.J., and responded thus to interviewers who asked about the grain problem:

"We've got to find new uses for wheat. We are now experimenting up at Dearborn, trying to find new uses for wheat, barley and various things. The boys at the Edison Institute there built a still for this experimenting; they got it going last Sunday night, and the first thing they did was burn it up."

Needless to say, the damage was soon repaired, and the laboratory is still going at full blast in the Ford style, with great expectations of tangible results. In Mr. Ford's latest book, "Moving Forward," edited by his principal "ghost writer," Samuel Crowther, occurs this prophetic paragraph:

"... In a few years, instead of finding the means to stop the flow of grain into our country, we shall be calling upon the world for greater importation. The present solution for marketing plans and financial aids will be swept away as the stage coach disappeared before the railways. Agriculture is now becoming the basis of the new chemical era. What we have thus far done with coal tar we shall soon be doing with cellulose. The farms will be linked up with great industries, and a greater production and importation than we have dreamed will be necessary. . . ."

Henry Ford guessed right on automobiles. Will he hit it on chemistry and wheat?

Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, unofficial spokesman for farm interests in the States, agrees with Mr. Ford that something ought to be made out of wheat besides loaf-bread, waffles, breakfast food and griddle cakes. In a letter to the writer, dated December 17, 1930, Senator Capper said in part:

"Some solution like new uses for wheat must come or no doubt the surplus will continue or even grow greater, since many parts of the world, even as yet undeveloped, can raise wheat readily. I would like to see chemistry given a free hand and full equipment to work out all the potential possibilities of wheat."

In addresses on the Prairies of Western Canada G. W. Robertson, secretary of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, Regina, has urged alternative uses, and there are probably many others. Such expressions from organizations and individuals so highly placed in agriculture, government, science and industry can not be ignored. The new note has become quite a swell, though it is as yet circulating largely in independent channels, apart from established agencies and fully mechanized laboratories.

The man who leaves the beaten track with wheat experiments will develop a wholesome respect for this age-old commodity and the farmer who brings it to the elevator. If he persists and is sufficiently clever he will discover that it is possible to coax from wheat a wide variety of useful articles on a commercial basis, such as ink, mucilage, electric insulation and chewing gum. Indications point to a very good quality of rubber, experiments in which have been conducted quietly at Winnipeg since May, 1930, with encouraging results. Bread is the cornerstone and

pestle days, and to the crude quern, which served to beat and grind the corn and the wheat.

How strange it seems to us to think that the ancients might have coaxed out of wheat numerous things they went much farther to get, had they only known more of chemistry. We are not aware just what they knew, for time has effaced so much of history; but it may be well doubted that they had any idea rubber could be made out of wheat, although the elastic quality of dough was apparent to anyone who mixed flour and water. In fact, the wonder is not so much that man may produce rubber from wheat, but that in trying to get bread he was able to produce anything else. If you will knead, punch and pull the old dough-ball around, it seems to protest: "I want to be rubber! I want to be rubber!" But man's gnawing inner-self was saying: "You must be bread! You must be bread!" And so, after a long tussle covering centuries in which bread was dark, hard, horny or rubbery (or all of those things), the yeast cake insinuated itself into the situation, and made possible the white, light, porous, edible, digestible and nutritive loaf. Of course modern machinery assisted, but it was yeast, involving the principle of fermentation, that did the trick.

One may search high and low in the encyclopedic works of libraries; he may include the books on chemistry, but he will go disappointed in his quest for adequate references to work done trying to entice rubber and anything else but bread of one kind or another from wheat. The "new use movement," therefore, assumes great value. It may be the "Open, Sesame!" to the jeweled cave of Aladdin—that better day for all in which the average man will be freed from the domination of the machine, and will not only labor constructively but be provided with such continuous leisure as he requires for reading, study and travel. This day may be nearer than anyone realizes, and to usher it in with the least possible friction has become the paramount duty and concern of leaders in all walks of life.

Man has multiplied his troubles by letting go of the silver thread which leads from the grain of wheat to the loaf of bread; all else material has attached itself like the barnacles of the ship. But beyond the loaf and the wheat lie virgin fields in which chemists and lay investigators may busy themselves. A great deal more of benefit to the human family may lie in the suggestion that glutted markets can be made more normal by alternative uses for wheat.

ON TUESDAY, February 17, 1931, three weeks after the foregoing article was written, the Winnipeg Evening Tribune and other Canadian newspapers carried under an inconspicuous heading an edifying squib which related to strong indications that wheat will yield rubber, and to a determination to prosecute experiments further at Akron, Ohio, the centre of rubber manufacture in North America. It is impossible, short of actual experience, to fortell what effect such a development may have on surplus wheat stocks; but the agriculturist may find comfort in the fact that the consumption of rubber is so enormous as to approach the figure attained by bread. There is further hope in the circumstance that while it costs 16½ to 18 cents a pound to produce crude rubber out of *hevea latex* or rubber milk, wheat-rubber can be had for about 5 cents a pound, without the cost of transporting it 5,000 or 10,000 miles. Only a fertile imagination can conceive the extent to which such a new industry may develop; quite possibly the wheat farmer may find in the situation a solution of many of his problems. The item referred to is quoted in full, as follows:

Akron Ohio, Feb. 17 — Use of farm products such as wheat and potatoes for the manufacture of rubber on a large scale is seen as a possibility by Professor H. E. Simmons, head of the Department of Chemistry of the University of Akron, if the rubber industry would pool its research activities. Professor

Simmons, backed by the University of Akron, is advocating the establishment of a rubber research institute here, which would go thoroughly into such important problems as the theories of vulcanization and the formation of raw rubber. He believes that the Institute, established at the University at a cost estimated around \$300,000, would result in a saving of millions to the rubber industry.



Henry Ford,
Motor Magnate



Arthur W. Cutten, Chicago financier.



Senator Arthur Capper
of Kansas

arch of our economic architecture, while steel and rubber lead as parts of the superstructure. Wheat is such an ancient commodity that the chroniclers have never been able to trace the origin of it; the one thing of all others (besides air and water) on which mankind depended proved such a commonplace article that it was not thought worth while to preserve the record. Yet we can go back to the mortar and



A piece of paper fell from his hand into the folds of the girl's sewing

*Illustrated by
Newton Brett*

The Girl in the Shop

By Elizabeth Church

THE BELL of her little shop tinkled as she locked the door and ran across the street to the end of the bench where I whiled away the morning hours in the sunny gardens of the Palais Royal.

Completely enclosed by the stone arcades of the ancient palaces, the quiet square holds a deep fascination for me; for this forgotten backwater—in the very heart of busy modern Paris, not a stone's throw from our pension in the crowded boulevard—has all the seclusion of a cloistered retreat. Very few visitors, other than Parisians, pass through the almost deserted place. But I had discovered it in one of my wandering walks, and I passed many hours there alone, while my sister Anne, who had won a scholarship in our university at home, was busy with her lectures at the Sorbonne.

So, book in hand, dreaming of the queens and princesses who had lived out their lives in these historic precincts, I gave no thought to the lives of the girls and women who passed on their daily round before me until the girl from the arcade shop seated herself beside me.

She did not even glance at me. Smoothing the long stem of a slightly faded Marechal Neil rose and humming the gay notes of an old chanson, she watched the entrance to the garden with eyes of impatient love.

He came at last. She sprang to meet him with outstretched arms.

"Rose-Yvonne!" he murmured as he kissed her. Rose-Yvonne! How perfectly the name suited her! I could think of no comparison more apt

than the flower for which she was named, so fragile, so glowing with color did she seem. Petite and dainty,

she revealed in every gesture the French origin which contrasted so strongly with the rosy skin and golden hair of her Northern coloring. A girl just freed from the quiet of her convent, if one might judge from the black of her well worn dress and the childlike expression in her very blue eyes. She looked up with naive adoration into the face of the man who held her closely to him.

He laughed as he looked down at her, but in spite of his present air of good-humor, it seemed to me that the strong light showed a certain shiftiness in his closely-set eyes and a cruel meanness in his thinly-cut lips. The sharp contrast which his age—easily the double of hers—and expensively tailored clothing, made with her youth and threadbare shabbiness, aroused my interest and I stared.

Suddenly, I knew that I had seen him somewhere before . . . quite recently. At our pension? We had been several weeks there and I knew all the guests well by sight. No, certainly he was not in that representative group of many nationalities.

They did not look even once at me. They gave themselves to the joyousness of their meeting with an unconsciousness never found in the Anglo

Saxon race, and an hour passed in loving murmurs and silent caresses.

The customers who tried the door of her shop turned away.

The girl paid no heed until the clock in the gateway struck eleven. She sprang from the man's detaining arms.

"Oh, I must go! I must go!" She opened his long fingers one by one, and closed them around the rose whose petals drooped from her warm treasuring. "My yesterday's rose for you, my beloved. I have a fresh one for Maman!"

"Always your *maman*!" he said, scornfully. "If she loved you, she would not keep you in prison in that black shop! I would give you . . ."

She did not hear him. She had run across the street to open the shop.

The door bell had scarcely marked her entrance when a small stooped woman, dressed in heavy black, passed through the gateway at the far end of the arcade.

The girl re-appeared in the doorway.

"Maman!" she cried, and hurried to meet her.

The mother put her arm around the girl's shoulder. Together they went into the shop.

The man started forward, his too-closely set eyes staring within the doorway of their tiny room.

The rose had fallen to the ground. The petals scattered. His footsteps, as he lighted a cigarette and sauntered away, ground them into the stones of the pathway.

THE old square had an increased fascination for me and many sunny mornings found me in my seat opposite the lingerie shop. I waited in vain for Rose-Yvonne. She did not come back to the garden; but the man—wearing always a slightly faded rose, his hands always hidden [Continued on page 66]





"For six days they keep me," he said, "and all the time they talk, talk. They want me to tell them things. They stlike me lots time, an' all time I sit there never talkee."

IT WAS early evening when we finished dining. Strolling out to the big hotel rotunda, Hawley and I dropped into a couple of the roomy leather chairs that faced the big plate-glass window looking upon Hastings Street. It was five years since either of us had been in Vancouver, and we found the city altered—bigger and busier. For several moments we smoked in lazy restfulness, watching the ever-changing flow of pedestrians outside.

Suddenly I started. A man was passing. As he did so our eyes met. For a moment I thought he would recognize me, but, turning his head away, he passed on down the street without a sign. I turned to find Hawley's eyes upon me.

"Did you see that man?" I queried.

"Yes, just an ordinary Chinese," returned Hawley.

Yes; it had been just an ordinary Chinese, dressed in the loose, large-buttoned kimono-like coat, wide black trousers, and broad-brimmed felt hat—a garb half of the Orient and half of the Occident, and commonly seen on the streets of Vancouver.

Yet, in passing, he brought back to me the realization of the strange inscrutable ways of the East; ways born of the unprogressive civilization four thousand years old. Before taking up the study of law, I had wandered far afield, and at one time held a position with a large trading firm in Canton. I think it was because of my knowledge of the Chinese language, and by reason of an oddly-scrrolled ring I wore—given to me by a Confucian priest for a chance-done favor—that Ah Sing had made me a confidant during my former stay in the city. And it was Ah Sing who had just shuffled past!

Busy with my memories, and wondering why my Chinese friend had refused to recognize me, I had almost forgotten Hawley. Now his voice called me back to the present.

"Well, tell us the story," he remarked. "I can see there's something behind your remark."

Whereupon I told him what I knew of Ah Sing.

Saving Face

By Francis Dickie

Illustrated by John H. Paul

IN THE old days of Vancouver, shortly after I had gone in for law, I sometimes grew tired of poring over my books and wandered down to Pender Street. It was called Dupont Street in those days, and was the main artery of the Chinese quarter.

Here one Ah Sing ran a "hop-joint" (opium den) and a "chuck-a-luck" gambling game in a house of many entrances and exits. You entered it, as a rule, from Dupont Street, and after going through endless doors and passageways and descending sundry flights of stairs, you finally reached a room where Ah Sing, perched night after night on a high stool behind a wire netting, shook the little wooden box with its three ivory dice. There he sat taking-in and paying-out—silent, unsmiling, immutable as a wooden god.

On either hand, in front of him, were little piles of silver ranging in value from five-cent pieces to American dollars. It was not a "big" game, for his patrons were composed for the most part of small-salaried white men—teamsters, longshoremen, clerks, and the like, who had not much to lose.

All "Chinks" are great gamblers, and as a croupier Ah Sing was a wonder. Night after night he sat there paying-out and taking-in, and never once do I remember him making a mistake. With his right hand he would pick up a stack of coins and slide out to the winner the exact amount. His long-nailed index finger allowed just so many coins down on the board, with an automatic touch as exact and precise as a penny-in-the slot machine.

He never looked at the money; he seemed to do it all by some sixth sense, just as you may have seen a veteran faro-dealer snatch a given number of checks from his rack without a glance. In Ah Sing's case, however, the feat was more difficult, the money was smaller and of various sizes.

Once in a while I staked a few cents, more because I did not want to appear as always standing around watching, than from any desire to gamble. I did not habitually wear my Chinese ring, but one night, when playing at Ah Sing's board, I had it on. Ah Sing glanced at it, and I saw those strange little eyes of his, which always peered out from half-shut slits of lids, light up momentarily with a gleam of surprise which died away into the old inscrutable passivity.

For awhile I played indifferently, until what money I had before me was lost; then I stood aside and idly watched the others. There were not many players that night, and presently only two remained. Finally they turned to go, and I was about to follow when Ah Sing addressed me. Very softly, his eagerness well hidden, he remarked casually:

"You likee sell little ling?"

He did not know me for anything but a casual player at his tables; did not even know that I spoke Cantonese. Probably he thought I had bought the ring without knowledge of its intrinsic value, or even found it. However, I *did* know its worth, for the old priest, when he gave it to me, had told me impressively that while it was on my hand no harm would ever come to me from his people. With it, he said, I could command friendship, even aid in time of stress. At Ah Sing's query, therefore, I shook my head carelessly.

"No; I don't think so," I told him. I said this in English. I waited for a moment, until the two other players had disappeared through the door, when I added some further words in Chinese. Ah Sing seemed pleased that I knew his language, and we conversed for some minutes. [Continued on page 33]

They're Off!

By
Harry Hind

Illustrated by John Little



"Good!" he said, "How about going places and seeing things with papa?"

AS THE wife's voice filled the apartment, with tra-la-las then rippled up and down the musical scale, accompanied by running water in the bath tub, I put down my pen. A pent up sigh escaped from me as I pushed aside the letter I had been trying to compose.

Ever since my uncle Henry had died, leaving me in possession of his goods and chattels, amounting to more money than I'd ever dreamed of possessing, my worries had started.

Of course, my better half had insisted I break off my connection with the wholesale drug company, where I had worked for the past fifteen years.

Then we embarked on a tour of education and culture. Consisting mostly of attending the Opera, Symphony Concerts, visiting Art Galleries, Museums and last but not least, cluttering up the apartment with spindle legged furniture.

Now I am a mild mannered sort of a cove, and to tell the truth I get along nicely, with all of nature's creations on this vale of tears.

Looking back over the past six month's struggling and striving to acquire an education, and at the same time absorb this thing called culture. I had to admit that as far as I was concerned, it was absolutely—"no go."

"Quite so! But what about the good woman? She dotes on this kind of thing."

Emerging from the bath-room pink-looking and radiant, anticipation glowed in her sparkling eyes. Why not? Are we not going to hear the great "Gazakoo" world famous tenor; accompanied at the piano by "Palooksky" sing this very afternoon.

"Come! Come! Henry" she said, as she passed through the dining room, "if you don't hurry and get dressed we'll be late. You know the concert starts at 2.30 prompt."

I could hear her humming to herself as she dressed. Something inside me rose up in arms. Why should I go to that stuffy concert hall? To hear 'Gosaa—' 'Gaas—Oh some Hobohemian yell his fool head off. Trying to stuff more culture into your over-stuffed system. Assert yourself!—where's your manhood?."

"No! I'm certainly!—most decidedly!—not going!"

"What's that?" asked my wife. Bobbing out of her dressing room partly dressed. "Did I hear you say something?"

"Yes dear, I'm awfully sorry. I'm afraid I won't be able to accompanying you to the concert. I er just don't feel up to it today. Think I'll take a walk; need some fresh air to blow the cobwebs away."

Henry! it's a funny thing that you have to get this cobwebby feeling, just when I am all ready to enjoy myself. Are you doing this to spoil my afternoon? Come! come! you may never get another chance to hear 'Gazakoo' why his singing is heavenly."

"Now! Now! Matilda don't fuss so. Run along and enjoy your concert as you intended to. As I said before, I just can't go the thing this afternoon; I'd rather get out in the fresh air."

"I know it's useless to talk to you Henry; for I have lived with you long enough to know; when you get that mean look—a baulky mule would be more tractable than you at this moment."

"But you are certainly not going to ruin my afternoon. The intellectual people will

be there and I do not intend to be missing. I am forced to drop the matter owing to my being late for the concert. On my return I shall take great pains to find the cause of this unreasonable conduct of yours."

Whirling round with head held high she flounced back into her dressing room.

It was with a heavy sigh of relief, that I heard her slam the hall door after she passed through.

Donning my lightest colored suit, and picking out my brightest tie I was surprised to hear myself whistling a bar from the popular hit "Singing in the Bathtub," as I adjusted my tie in front of the mirror. Gaily sprinkling my scanty locks with "Stayput" and brushing according to directions, I then picked out the straw hat with the gay colored band. Perching it at a rakish angle on my head, I could not help smiling at my likeness in the mirror; who promptly smiled back.

STOPPING to give my tie the final pat in the hall mirror, my eye rested on a swanky cane in the umbrella rack; that I had purchased in a weak moment. One positively abhorred by my better half. Nonchalantly sauntering over I hefted it; then passing through and quietly closing the apartment door, I swaggered jauntily down the corridor.

Pressing the elevator bell-button with the end of my cane, I was soon taken down to the street level. With unhurried step I sauntered out onto the sunlit sidewalk.

I stood there for a moment undecided which way to go, when a booming voice hailed me.

"Well! Well! If it isn't old man Jones himself; why all the glad rags? Come on, 'fess up' who's the lucky couple? Boy! You're sure dolled up for fair! does the ball and chain know you're rigged up thus? What are you going to do with the cane? Poke holes in doughnuts?"

Before I could get a word out in answer, he was off again.



They Were Green and Dumb as to Horses, But They Contrived to Learn the One and Only Way to "Clean Up" at the Race Track

"Remember that one piece bathing suit I was raving about? Well boy—it's a knockout. It's stopping the traffic on all inland lakes, rivers, ocean fronts, and duck ponds.

"The flappers are crazy about them, mothers are beating the young ones to the bargain counters for them, tourists are flocking to the watering places; father has acquired that sprightly step, and the smile that won't come off.

"All because of my brain child the one piece bathing suit, 'no foolin' it's a wowser!'

"Now for the real news, last time I was in from the road, the wife and me had a little family squabble. You know how it is? As usual it started over some trifle. Then as we warmed to our work; she panned all my relations informing me plainly what a bunch of 'gutter-snipes' they were. I joins in on the chorus and gives her the low-down on her 'fried-eggs,' throwing her other pair o' socks into her grip she high-tails it to mother.

"Ever since I've been moping around like—Hamlet's ghost—weeping all over my waistcoat. This has come to her ears (as I intended it should) also, what a big success her meal ticket has become.

"You see I let her know I was making enough dough to keep six bakers busy, stacking it up in barrels and that all the 'designing she males' were camping on papa's doorstep.

"She's burning up the cinders getting here. Let's cut family history an' business, it's interfering with our pleasure."

"Whither away old bean" he enquired, "are you all dated up for this afternoon, or is the old calling-card empty?"

I admitted "I was as free as the air for the entire day."

"Good!" he said. "How about going places and seeing things with papa?"

After a few moments deliberation I acquiesced.

"Thataboy! just stay parked till I wash my pan and put on some finery and we'll set sail." Off he dashed into the apartment entrance.

Standing on the curb waiting his return, it was all I could do to keep from chuckling. He was a man with a University education yet he took the greatest delight in butchering the King's English. Everyone knew him for what he was. One of nature's nobleman with a heart as big as his purse. A prime favorite with the children and a friend of all humanity.



Two horsey looking individuals were holding forth on the merits and demerits of the contestants.

He lived in the apartment above mine on the next floor. His name O'Brian. He was employed as sales manager for a prominent ladies' wear house in the city.

Just as O'Brian came swinging jauntily down the walk a taxi stopped at the curb. Ushering me into the rear seat he followed. "To the 'Rices Jimes'" he instructed the driver as we moved off.

As we purred along the road my thoughts were on Matilda and culture. Just as well she didn't know our destination. She detests horse racing not to mention my friend O'Brian.

"WELL Jonsey! ever see the ponies gallop." He eagerly asked.

I admitted "That I hadn't."

"So much the better you're going to get the thrill of your young life. How's the bank-roll? he shoots at me; anyhow I got plenty for both of us."

"Oh! I protested. "I have a goodly supply."

"That's all to the merry in case we run into a snag." He states. "If I get the information I hope to get out there, we should—clean up big—"

Here the taxi slowed down and stopped. "Here we are gents," said the driver opening the door. We piled out O'Brian handing the driver a bill. Noting the denomination "thank you sir—and good luck!" He said smiling broadly.

"O K. kid! buy the missus a box o' candy an' take her out to a show." Ordered my friend playfully tilting the chauffeur's cap.

We made for the ticket office where we purchased tickets.

Passing through turnstiles we found ourselves facing the race-track with the grandstand behind us.

This grandstand was pretty well filled with people. The main point of attraction seemed to be a low lying building with a big blackboard erected outside. Here the larger part of the crowd were milling around.

We were just in time for the second race. The horses were being paraded in front of the grandstand.

Thumbing his programme, "Ah!" chortled O'Brian "there's the baby that'll cop this canter." My eye following his pointed finger I read "Wet Paint"

"What a funny name for a horse," said I.

"Just right! couldn't be plainer! 'Wet Paint'—sure to come off—get it?" he asked.

"It usually does; especially when you have your new suit on" I countered.

"Well ain't that a plain hunch? I'm going to bet twenty smackers right on his nose! How about you Jonsey?"

"As you know it's all double dutch to me." But here's twenty, wager it as you think best."

Placing my money with his own he dashed away towards the low lying building. He was soon back with two tickets; catching me by the arm, he hustled me over to the fence.

Glancing down the racetrack he pointed out our horse, "that's it" he said "number 5. Here's your pasteboard, we're both on the nose."

They seemed to have quite a time getting the horses started. All eyes in that vast throng of people were focussed on the gay colored jockeys and the milling horses.

My glance idly swept the crowd; my gaze lingered on a pretty girl, her face aglow, eyes sparkling, a picture of health enjoying [Continued on page 54]



The Sisters in Blue

By James Montagnes

OUTSIDE the small wooden shack, part of its exterior covered with tar paper, the rain came down in wind-swept gusts. The house, for in it did live people, was open to the full sweep of that stinging wind that came across the prairies. A light shone through the window, filtered through the neatly arranged curtains, where sat a young woman, looking out. She did not like the looks of the weather. She had been out in it, having returned but a few hours previously. All day she had been out in the wind, to which later in the day the rain had been added. She was tired, just sat and rested.

Even on her tired face, as she sat in her only armchair, the sole occupant of this lonely shack on the horizon of this flat land, a smile was on her face. That smile was always on her face. It was there when, a few hours later, after she had retired, there came a pounding on the door, and she hurriedly jumped out of bed, wrapped a dressing-gown about her, and opened the door to the midnight visitor.

She saw a man, in his hand a lantern. He spoke to her rapidly in a tongue that is not English and yet is one of the many heard on the Canadian prairie. She beckoned him to come in when she had heard his message and had replied in his own tongue. But he would wait outside with his horse, he explained.

Five minutes later, fully dressed, an oilskin coat covering her from head to foot, and a little blue hat sitting atop her head, she emerged from the now darkened house, carrying in her hand a small black bag. She moved to where, in the dim shadows, the man and his horse and wagon were visible, glad of her raincoat, which she had missed earlier in the day. She climbed up on the seat beside him. They were off.

For several hours they plowed through the darkness and the rain. The ground was soggy. Sometimes the wheels sank down in the oozing mud caused by the heavy rain. Then man and woman would climb down, while both lifted the heavy wheels from out of the mud and the horse tugged. At other times the one or the other would doze off, tired from the long day's work and battling with the elements. It was after one of these deeply-earned naps that the man woke up. He asked the woman what time it was.

He knew she carried a watch. He did not. He had not yet become prosperous enough to buy one, and the one he had worn back in his homeland across the seas had gone to help pay the passage which had brought him to Canada. They should have reached their destination more than an hour ago, he excitedly informed her. He was afraid they were lost. And the storm did not let up.

To retrace their steps would have been impossible. It was too dark for that. The woman asked him how long he had had the horse and he told her two years. Was the horse used to going away from home? Yes, it made trips to the village quite often with the wagon. Then, the raincoated figure beside him told him to let the horse have the reins. The animal would lead them to their destination.

The woman knew horses, for as dawn streaked the prairies, a shout from the man proclaimed that the

house in the distance was his own. They were coming to their destination. They reached it soon; now the horse also speeded up, for it, too, seemed to sense that this night trip had been made for an important



Miss Elizabeth Smellie, R.R.C., Superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses

cause. Cold and damp and sleepy, the woman reached down, and walked to the house. Outside was a pump. A handful of cold water rubbed the strain of the journey from her eyes, at least for a spell. She crossed the threshold to the house, that was but another shack, the man having opened the door.

The interior was one huge room, which by its furniture served as bedroom, dining room, sitting room and kitchen. It was the bedroom section that took the attention of the woman who had been called from her bed this terrible night and had sat on



Two Victorian Order nurses outside their thatched-roof house on the Western prairie



Miss Nan McMann, Western Supervisor of the Victorian Order of Nurses on the Saskatchewan rural circuit.

a wagon seat for more than four hours. There were two beds. In one lay three children, asleep. They were but youngsters, judging from the faces which peeped above the rough blankets. In the other bed was a woman, the man's wife, and she was awake, pain written on her face.

For three days the woman in the raincoat stayed at that house. She helped to bring a fourth child to the family and cared for the woman. She looked after the other children, and slept on the floor, wrapped in a few coarse blankets and her raincoat. Then she left, the smile still on her face, a smile on all the other faces, and gratitude in their eyes. She promised to come again in a few days and see how the mother and child were getting on. But now she must be getting on, there were other babies and mothers to be attended to. The man took her to the little shack on the prairies from where he had taken her that night of the storm. Only now it was daylight and the sun was shining, so the trip was made in a few hours.

That woman was Miss Marylka Strem, one of the Victorian Order nurses, whose little home sits on the prairies of Saskatchewan near the town of Neville, in the midst of the foreign settlements on the Canadian veldt.

She is one of two hundred and ninety other blue-tunicked sisters, who are to be seen from Halifax to Vancouver, from the city to the town and the remote settlements in the fast-developing unsettled lands of the Dominion.

Miss Strem is typical of these nurses, whose organization was founded in 1897 in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. She joined the Order three years ago, a young Polish woman of education who came to Canada to earn a living. Today that immigrant woman is helping others who came to Canada from Eastern Europe to become good Canadians by teaching and aiding them to be and remain healthy. A teacher's training received in Austria stands her in good stead today, whilst among these new Canadians she is as one. For does she not speak their own language? That is one reason why her work is so successful, for she knows the people she has to deal with and can speak to them in their own tongue, can tell them in the language they understand best why they must do this and not do that, why scientific methods of medical treatment are to be preferred to superstitious beliefs. And this nurse, one of many, is a linguist in addition to her other roles. She speaks eight languages with the ease of a native. To the New Canadians she is "God's Blessing," this smiling, sturdy nurse.

THE Victorian Order of Nurses is the oldest public health nursing service in the Dominion. Founded

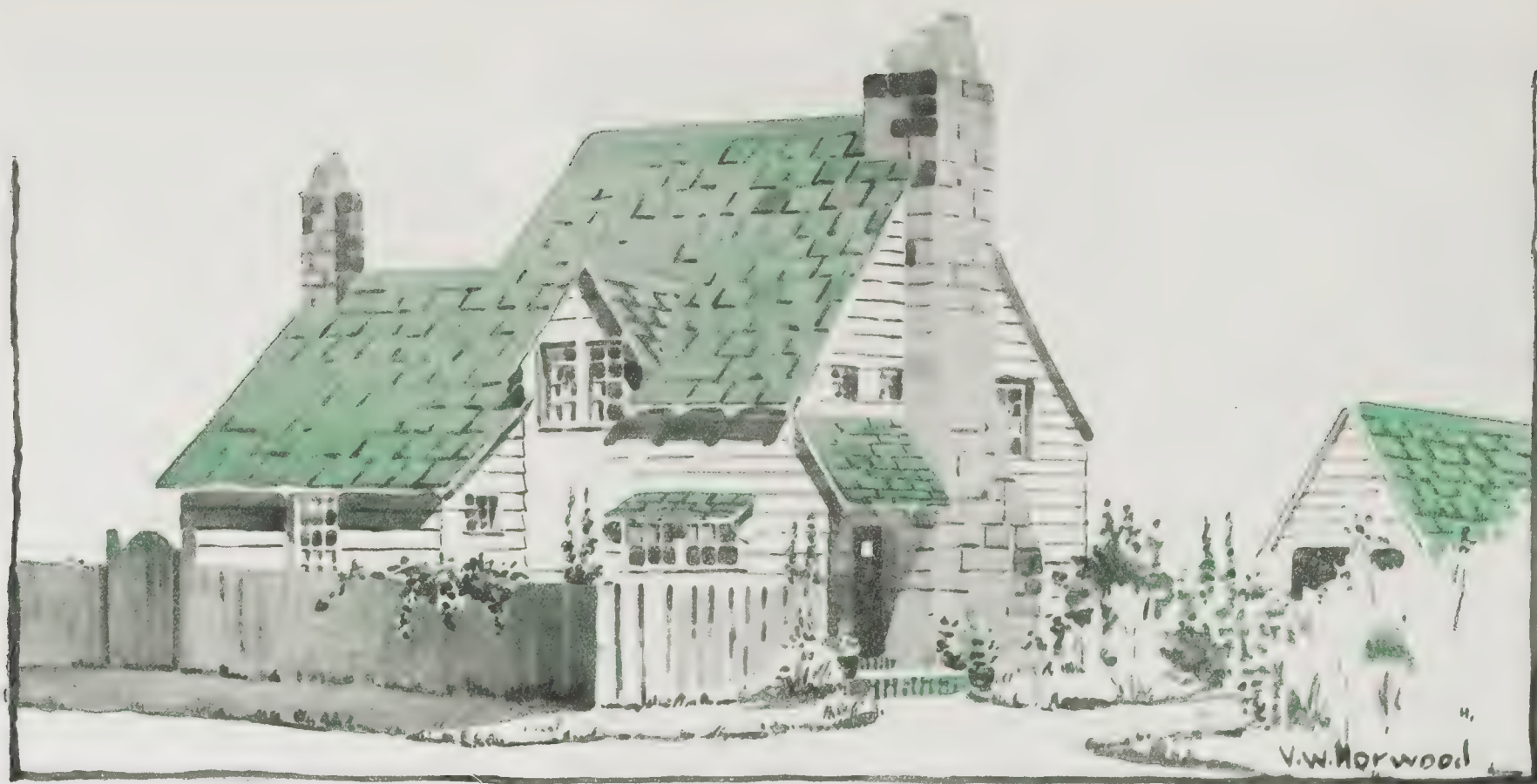
by the Countess of Aberdeen, it had sixteen nurses operating in 1898 one year after its inauguration. Fundamentally an organization for bedside nursing and teaching health in the home, it not only follows this line of work, but in addition does much to teach the younger generation the care of children and at the same time operates many Well Baby Conferences.

The Victorian Order nurse is

well qualified. She must be a graduate of a recognized school of nurses. She must be registered, and if at all possible before taking up her duties as a V. O. N. she should secure additional training as a public health nurse. The organization claims to employ only nurses with university training in public health nursing. To this end the organization grants annually a limited number of scholarships of four hundred dollars each, so that a graduate nurse may procure one year's public health training at a Canadian [Continued on page 52]



Typical new-Canadians of the Saskatchewan prairie among whom the nurses work.



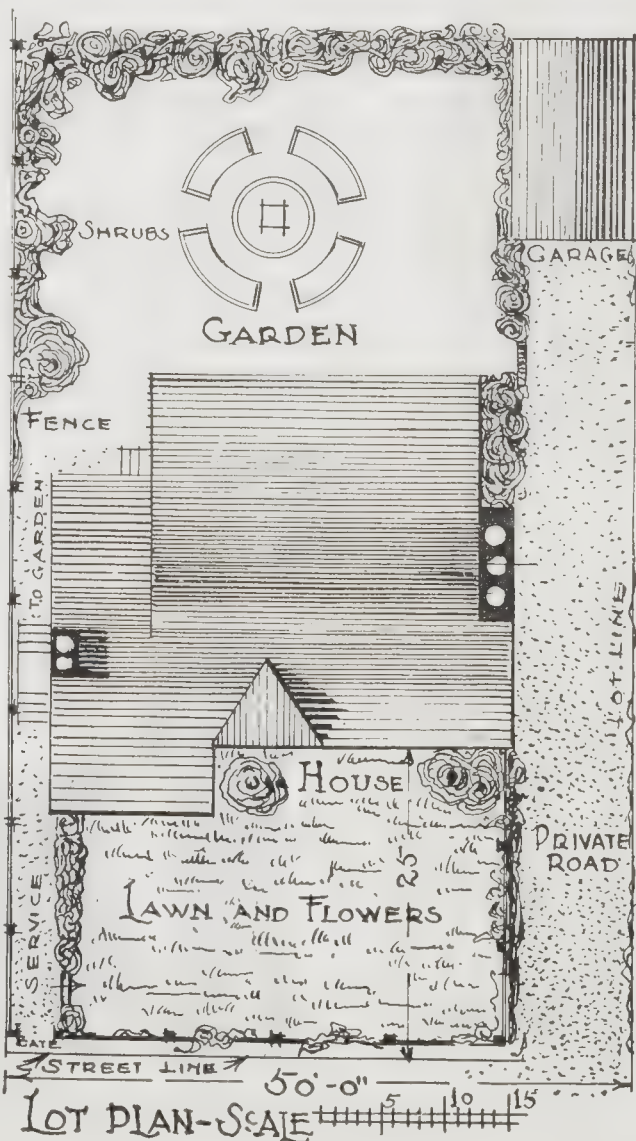
White Clapboards and Green Shingles

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

IT ALWAYS appears to me that one of the present-day problems is to adapt a home to an ordinary-sized lot. We can see streets in which the houses are set back in a straight severe line, not a house daring to jut an inch beyond its neighbor, having the inevitable concrete roadway leading to the garage, but as to the house belonging to any particular property, there is where the puzzle comes — and at last it dawns upon you that you are not looking at a house on its lot, but on a community of houses on or belonging to the street.

From the beginning of time walls have served the home in two ways, to keep out the world that wasn't wanted and to keep within bounds those things that are apt to stray — and whether we consider the Great Wall of China or the walls of Carcassonne or other mediæval towns which were built to protect a community or the walled and hedged estates of England, these two useful purposes are served. Protection and Privacy,



two of the essentials to satisfactory living. Apart from their utilitarian value walls and fences offer unlimited scope for decorative purposes, and it behooves us not to take walls and fences too casually. We, especially in the new West, need to understand their functions and decorative possibilities because a false sense of democracy has made many people think a property fenced or walled is un-Western and unduly restricts someone's freedom. Today we build walls to keep out foes that are just as destructive as those the walls of a mediæval town opposed. Our fences draw a line between the world which we want to shut out from the home, the world of dizzy transportation, high tension business and the noise of a machine age. A well made wall or fence is a symbol of a secure home.

This house is on a fifty-foot lot, but owing to its planning has an air of spaciousness almost akin to being suburban. The kitchen portion comes within three feet of the next lot, while the front is on a private driveway, at the end of which is built the garage of the same materials and in the style of the house.

Why do people choose the kinds of houses they live in and when coming to

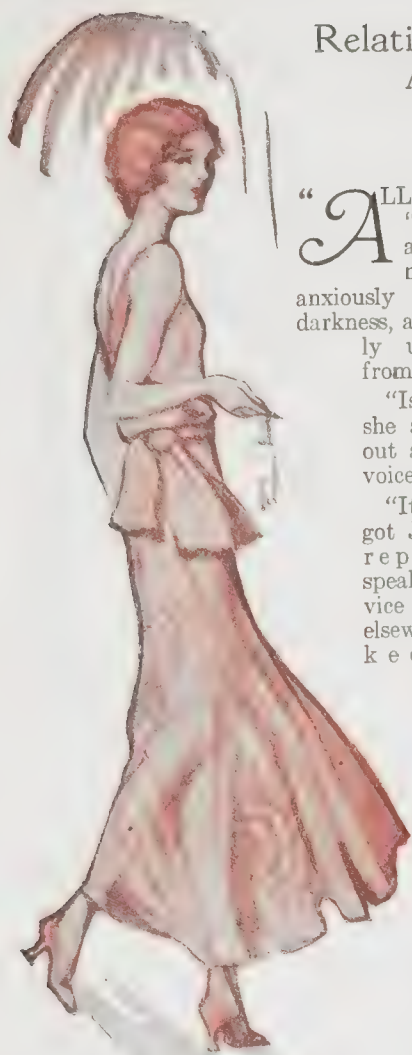
build have so marked a prejudice for or against certain styles? The old saying that "Love is blind" might be said of much of our architectural choice, but when we analyze our predilection we find there are reasons and impulses, although often unexpressed, and often unrealized and unfelt, which make us want to live in a certain type of house or imagine we will be happy if we build that type. Our selection of a style is the mingling of many influences. Some of us go back to our childhood days or conjure up the memory of a home seen in our travels, or it may be that our choice is influenced by the sort of house on the street we intend to build on. Many architects specialize in certain architectural periods, and if you wish a Georgian home you go to a man who specializes in this and would not entertain the idea of designing you a Dutch Colonial or French Chateau. But, as I have written before, the ideal way to arrive at the kind of house you wish is first to lay out your rooms, and then clothe them in the style of architecture you think will be appropriate for the situation and the climate.

In the early years of home-building the people went into the forest around them and cut their logs for their home walls, took the stones from the field or the nearest quarry. The homes were products of circumstances over which men had little control. The slope of the roof was decided by the climate and the materials which were available to cover it. The thickness of the walls and the size of the doors and windows depended to a certain extent upon whom they had to defend their home against. One by one we have overcome these difficulties of circumstances, difficulties which gradually forged the great and familiar styles of building—and there is no excuse today for a badly designed small house—nor is there any excuse for building, as we see so often, rows of small houses of only one type.

ONE bugaboo which seems to haunt the mind of every inexperienced builder more than anything else is the extra. Extras to the layman are the nightmares of building, and he hears awful stories of the unscrupulous builder who will secure the contract at a very low cost because he can make up his profit by exorbitant charges for extras. As I look back on my building experiences I am inclined to look upon the item of extras in another light. Very few contractors are dishonest, and if an extra gives an added attraction it should be considered carefully. The general reason for extras is because the owner has changed his mind upon some point, [Continued on page 59]

Cuthbert Cheeses It

Relating How There is Still Truth in the Old Aphorism, "It's an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good."



The girl entered; no not Mabel, the other girl, in fact THE GIRL.

"ALL," said Cuthbert, "is not quiet along the Potomac." He looked anxiously out into the darkness, and Mabel swiftly uncoiled herself from his arms.

"Is it Twiggy?" she asked not without a tremor in her voice.

"It is. And he's got Jamie with him," replied the first speaker. "My advice is for us to be elsewhere, and to keep on being there."

Quietly, they slipped from the conservatory, hand in hand, as the voices approached their corner behind the palms. There is no solitude at a house-party.

We, in the rôle of unsubstantial, invisible reporter, are permitted to remain, and to obtain the inside information on Twiggy and Jamie.

What Twiggy and Jamie said, we alone, of the outside world, have the honor of knowing. It was this:

"If I catch that poor soup with my girl again," Twiggy was saying, "I'll tear him to shreds. Look here—isn't this Mabel's handkerchief?"

Jamie bent over it with a grim expression.

"It is," he said darkly, "just that, and nothing else but."

"Well—you're her brother, aren't you? Why can't you do something about it?"

"I'm only a brother. I'm no trainer of performing seals. How on earth can I keep my eye on all her movements every moment of my life? If I tried to do that, I'd be dizzy."

"Oh, curse it all—well, I'm going to hire a flock of sleuths," answered Twiggy, "and if they can't watch her, I'll get some more."

"You are now speaking of a Pettham," Jamie reminded him coldly. "A Pettham, and my sister. We Petthams take goof from no man. One single, solitary occasional detective, and I'll tell her about it on the spot."

"How in blazes are you going to know? Detectives don't go around with great placards plastered over them saying 'I'm Sherlock Holmes.'"

"Well, that being the case, I'll tell her right away, unless you promise to drop the idea."

"You will like the devil. I'll tell her who put the white rats in her bed."

Jamie acrimoned. The conversation was taking a definitely acrimonious turn. Twiggy was toying with a paper-knife, and Jamie had torn the leaf threateningly off a rubber-tree.

What might have happened will never be known, for, at this juncture, the Girl entered.

No, not Mabel. This was the Other one—in fact, the Girl.

She was tall, slender, blonde and utterly irresistible. Her eyes were violet, and her lips were as red as ever lips have been without artificial aid.

"Goo!" ejaculated Jamie and Twiggy in the same breath.

Whether it was at the sound of unaccustomed voices, or the reminder of a word she had not heard since childhood—we refer to the monosyllable "Goo"—she looked up sharply. And looking, she drew a quick breath.

As the trio intergazed in silence, there was the sound of a car starting outside. They paid no heed to it. If the conservatory had been removed from about them by a large body of workmen, nobody would have stirred.

"You!" said The Girl in a strange voice.

"Me!" cried Jamie.

"I!" breathed Jamie, more correctly.

"No, not you; I mean you!"

"Me?"—that was Jamie.

"I?" enquired Twiggy.

"Oh, nothing," answered the vision, and turning, dematerialized. The two young men looked at each other.

"Did she mean me?" asked Twiggy.

"No. I hardly think so. She must have meant me."

"Do you know her, then? Is it a case of 'All is Discovered, Fly At Once?'"

"I never saw her in my life before this minute," replied Jamie.

"And neither did I."

"Well, then, it couldn't have been either of us."

"No, it must have been two other fellows."

The pair moved off thoughtfully.

FLINGING herself disconsolately on her bed, The Girl dragged a photograph from beneath the pillow.

"It is him!" she sighed. "Or, I should say—it is He!"

It was indeed. It was a picture of Twiggy. A snapshot, torn in half. Not the Twiggy part, but the non-Twiggy part was missing. And this was because the other half had happened to portray Mabel.

"Alas," she said to herself, "I am too late. I arrive here, to find, by the purest accident, the man of my dreams, and hanged if they don't tell me he's already bagged. Curse this Mabel woman! I was afraid of her the moment I found the picture."

For the improbable had happened. Actually, The Girl—for greater convenience, her name was Margaret—had come across the snapshot among a collection belonging to a friend.

She had snaffled it without remorse, torn off the Mabel half, and cherished it with an ever-increasing affection.

Never, she had thought, had she ever seen a man with so handsome a face. So humorous a mouth. Such laughing eyes. Or so foul a blight with him, as Mabel! Never before had she known a man to have his picture taken, facing the sun, without assuming even the shadow of a squint.

A long time after, her door suddenly opened, and her hostess, dishevelled, sank onto the bed beside her.

"Just Heaven!" she cried. "Marg—guess what has happened!"

"What?"

"I cannot say it."

"Do. Take a deep breath and try."



"You will really help?"
"Rather, let's go."

"I will." She paused to take the breath. "Mabel has eloped with Cuthbert!"

To Margaret this meant little. Had she been told that Sam had eloped with Genevieve, or that Helen and Montizambert had just got hitched, it would have meant just about as much.

Margaret had but a few hours before arrived at the House-Party. During the ensuing time, she had had opportunity but to discover that the man of her dreams was already engaged to another girl, and to go away to her room and mourn about it.

"Well, well, well! Fancy that, won't you! So Mabel has eloped with Cuthbert. Tut! tut!"

There seemed to lack a certain depth in her sympathy. Her hostess looked up, disappointed.

"You didn't, perhaps, get me," she said. "What I meant was that Cuthbert and Mabel have gone off to get married."

"To get married?" Margaret sighed at the notion. "To get married to each other?"

"To each other," agreed her hostess, forlornly. "Mutually. Each to each. Mabel, you know, is my daughter."

"Oh, that's different. Well, can nothing be done?"

"We might try pursuit."

"Well, then, why not pursue them?"

"We have no car. None whatever. Not even the very slightest suspicion of one."

"But I have!" Margaret's eyes glistened. The prospect of a chase would serve to take her mind from her sorrow. Besides, she felt she must do something to keep this elopement virus from spreading before it reached Twiggy.

"You will really help?"

"Rather! Let's go."

Together, the two women slid quietly downstairs. They climbed into the roadster, and shot swiftly up the road.

"Which way did they go?" asked Margaret.

"Probably to Ashvale. The nearest clergyman lives there."

"Then, Ashvale Ho!" and Margaret, stepping on the accelerator, disappeared up the road without delay.

"GONE! Gone! Gone! Gone!" wailed Twiggy, his head buried in his hands. "Ah, unhappy wretch that I am! Oh, faithless woman!"

"Cloth-head!" retorted Jamie, "why don't you do something about it, instead of talking like a Greek tragedy? Though, even if Mabel is my own sister, I must say, for the life of me, I could never see why anybody should want to marry her. Particularly after this."

"What can I do, then?"

"Get after them. They must still be somewhere."

"That's true. But where?"

"Well, there's a clergyman at Ashvale. They've probably gone to see him. Get your car. I haven't one."

It was the work of a moment to be on the road, buzzing toward Ashvale.

Ahead of them, shone the tail-light of another car.

"It's them!" cried Twiggy, excitedly.

"They," corrected Jamie.

"Well, anyway, that's who it is."

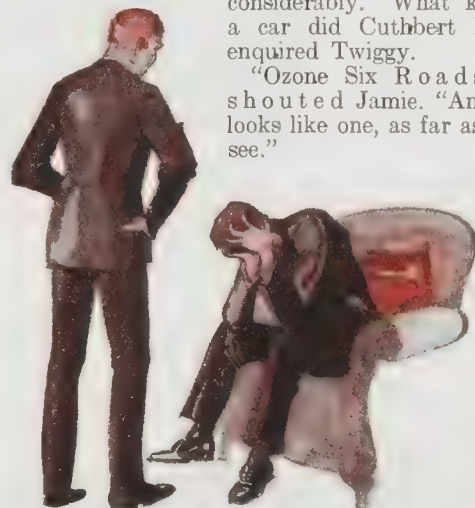
"Avaunt, there, tramp on the gas!"

Twiggy tramped.

Fences became blurs, crossroads appeared inches apart. Stars merged into one golden line of light, as the car bounded along the highway.

After five miles, the distance between their car and the car ahead had lessened considerably. "What kind of a car did Cuthbert have?" enquired Twiggy.

"Ozone Six Roadster," shouted Jamie. "And that looks like one, as far as I can see."



"Gone! gone! gone!" wailed Twiggy. "Oh, faithless woman!"

By T. C. B. de Lom

"How long ago did they leave?"

"Nobody knows. But that's probably them."

Already they could hear the horn of the other car, blowing lustily as it sped past farms and corners.

"It had a horn like that!" cried Jamie.

"Which?" asked Twiggy, for there was a peculiar sound issuing from the rear as well.

Turning around, Jamie observed, hot upon their trail, a motorcycle policeman. He was waving menacingly.

"Which," demanded Jamie, "would you rather do? Stop the wedding or get pinched? There's a cop in our train."

"For gosh sake! Is there? Well, now of all times we just can't get pinched. I think I can squeeze another five miles per out of this bus."

So, it appeared, could the policeman. He drew closer, even as they neared the car ahead.

Faster and faster grew the pace. The world seemed to be one vast rocking and roaring. The three machines established what must have been a record for that stretch of road.

In the car ahead, the hostess was glancing nervously behind.

"They're almost on us!" she cried.

"I can't think what they're after us for," commented Margaret, "unless they want to kidnap us. What else possibly could they want?"

The hostess needed hardly to have been nervous. She was a woman of fifty-five, of no marked attractiveness, and certainly not well-off enough to be worth a ransom. Nevertheless, nervous she was, and decidedly so.

The car made another spurt forward. Margaret now had it wide open, and was beginning to worry whether it would hold the road. Otherwise, she was rather relishing the whole affair.

Mrs. Pettham's fears, however, were all for her moral safety. She kept glancing backwards, and displayed a tendency to wring her hands.

The lights of a small town twinkled in the distance.

"Ashvale at last!" shouted Mrs. Pettham. "Oh, if only we can get to it in time!"

"Don't worry," replied Margaret confidently. "We will."

And they did. In a few minutes, with the second car not a quarter of a mile behind, they swerved sharply onto the main street. A scream of brakes, a grinding of gears, and they were still well in the lead.

"There's the Parsonage! Draw up there—quickly!" screamed Mrs. Pettham. "I can see the lights. Oh, I hope it's not too late."

Turning the car into the drive with hardly a slackening of speed, Margaret flattened its bumper, and a great part of the radiator, against a tree.

When Mrs. Pettham had replaced her teeth, the two women made for the door, reaching it just in time to hear the other car turn the corner, and come racing down the avenue.

THE REVEREND NATHANIEL POGUE sat sombrely studying his next sermon, when the sound of anguished brakes rudely smote his ear.

"Prudence, my dear," said he. "What in the world is going to be the end of this generation? Did you hear that driving?"

His wife looked up from her crochet work. It was only a fortnight from the church bazaar.

"Jail," she replied tersely.

"Listen to them racing! It is the work of Satan. Oh, why cannot something be done? Why can't we have more laws to save these young folk from perdition?"

"If they have a hot time in this world, they'll have a hotter one in the next — EEEEE! They're coming in here!"

They were. There was a sickening crash, apparently against the tender bark of Mr. Pogue's pet maple.

"Hell!" said the Reverend Mr.

Pogue. It was a word he had picked up in his theology.

The door burst open unceremoniously. Two women entered. One was young and willowy, and decidedly beautiful. The other was bulky, middle-aged, and unquestionably plain. Both of them were very excited.

"Where are they?" panted the elder woman.

"Haven't they come yet?" enquired the younger.

"Madam," said Mr. Pogue, "did you damage my maple?"

"Don't dodder," commanded Mrs. Pettham impatiently, "I asked you a simple question—have they been here yet?"

"It is inexcusable," went on Mr. Pogue, "for a woman of your mature years to be engaged in such youthful folly."

"Damn!" cried Mrs. Pettham, now thoroughly exasperated. She had never thought of herself as so very mature, and anyway that was not the point at issue.

"Did you, or did you not, crash into my maple?" pursued the relentless cleric. "And if not—what did you crash into?"

Illustrated by
Kathleen Allen

Mrs. Pettham, now feeling safe from kidnapping, and having recovered quite a bit of her breath, went into details.

"If we hurt your tree," she said, "we are sorry." If you

don't like that, we can't very well buy you a new tree. It is insufferable that we should be talked-to by you like that, after a twenty-mile chase, only to find that you hedge and beggar the question, and refuse to tell us whether they have been here or not, or whether they came and went, and told you to say nothing, and us with kidnappers after us like mad every inch of the way."

What the pastor might have replied to this remarkably incoherent speech is a matter of conjecture, for at that moment there was a screeching without, and another car came plunging through his fence.

"Gr-r-r-----h!" snarled the much-enduring Man of the Cloth, and, waving his hands aloft, he dashed into the garden.

Margaret and Mrs. Pettham looked at each other with alarm.

"Holy smoke!" gasped the former, "Haven't they got a crust—coming right [Continued on page 60]



Somehow he felt she would not be the sort to dash away with another man, if she were engaged to one already.

"Did you
hear that
driving?"





"It's no use! We're through!" groaned the man who had driven himself to the end of his strength, in his ears the voice of Aurore ever calling him on, on over the endless snow.

Under Frozen Stars

By George Marsh

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

[CONCLUSION]

LATE in the night the body, which days of drudgery with pole and paddle in the race against the freeze-up had numbed with weariness, brought the surcease of sleep to the tortured brain of Jim Stuart. It had been a will-o'-the-wisp, a phantom, the vision of the girl which had companioned him into the heart of Kiwedine. He had had his dream, now he once more faced reality.

In the trade-room, the following morning, Esau, Omar and Jim sat in a council of war.

"Did LeBlond send Paradis to the Sturgeon country?" demanded Jim of his swart counselors, who scowled in thought as their mouths emitted smoke like wet wood. "And if we think he did, do we face him with it or lie low?"

With a long draw at his pipe, Omar filled his capacious mouth with smoke, and slowly emptied it, before replying: "We lie lak' de fox een hees hole."

"I think that's the game," agreed Jim. "If he thinks Paradis went to Nipigon he won't hear what happened at Sturgeon Lake until the Christmas trade. Now Esau and I start north to get the early fur the first week in December. We'll need two more dog teams. We'll start this morning, Omar, for Expanse, and bring them up on the first sledding."

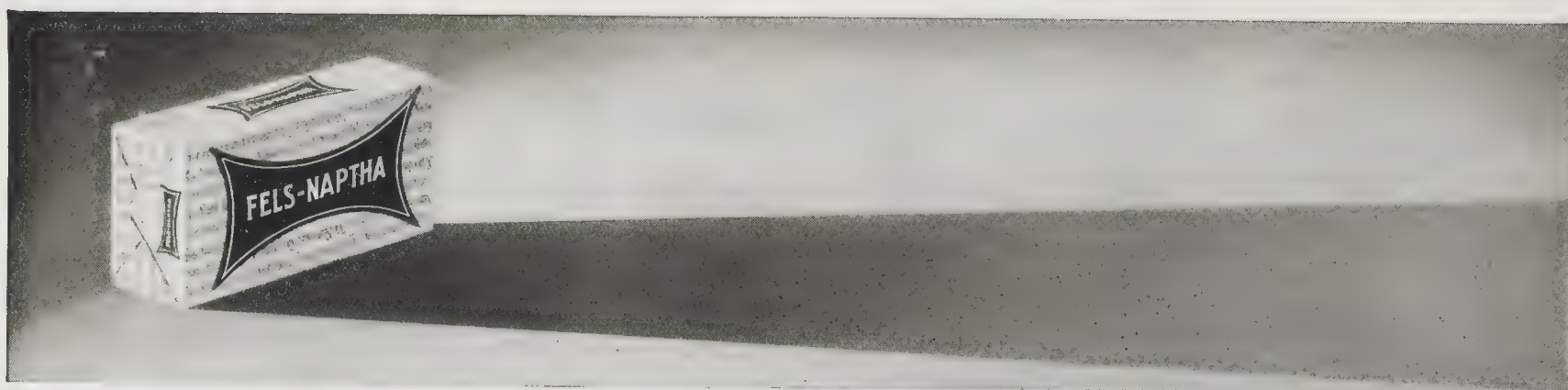
Omar stared in amazement at his chief. "De cano' weel freeze een, for sure. Een two-tree week we can travel de ice wid de dog," he demurred.

Jim's face darkened. "You're not afraid of being caught by the ice?"

With a shrug of his heavy shoulders the half-breed rose and knocked out his pipe. "All right, we go now wid de wind behind us."

Down the Lake of the Sand Beaches through the grey October day travelled the canoe, seeking to reach the post far to the south before the water-ways closed, while the silent sternman wondered what new folly swayed the mind of the man whose paddle tore at the sullen black water. Not stopping to boil the kettle, for the dusk would drive them ashore to an early supper, the measured cadence of the "churn-swish" of ice-filmed paddles beat out the hours.

On to the Woman River went the canoe while the winter hovered but did not strike—hovered to whiten the laboring canoe-men with snow flurries and stiffen their fingers with cold while their hot breaths rose like steam. Breaking a lane [Continued on page 36]



THE YEAR OF THE WISE PENNIES

Every now and then the world passes through a period when sensible economy is the watchword—when sensible buying is the rule. It is in such times—in these years of the wise pennies—that people learn most about values.

And it is then more than ever that wise soap pennies turn to Fels-Naptha. For buying soap is buying washing help—and Fels-Naptha brings you *extra* help which makes it the thriftiest sort of bargain.

Fels-Naptha brings you two brisk, busy helpers instead of one. Plenty of dirt-loosening naptha, (you can smell it for yourself!), and unusually good soap combined in each big, generous golden bar. So when Fels-Naptha goes into your wash you get the *extra* help of naptha, the dirt-loosener,

and soap, the dirt-remover, working together to make your clothes clean and clover-sweet *without hard rubbing*.

Fels-Naptha does a thorough job whether you use it in hot, lukewarm or cool water. You can soak or boil with it, if you wish. You can use it in machine or tub. And Fels-Naptha, though an earnest, helpful worker is gentle. It contains glycerine and helps keep your hands nice.

Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha (or a 10 bar carton) from your grocer today. Use it—and discover the *extra* help that makes your soap pennies *wise* pennies.

Special Offer—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. H. 4-21

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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FELS-NAPTHA THE GOLDEN BAR WITH
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

First and Largest Animal Cemetery

Honors Dogs, Cats, Birds and Horses

HERE are certain episodes from life so heroic, so beautiful, yet at the same time touched with such tragic irony, that tears start to the eyes of all of us upon hearing the details. A reminder of one of these greets you just after passing through the imposing stone gateway of the animal cemetery on Wrecker's Island in the middle of the Seine river not far from Paris, the first public burial ground created for animals in modern times, and the largest in the world today, containing the

On Island Near Paris, 25,000 Animals are Buried. Many Have Unique records. Customs of Ancient Egypt Revived. Fine Tombs, Touching Inscriptions Bear Witness to Man's Regard for Pets.

the cat and the bull, played an important part in the life of the nation. Personifying at times different gods, they were given burial with special ritual in separate graves over which a monument was raised carrying

a bas relief. By the times of Rameses II the custom changed. The animals were buried in a common ground consisting of long galleries cut in the rock, each animal having a separate chamber in which the mummy was placed and sealed up. Unfortunately, with the exception of Egypt, we have not today any vestiges to prove definitely what were the customs, if any, regarding animal burial among other races.

All through the ages men in general have been kind to animals. We have the legend of Mahomet and his favorite cat sleeping upon a part of his robe. The Prophet, having to arise, rather than disturb his pet, cut off the portion upon which it lay. In the Middle Ages people treated their dumb beasts with particular kindness by way of compensation for the immortality that was denied them. Even in those days, and occasionally since until modern times, certain great dignitaries of various churches have expressed a hope that animals may have a future life.

IT IS upon this island in the Seine that one finds the finest expression of man's remembrance of his dumb comrades who have shared his lot. The humblest workman and great princes, authors, actors, painters, musicians, every class of people, have bought burial plots in this secluded spot. The oval island rises in a series of narrow ledges from the water to a long level plateau. In all perhaps some six acres in extent, it was once famous as a rendezvous for apaches. Many mysterious crimes took place here. Eugene Sue mentions it often in his books. Now all day long barges go silently by, and the clang of tram cars comes drifting faintly at intervals through the trees. Such a wealth

of them! Hundred year old poplars gracefully rising from the water's edge; elms, many-branched, and almost as tall; horse-chestnuts with such thick foliage to drop their early falling leaves upon the graves. Added to this such a growth of shrubbery that it is quite impossible to take a large general view to show the immense number and arrangement of the varied monuments in wood, plaster, stone and marble which today occupy almost every inch of the island. Indeed, there would not have been any room for all the internments that have been made since the



Statue to Barry, one of the most heroic dogs. Saved forty lives. World's first cemetery was dedicated to him.



Profusion of shrubbery makes photographing almost impossible in animal cemetery, but here are shown some of the more elaborate tombs to dogs.

travellers. Often he came upon a man or woman lapsed into that first drowse of death which comes with intense cold. He would shake them violently; then their attention aroused, make realistic pantomime that they were to follow him. Thus, he led many to safety. In some instances when the distance was not great he dragged victims, too overcome to walk, to safety; in others he went and brought aid. His most famous feat is made the subject of his monument. Far from the monastery one night he came upon a child fast succumbing to the cold. With remarkable intelligence he lay down beside the girl who instinctively clung to his warm fur. Having sufficiently aroused her to stay upon his back, the dog was thus able to make such fast time to the monastery that the child escaped with only a few frost bites. In the four years of his career, Barry saved forty people. Then one afternoon in a raging blizzard he came bounding up full of joy upon a man staggering through the snow. But this most stupid of human beings, panic stricken by the storm and evidently half out of his mind with fright, mistook the succoring animal for a bear, and in frantic horror drove his ice pick into the back of the St. Bernard. The dog, sorely wounded, and unable to understand, turned homeward. Fortunately it was not far. He arrived, but the ice pick had pierced almost to his heart, and he died in a little while. Yet even then he was the means of saving his killer: by his trail of blood in the snow the monks were led back to the man.

And so this first public cemetery for animals, now grown to be the largest in the world, was dedicated to Barry. But this restful sanctuary is not confined to dogs. Here sad animal lovers have also paid last tribute to cats, horses, monkeys, parrots, canaries and carrier pigeons. Even two pet lions, the favorites of Pezon, the famous animal trainer, are buried here beside their foster mother, a hunting dog who raised them from birth. Rather a fine bit of sentiment.

Though this is the first animal cemetery of its kind since the days of ancient Egypt, many private ones have been installed. To mention only two of the most famous: Queen Victoria had at Windsor private ground for her departed pets; that of Frederic the Great at Sans Souci is historic. Perhaps special burial may have been given to animals in many lands in early times, but regarding this we have only documents relating to Egypt. There in very early times animals, particularly

cemetery was officially opened in 1899 by Marguerite Durand and George Harmoise, save for the fact that not all the sites have been paid for in perpetuity. The price of a square metre of earth for all time is 3,000 francs. But many people could not afford a resting place for their pets for more than from one to three years. Yet today the island is rapidly being covered with permanent tombs. Some are very elaborate in finest marble. At the island's lower end stands a crematorium. One of the strict regulations of the Society is that no tomb can be erected which in any way resembles those in burial grounds of men. No religious symbols are permitted. The place has a particular appeal because of the quaintness of many of the tombs and the originality of the epitaphs. In nearly every cemetery where people are buried can be found monuments and inscriptions where bad taste is glaringly evident. But here on Wrecker's Island one finds a pleasing exception. Every monument attests good taste, simplicity and sincerity. Even among the many thousand of inscriptions there are only a very few which bring a smile by



The crematorium and some of the "one to three year" graves

(Continued on page 79)

By

Francis Dickie

Vanderbilt..



MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT, who lives in Paris, says: "Not even the beauty-wise French can make anything to compare with Pond's Two Creams. The new Tissues and Skin Freshener are charming!"

Morgan...



MISS ANNE MORGAN, daughter of the late J. P. Morgan, and president of the American Woman's Association, has dark eyes, silvery hair and a clear complexion. She says: "I have used Pond's for years."

Astor...



LADY VIOLET ASTOR, daughter of an Earl, is charming, a brilliant hostess. She has hair like spun gold, eyes violet-blue and a rose-leaf skin. She calls Pond's four preparations "delightful, practical, effectual."

Belmont..



MRS. MORGAN BELMONT has Titian hair and ivory skin. She says: "Pond's Method will keep your skin clear and fresh in much less time, at much less cost, than dozens of complicated beauty preparations."

Drexel..



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, JR. is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. She always follows Pond's Method for the care of her lovely tea-rose skin and says: "Pond's is simply wonderful!"

du Pont....



MRS. ALFRED VICTOR DUPONT is a charming blonde with exquisite fair skin. She uses Pond's because they are "pure and good, easy to use, readily obtainable and keep one's skin always at its best."

Aristocratic women owe the beauty of their skin to this safe, gentle care

THINK how significant it is that these six aristocratic women, to whom no luxury is ever denied, agree in their choice of Pond's in preference to all other beauty aids!

Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent position a perfectly groomed complexion is the first social requisite.

They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest to be had, despite their democratic simplicity and modest price. They are marvelous to give the skin the

perfect cleansing and protection it must have to keep it always exquisite.

Pond's Method—Four swift, simple steps to keep your skin radiantly fine, smooth, fresh and clear:

1—During the day, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Tissues, which are so much softer, more absorbent. Parisian peach color or white.

3—Pat with Pond's Skin Freshener to



TO KEEP YOUR SKIN EXQUISITE... POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone, firm, promote natural color.

4—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face, but wherever you powder. Marvelous to keep your hands soft, white and unchapped.

At bedtime: Cleanse face and neck with Cold Cream; remove with Tissues.

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Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

"Trader Horn"

WHEN the story of Aloysius Horn, written by Ethelreda Lewis and sponsored by John Galsworthy, was first presented to the reading public, its success was phenomenal. Everyone was talking about it. Everyone was enchanted by the strange memories and romances of the old African trader, and for some time the book was like a spotlight thrown upon what we had learned in school to call "The Dark Continent." Eventually the excitement passed. Other books caught the public imagination. "Trader Horn" became somewhat forgotten. But now he is due for a revival of interest and attention, for he (and the book) comes to us once more in a picture version which is the best thing of its kind to be seen on the screen today.

The chief character in the film is Horn (played by Harry Carey) who goes from one native settlement of Africa to another, trading for ivory. The plot of the picture is woven about the "White Goddess" incident of the book. Horn and a young man who is accompanying him upon his travels meet a white woman, a missionary whose baby girl had been kidnapped by natives some twenty years before. When the woman dies, Horn and his young friend take up the mother's search for her lost daughter. They finally find her, a "White Goddess," worshipped by a strange tribe. After many dangerous adventures, Horn, his young friend and the girl manage to escape the irate natives and get back to civilization.

The story is a very theatrical affair. Of course the two young people supply the love interest. In strict according with the moving picture tradition, the girl, after twenty years in the wilds with the natives, shows not a trace of sun tan upon her distinctly nordic skin. Except for her scanty and bizarre costume she looks as if she might have just stepped out of a Hollywood beauty shop, after having had a finger wave, a manicure and a facial massage.

This undistinguished plot serves, however, as a peg upon which is hung a remarkable travel picture. There hasn't been an African picture in many a long day that could compare with it in exotic scenes, beautiful photography and thrilling adventures. And the zoo! Lions, leopards, hyenas, baboons and any number of other African animals which I shall not mention separately because I cannot spell their names. (If you are interested in them you will go

to see the picture. If not, I don't suppose you will mind not knowing their names.)

Personally, I find pictures of wild animal hunts rather repulsive, but for the benefit of those who are interested I must say that "Trader Horn" has some hair-raising hunt sequences. The voices of the animal actors are often more interesting and expressive than the voices of many regular screen stars. Sound has given an added realism to the animal scenes and "Trader Horn" presents us with a vivid and pleasantly deodorized zoo.

"Viennese Nights"

REMINISCENT in its music and plot of that charming operetta "Maytime," "Viennese Nights" is an unusually pleasant musical picture. It is quaint and agreeably sentimental, and it has a theme song that actually fits neatly into the story instead of being dragged into it. Like "Maytime," the story of



Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray in "Viennese Nights"

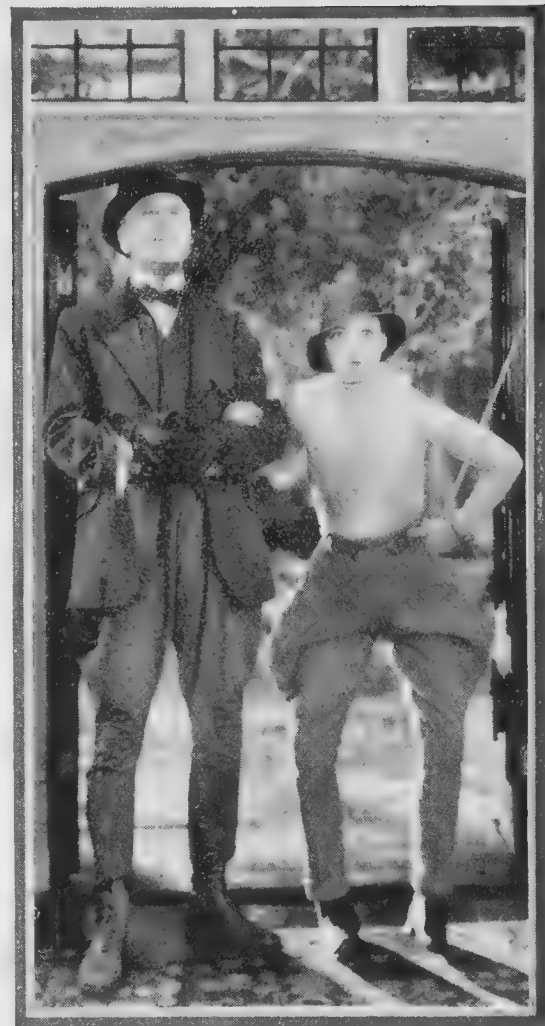
"Viennese Nights" continues through three generations. Thus, changing manners and costume modes give the picture variety, while the story is unified by its love theme.

Vivienne Segal sings well and acts cleverly in the leading feminine role. I have seen her on the stage and on the screen and have always thought her attractive and competent, but this picture gives one a stronger impression of her histrionic ability. The others of the cast are all very satisfactory.

"The Royal Bed"

THIS is the picture adaptation of Robert Sherwood's amusing satirical comedy, "The Queen's Husband." It is not a remarkable picture, but in its plot and dialogue it is far and away more intelligent than the average feature film.

The story pokes fun at a noted



Marion Davies and C. Aubrey Smith in "The Bachelor Father"

European Queen who travelled about this continent writing syndicate articles on life and love, ostentatiously having her hand kissed, and not so ostentatiously but quite effectively raising a loan for her country.

The play is chiefly concerned with a king who has been so effaced by the domineering personality of the Queen that he is merely "The Queen's Husband," as the proper title informs us.

The dialogue is clever and witty, and it is especially well handled by Lowell Sherman who plays the king. Nance O'Neill is effectively theatrical as the high-handed queen. Mary Astor and Anthony Bushell are the young lovers.

This is a picture for people who like something intelligently amusing and out of the ordinary. But why, when Sherwood had got such a nice touch of irony into his original title, was "The Royal Bed" substituted?

"The Bachelor Father"

IN ITS original stage version, Carpenter's comedy "The Bachelor Father" had a long run in New York. It was cast and directed with David Belasco's usual thoroughness, and was very entertaining. A sophisticated comedy, its risqué quality lay in the "back history" of the play, and in a few of the lines, rather than in the actual play.

The play opens with an irascible, gout-ridden old English bachelor consulting his physician who informs him that his main ailments are loneliness and selfishness. The doctor adds that it is too bad that his patient had never married and raised a family. The wealthy bachelor then admits that he has three children, grown-up reminders of his too-carelessly gay youth. He forthwith sends his lawyer to round up his children and bring them to visit him. The first to arrive is the son of an Englishwoman, a boy who is a talented musician and budding composer. The second of the family is a girl, half-Italian. The third to arrive is the daughter of a New York vaudeville star. Complications begin to arise immediately in this strange gathering and the children enliven almost too thoroughly the dull life of their bachelor father.

Parts of the film adaptation of the comedy are amusing, but toward the end the action drags painfully. Marion Davies plays the role of the breezy, daring, slangy child of the vaudeville star—a part originally played so charmingly by June Walker. C. Aubrey Smith, who created the role of the father, gives an excellent performance in the picture.

Jerome Carver



Harry Carey, Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo in "Trader Horn"



Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer of New York *distinguished exponent of beauty culture*

tells you how to keep that schoolgirl complexion

THERE'S scarcely a beauty specialist in all America who doesn't know the name of Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer; Mrs. Maurer, for years an outstanding American leader in beauty culture, graduated some 80,000 pupils! Her influence is felt, her opinion respected, wherever beauty theory is taught. "Tell us," we asked Mrs. Maurer, "a good plan for keeping youth and beauty . . . an easy plan and one that every woman can follow."

First, consult an expert

"Well—first of all," she replied, "find a beauty specialist in whom you have confidence and get into the habit of consulting her regularly. That is every bit as necessary as the proper home care."

"Then, learn a few plain truths about yourself. This for instance: that your skin must be kept thoroughly clean if you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion!"

"And what," we wanted to know, "do you consider the best way to keep the skin clean?"

"Personally," Mrs. Maurer answered, "I consider Palmolive Soap a primary aid in attaining a lovely skin because I am a firm believer in the virtues of olive oil for beauty cleansing—and Palmolive, as you know, is made of olive and palm oils."



"Indeed, those are the only fats used in Palmolive, analysis shows. We, of the beauty profession, have great faith in those particular vegetable oils. We know them to be both soothing and penetrating — two

qualities invaluable for cosmetic purposes."

Mrs. Maurer, of course, advises Palmolive together with the various creams and cosmetics which she, herself, manufactures — for she is today president of a well-

known cosmetics firm.

"When you use Palmolive," says Mrs. Maurer, "work its lather gently into the skin of face and throat with your hands or with a soft cloth; then rinse with both warm and cold water before applying make-up."

And—since Palmolive costs only 10 cents the cake—it is advised (and used) for the bath as well. Its olive and palm oil content provides a lather that is soothing and beneficial for the entire body—just as it is for the face. To keep that schoolgirl complexion act on expert advice. Use Palmolive.

Retail Price

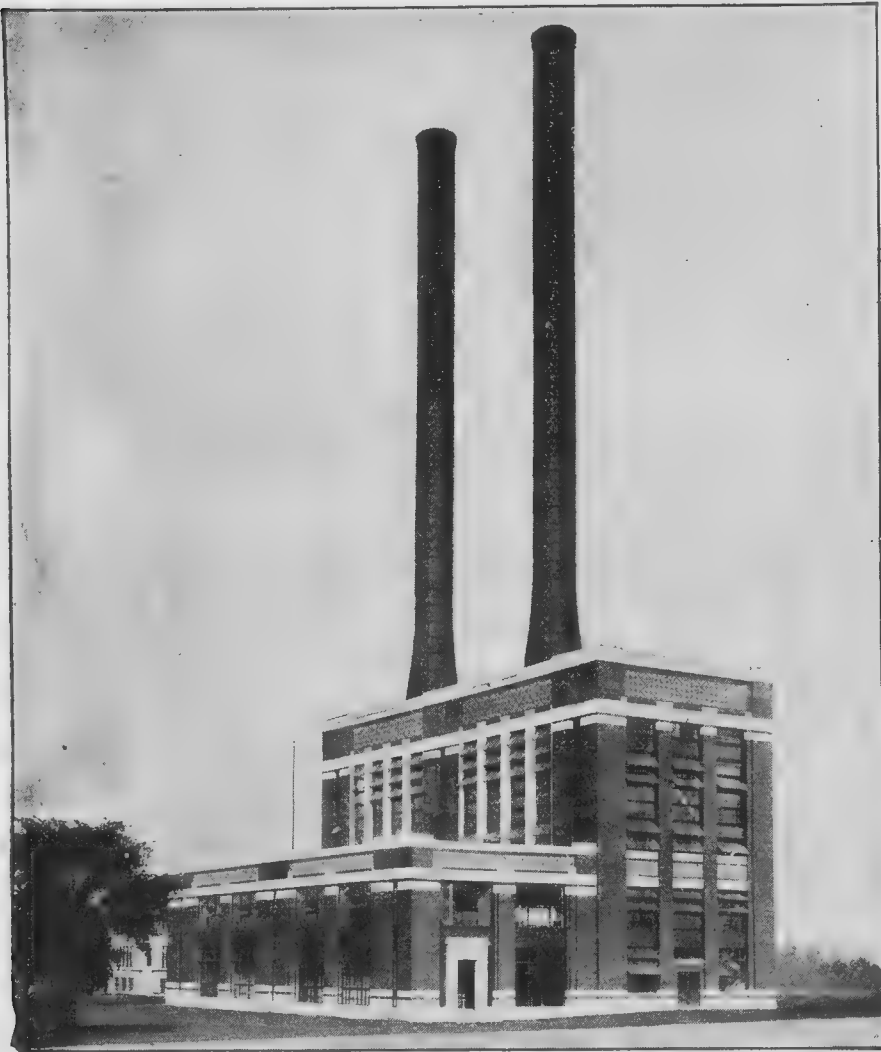
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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA, CKGW and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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have been made in Canada



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The new Ford is made with unusual care. The connecting-rod is not permitted to vary more than four one-thousandths of an inch in length. Every crankshaft is statically and dynamically balanced, with a minimum of 174 checks for accuracy. Wrist-pin holes in the pistons are diamond bored and held true in diameter to a limit of two ten-thousandths of an inch. Ford valve stems are held exact in diameter to within one one-thousandth of an inch along their entire length. From the seat to the mushroom end there is never a variation of more than two one-thousandths of an inch.

THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY of Canada, Limited, was organized in 1904. The business was started in a small frame building, with a force of seventeen men. The first year's production was only 117 cars.

Because of the value built into its products for the past twenty-seven years, the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, has become one of the largest industrial organizations in the Dominion. In March of this year the millionth Ford made in Canada came off the assembly line and was delivered to a Ford owner.

This achievement is of particular importance to the people of this country because the Canadian Ford car is made almost entirely of Canadian materials and by Canadian workmen.





The final assembly line at East Windsor

During the past ten years the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, has paid out in Canada more than \$95,000,000 in wages and more than \$201,000,000 for materials and services. In 1929 and 1930 alone the company's payroll exceeded \$22,000,000. In addition, employment was furnished to thousands of other workmen through the expenditure of \$40,000,000 for Canadian materials and services. To the end of 1929 more than 72% of the total earnings of the company had been reinvested in the business.

Throughout the years, the policy of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, has been to provide greater and greater value at lower cost

to the public. Every purchaser shares the benefit of the Ford low profit policy and the economy and efficiency of its manufacturing methods.

As the company has grown in size, its position of leadership has become more and more evident. Today, the Ford leads every other automobile in Canada by a large and increasing margin. In many sections between 50% and 70% of all cars sold are Model A Fords.

People everywhere—in city, town and country—are purchasing the Ford because they know it is a value

far above the price. Long continuous service emphasizes the value of its simplicity of design and the substantial worth that has been built into it.



"THE CANADIAN CAR"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Gardening for Fun

By F. Nicholson Webb

ARE you a would-be-gardener? I was. If you are, and you think there is no cure for it—have courage.

One summer evening I was walking in my garden admiring the flowers and pretending I didn't see the odd weed that stood out boldly here and there. I was surprised by a voice directly behind me. "Such wonderful color! Such beautiful flowers!" and later, "My dear, where did you learn the names of all these different plants?"

My friend gushed on and on and on—and then some. I did not deserve the verbal bouquets being handed to me. I did not desire them, they made me blush. I knew that my friend knew nothing of gardens. I knew, but she did not know, that I knew nothing about gardens—at least, nothing that any ordinary, common-sensed individual could not learn almost at a glance.

But then, I had a garden, and it was a pretty garden. True there were a few weeds. The paths were far from straight. The perennial border was ragged in spots, but I loved that little patch of ground and it repaid me for my every effort in more ways than one.

I have discovered there are hundreds of people who like a garden, love flowers, appreciate vegetables, but know less about their actual production than a lawyer about blacksmithing. And what happens? Every time they think of starting a garden of their own they get cold feet. The result is one of two things: Either they plant grass in the little square, or merely leave it for the children or the neighbor's dogs to play in.

It isn't that these good citizens lack ambition. Almost without exception they read the seed catalogues earnestly. But there it ends. Why? Because the colored pictures printed therein are so far from the true average vegetable or flower that they know, before they start, if they attempt to reproduce it in their own back yards it's going to be a flop.

In despair these would-be-gardeners turn to the "Gardening Columns," and—with what result? More despair!

By the way, have you ever read one of these columns and then tried to remember what you have read? I have and I must admit I have failed. You see, it's like this, "One must start the *Aquilegia* under glass, as early in the spring as possible," or "*Centaurea* requires a sunny position, well sheltered, etc., etc."

If your ambition is to become a professional gardener then read that kind of stuff and read all you can find of it. But if, like myself, you desire to have a garden purely and simply for the fun of watching things grow and to see a vase of flowers on the dining-room table, or to eat a carrot that is the fruit of your effort, then don't read a word of it.

I'LL tell you what to do. Go down to your nearest seed store. Take plenty of time—it's the most interesting pastime I know. Your ignorance of growing things makes it so. If you are already informed of the habits, likes and dislikes of every known variety of plant then there's nothing to it. All you have to do is ask for a package of this with a long name and a package of that with an even longer name, jump into your car and go home satisfied. But, I insist, if you are ignorant of any of these things, or most of them, and have an ambition to watch things grow, then you're going to have some fun.

This is the way it works with us would-be-gardeners: We know nothing. We're not going to pretend to know

Decorations by
Audrey Preston and
E. Lys

anything. We are determined to find out a whole lot.

We enter the seed store and there they are before our eyes—hundreds and

hundreds of packages, beautiful pictures, long words and—the price.

Walk slowly up one side of the display and down the other. If you are not satisfied yet, or haven't recognized a single package, walk around again. By this time you will find you have picked up a package of lettuce, of a variety absolutely unknown to you but the picture looks good anyway; a package of radishes with a beautiful red glow and, possibly, a package of sweet peas. We are doing well.

Now walk slowly, with an I-know-it-all expression on your eager-to-learn-something countenance and strut right back to the place you started. Continue along the path you have already traversed at least twice. Watch the packages closely but don't read—I particularly warn against reading. Every time an illustration catches your eye lean over and pick one of the packages out of the rack and place it with the lettuce, radishes and sweet peas.

By the time you have done the rounds again you will find you have half a hundred packages, more or less. The number, I warrant, will not be governed by the salary check you periodically draw.

Bundle them together and walk over to the counter. Pick out the saleslady you like best and say, "I'll take these, please." Nothing more than that. The price she will quote may stagger you for the moment for you will, I feel sure, have picked up the odd package marked 25 cents or even 40 cents. If you have, all the better. If they grow you are going to receive the surprise of your life and if they don't grow you will be surprised anyway because you were so sure they would grow—paying that price for the package and only five seeds in it.

Smile, pay, and leave the store. I give you further encouragement here for you will need it. Every single seed is going to more than repay you for all you do for it, whether it grows or not.

There is one thing I advise and that is—sort the vegetables from the flowers. A mixed display doesn't look attractive. However, this isn't hard and it won't take long.

NOW—for the work! Right here and now I am going to tell you this business of raising things to eat and to look at is work. It's real work, but—it's more real, honest-to-goodness fun than anything I know. To my mind the fun ends when one graduates from the "duffer" class and becomes an expert. I would rather watch one ordinary multiplier onion multiply for the mere fun of it, than to gaze upon one perfect specimen of its kind grown for no other purpose than to reach the ribbon class in some show. Proceed to dig the soil. This, I am sorry to say, is a necessary evil. Once you have commenced



the operation it won't seem so bad. Dig it and keep on digging it. There's nothing like pulverization.

When you think it is perfect, or as nearly so as you have the ambition to make it, lay it out in mental plots, rows, fields, or as your heart desires.

You will, no doubt, have read the packages by this time and narrowed your campaign to the color given and the average height specified for each variety to grow.

Plant the seeds. Plant them all.

You will sow them, I know, giving thought to the final effect when the plants have reached their full glory. You will plant the two foot size behind the one foot size and so on, both up and down. And, you will reap results.

In no time at all there will be row upon row of tiny green shoots. You'll enjoy these shoots as much as you will enjoy their fruits. If you are the average beginner, and I take it you are, you will find that the carrots have sent up enough blades of grass-like foliage to produce an acre of carrots. No matter, they can be thinned out. You will, no doubt, religiously attack this thinning job and all will be well—for at least three rows. About that time the sun becomes too warm, the back begins to ache—you will require a drink.

At the end of the year there will be three rows of beautiful, uniform carrots. For the result of the other rows I hesitate. I fear you will harvest a tangled mass. This is as it should be for you will have learned one thing you will never forget. The picture of those tangled carrots will remain forever in your memory. In future years you will thin all the carrots. You will have gained by experience.

Your tomato plants will be sturdy and strong. You will have visions of tomatoes as they have never been before. Some kind, well meaning friend will, I feel sure, show you that, actually, your tomato plants are not all that good tomato plants should be. They will require careful pruning. He will, without encouragement, show you how this is done by cutting off all the branches before your very eyes and leaving them gaunt, almost naked stalk. You will say that his handiwork is marvelous and you will promise to religiously keep the plants in their half naked state. But, your honest opinion will be that he has ruined forever the plants that were your pride. You will,

when he has gone, resolve to let what is left of the plants do what they can to restore their original beauty and it will amaze you. Within a few days they will produce new shoots that will grow with alarming rapidity. When the frost comes and it is time to garner your crop there will be a few struggling, warped tomatoes that you will wrap in paper and store with pride in the [Continued on page 61]



More fingers point to
ETHYL
than to
 any other name in gasoline

MILLIONS of fingers now choose the pump with the Ethyl emblem. So great is the demand for this improved motor fuel that every fifth pump in the country is now an Ethyl pump.



For instance: A recent count on the highway between Chicago and Milwaukee (Illinois 42 and Wisconsin 15) showed 587 gasoline pumps, of which 119, or one-fifth, were Ethyl Gasoline pumps. Surveys on other typical highways show that Ethyl maintains this percentage throughout the country.

The reason is that Ethyl Gasoline is more than gasoline. It is good gasoline *plus* Ethyl fluid, the ingredient that controls combustion.

Instead of exploding in sharp, hurried bursts (that waste power and cause "knock" and overheating), Ethyl Gasoline delivers power evenly, sending pistons down with smooth, steady pressure—improving the performance of *any* motor.

Ninety-five leading oil refining companies now mix Ethyl fluid with their good gasoline to sell Ethyl Gasoline. They have spent millions of dollars to gain the advantage of controlled combustion for their motor fuel.

You can buy controlled combustion for your car at any pump that bears the Ethyl emblem. And what a difference it will make! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

**ETHYL
GASOLINE**



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.



The Ethyl emblem on any pump stands for tested gasoline of Ethyl quality. Constant inspection of gasoline taken from Ethyl pumps throughout the country guards this standard. Ethyl Gasoline is always colored red.

Smart salads that match the smartest table

...yet cost but
a few cents each!

That's the wonderful thing
about DEL MONTE Pears . . .

You're proud to serve them at
any meal—as a dessert or tempt-
ing salad!

Yet they're so inexpensive—so
convenient—you're glad to enjoy
them often!

The famous Bartlett variety, of
course—selected in DEL MONTE
orchards—canned perfectly fresh,
in nearby DEL MONTE canneries—
brought to your table with all
the delicate flavor you prize in
this tempting fruit.



Have you
"discovered"
Del Monte Coffee?
Ask your grocer

DEL MONTE Pears—In the large No. 2 ½
can (30 oz.), both Melba Halves (extra-large
fruit) and Regular Halves (large fruit). For
your convenience, three smaller sizes of cans,
No. 2 (20 oz.), No. 1 (16 oz.) and Buffet,
fruit slightly smaller to fit the can but always
the same fine flavor in each.



Pears

{ Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and
only one quality—no matter where you buy. }

Peaches



DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches—like pears,
also packed in four sizes of cans. Regardless
of size, selected, tree-ripened fruit, DEL
MONTE Quality, in every can.

Fruit Recipes—Free. A postcard brings
you 9 attractive DEL MONTE recipe books
and folders. Just write today to Dept. 37-U,
California Packing Corporation, San Fran-
cisco, California.



..and remember,
just as attractive
desserts.....
with Del Monte
Sliced Peaches
on hand!

If it's a simple fruit dish you
want—what's more enticing
than DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches,
chilled and served in their own
rich syrup?

Or if you've left-overs in the
pantry—cake, cooked rice or
bread, for instance—just try your
hand with a peach shortcake, a
peach rice pudding or bread pud-
ding baked with sliced peaches
in it.

And that's only a start. Once
you find how handy Sliced Peaches
are, you'll want to enjoy them
in pies, cobbles, with gelatine, in
salads—even with the breakfast
cereal or omelet. Every one, a new
adventure in flavor—every one
of them sure to be good, if you
just insist on the quality fruit DEL
MONTE always guarantees.



Just be sure you get

DEL MONTE

Saving Face

Continued from page 15

to the Sphinx! So finally they let him go, when he had pleaded guilty to keeping a gambling-house. During his week's detention, however, they gave him their particular brand of "third degree," and in these proceedings X— was the leader.

~~~~~

## The Old Pioneer

By Harold Baldwin

*My God! How I long for that old North-West  
Where the jiggling trail comes down  
Through leagues of tamarac, spruce and  
pine—  
And miles from a doggoned town.*

*Aw Gee! to hear a brush wolf yell,  
Or the maniac laugh of a loon;  
Or the bawl of a half wild, new-born calf  
At the brilliant northern moon.*

*To mount once more the hurricane deck  
Of old Charlie, lank and fleet;  
And away, by Heck! with a partridge drum  
Keeping time to his racing feet.  
Away to the place where the Dutchman lives  
On his lonely, rocky ranch;  
Out from the bush where the prairies start  
And the skulls and the ribs still lie and  
blanch*

*Of the buffaloes killed in years gone by,  
Round the Pei-Wei's limpid lakes;  
Then home again through the dense, thick  
scrub—*

*Dear God! but it aches and aches! . . .*

*Or just to sit with a reeking pipe  
At the door of the crude log house,  
Listening to hear the bittern croak  
Or a chuckling love-sick grouse;  
While in endless search for Seneca root  
The squaws go jabbering by,  
And they say to me in their guttural Cree,  
"You'll have to come home to die.  
You'll return one day, dark hair or grey,  
Ohe! Ohe! Ohe!"*

*And their gaudy shawls grotesquely bob  
As they waddle upon their way.*

*Have the Indians got the truth of it  
In their legend that never lies?  
"Who drinks of the Saskatchewan  
By the Saskatchewan dies."  
Sure, I don't know—and I sure don't care—  
The thing's just in my blood,  
And I long for that hard old northern life  
Like a famished man for food.*

*Yes, some fine day I'll be going back  
On that trail with its devil's lure—  
Under its rigors perhaps I'll crack  
And that way find a cure.  
For the tamarac ghosts in the muskeg gloom,  
Still call with their soundless voice,  
"Come back! Come back! Endure again,  
Or never more rejoice."*

I will give you Sing's own description of it. I shudder even now at the remembrance of sitting watching his face and listening to him as he related his experience a few nights later in his underground room off Dupont Street.

His face was drawn and grey. People who say Chinese faces have no expression don't know the Chinese. His eyelids clung lower than ever, but nevertheless I could see the terrible smoldering gleam in his little eyes.

"For six days they keep me," he said, speaking in English. "Six days they keep me; no let me smoke opium. Without it I no can eat, no can sleep; I almost crazy. And all the time they talk, talk. They want me to tell them things." He paused, and for a moment his voice lost its usual dead monotone, and rose to a high pitch. "They stlike me lots time, and all time I sit there never talkee. They never catchem nothing" He stopped suddenly, staring into space.

"All time I have no smoke," he went on, in his usual low voice. "An' that Irish devil-policeman; I lose my face"

to him. Now—well, he pay. I killee him—save my face."

I stared at him without speaking. After all there was nothing I could say that mattered; nothing, I knew, would move the little man from his set purpose. That indefinable thing which the Chinese call "face"—akin to our honor, self-respect, and personal esteem, yet different with a difference we cannot understand—had been outraged. Ah Sing had lost his "face," and, therefore, X— must pay with his life; that was the only solution.

They found X— one night in an alley, with a knife-thrust through his heart. It was many months after the raid on Ah Sing's "joint," and there was no clue to the perpetrator of the crime. Only I, when I read of it in the morning paper, realized that the little Chinese had kept his vow. Ah Sing was my friend, and I remained silent. To a certain extent I understood. In the past I had gained some insight into Chinese ways—as much as a white man ever does—and so, perhaps, I judged Ah Sing's action from a rather different standpoint from most people. Anyway, rightly or wrongly, I held my peace.

DURING all those months since the night when Ah Sing had told me of his days of imprisonment, I had not seen him again. I had kept away from Chinatown, for with the putting-on of the "lid" by the police it had lost much of its former picturesqueness.

One night, some little time after the mysterious death of Detective X—, I was sitting in my room and the door opened quietly. Noiselessly, without knocking, Ah Sing slipped in. How he knew where my apartment was I do not know; he had never been there before, nor had I ever mentioned to him where I lived.

Closing the door softly behind him, he came across the room and sat down on the edge of the bed. I thought he looked a little thinner, more haggard than of old, but his face was the same inscrutable mask. His eyes, which still looked out from beneath half-shut lids, were those of a dreamer. Yet, somehow, despite his quietness and unhurried movements, his mien unconsciously conveyed an air of subtle triumph. For some moments he sat in silence. Then he spoke in Chinese.

"He is gone," he said, in the tone one uses when speaking of something that has been certain for a long time.

"I saw it in the papers," I replied, without a sign of approbation or disapproval.

"Yes," he repeated. He is gone; I saved my 'face.'"

For a while he remained seated, staring into empty space without apparent realization of my presence. At last he arose.

"Well, I go," he said. "Good-night!"

He was at the door and had vanished before I could say anything further.

And that is the story of Ah Sing—the same man who passed the window a few minutes ago. I have never seen him since the night he made his confession until now. Why he did not recognize me tonight I do not know. Why he came to me that night five years ago, I also do not know. Perhaps it was just a desire to confide in someone, to voice the saving of his "face" to a person who would understand.

Undoubtedly he believed he had acted quite rightly. To me the act appeared terrible; to him it was a necessity, not a crime at all. It is just another example of the eternal difference between West and East.



At 20, at 40 or at 55  
"pink tooth brush"  
may appear

AT ANY age, the slightest tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush should be a direct warning to you. It means that your gums are bleeding—that they are dangerously soft and flabby.

For weakened, sensitive gums you can blame soft foods, hasty eating. And unless you protect your gums, the more serious forms of infection—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea, may readily follow. To wait for gum trouble is folly. To prevent it, with Ipana and massage, is sound common sense!

Rouse your gums  
with Ipana!

When and while you brush your teeth, massage your gums with Ipana. Use either the brush or your finger. Hundreds of dentists recommend Ipana, for gums as well as teeth, for they know that Ipana is more than a delightful tooth paste! It contains ziratol, a preparation long used by the profession for its efficiency in toning and invigorating tender gum tissue.

So, with Ipana and massage, wake up your gums! Put the fresh, clean blood to work! Send it coursing through the tiny cells! Restore your gums to life and vigor, to robust hardness and health!

You'll find Ipana delightfully refreshing in taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness to your whole mouth. And once you've started with Ipana, you'll be astonished to note how white, how flashing it makes your teeth; how sound and firm it keeps your gums!

# IPANA

## TOOTH PASTE

MADE IN CANADA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO. 1-A-3  
1241 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.  
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

Name .....  
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City..... Prov..... 3



## When your husband goes to Lunch



**DO** you know what your husband's favourite dishes are when he has meals away from home? Hotel and restaurant chefs tell us that the most popular desserts with the men are those made with coconut.

Try a pie or cake made with Baker's Coconut for your next dessert. See how delighted your husband will be with his favourite made at home.

And if you use Baker's Coconut you make certain of the freshest, most delicious coconut flavour. Baker special process and packing is your assurance. Made from fresh coconuts in Canada.

### DELICIOUS!

#### 7-minute Coconut Frosting

|                          |                                            |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| 2 egg whites, unbeaten   | 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar               |
| 1 1/2 cups sugar         | 1 teaspoon vanilla                         |
| 5 tablespoons cold water | 1 1/2 cups Baker's Coconut, SOUTHERN STYLE |

Put egg whites, sugar, water, and cream of tartar in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire. Add vanilla and 1/4 cup coconut. Beat until thick enough to spread. Sprinkle remaining coconut over the frosted cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Double recipe for three 10-inch layers. (All measurements are level.)

# BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free recipe book to General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto.

A3-31M

# Christian Traditions and Death

By Margaret Somerville McDonald

**L**ENTEN meditations bring to mind the phenomenal happenings on the day when our Lord was crucified. We are told that for three hours the world was covered with darkness. When our Lord cried with a loud voice, and His life was ended here the veil of the temple was rent in two. The earth trembled and shook. Rocks were torn asunder. Graves opened, and dead bodies were thrown from them.

It is not to be wondered at that with such extraordinary happenings, many traditions and legends have woven themselves around that terrible and uncanny time. Fishes, birds, flowers, and trees have all been entwined with Christian tradition. And whether the stories are true, or are only the product of overwrought imaginations—many of them are very beautiful, and even though we may not believe them, the legends put new color and meaning to some humble everyday surroundings.

The swallow, we are told, hovered round the cross continually, crying, "Svala, svala" (the Scandinavian for "Console"). From that time it was called "the bird of Consolation," or "Swallow." It has been, since then, the harbinger of Spring or resurrection. And we have the familiar proverb: "One swallow does not make the Spring."

The robin received his red breast when he plucked a thorn from the Lord's forehead as He carried the cross to Calvary. The blood spurted from the wound to the breast of the bird, and dyed the feathers red which color they remain to this day.

The Swedish legend of the stork tells us that it also hovered around the cross crying: "Styrka, styrka" ("Strengthen, strengthen"). It is regarded as a sacred bird, and is the enemy of all snakes. We first hear of the devil as a "serpent," so this enmity of the stork has an allegorical meaning.

The fishes dived under the water in terror on the day of the crucifixion. But the pike lifted its head and beheld the whole scene. Henceforward it became marked on its head with a distinct cross, three nails and a sword.

The haddock and John Dory both have remarkable oval spots on each side, said to be from the finger marks of Saint Peter when he extracted the coin. Doubting Thomases claim that these spots must have arisen from some other cause, as both fishes belong to the salt water genus.

When our Lord dismounted from the ass, after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, a dark line was seen all along its back. It was crossed by another at the shoulders, and the fearful Thomas desecrated the cross of shame. This mark has remained on the mule down to our day.

There are two traditions of the cross. One has it that four distinct kinds of wood were used in its manufacture. The other tells us an aspen tree was cut down to be used for the purpose.

The aspen tree, hearing the conversation of the men, began to shiver. The stem of the broad leaves became weak and flexible, so that all the leaves trembled and shivered at the least breath of wind. The leaves, being much stronger than the stems, began to touch each other, which made a faint sound—like a stifled sob. Which characteristics the aspen tree still carries.

**T**HERE are many stories told of flowers. But the most complete is the one of the Passion Flower. This white flower, we are told, lifted its head when the darkness descended on the earth. Instantly, its whole form was changed: Its leaves grew long like spears. Five anthers appeared to symbolize five wounds. Tendrils grew from the stems to denote the whips and cords in the hands of the soldiers. The ovary extended to a long column, like the upright of the cross. The stamens took the image of the hammers used to construct the cross. Three styles appeared for the three nails. Flethy threads manifested themselves suddenly on the inside of the flower, like the crown of thorns. The calyx took on a transparent, bright hue, like the glory of the nimbus. Half of the flowers turned blue, because of heaven. The others remained white, because of purity. But it blossoms and remains open for only three days, and no amount of care will change this rule.

The tulip also is said to have raised her head and beheld the Calvary scene. In her cup she carries a tear. Whether this is legend, fact, or story, does not prevent the truth that in the emperor tulip a drop of water is always close by the stamens. This flower is the ecclesiastical flower of some Catholic countries.

The Easter Lily has its story connected with the death of Mary—the mother of our Lord. Saint Thomas went on a mission, and while he was away, she died. On his return he refused to believe her dead, for she had been in perfect health when he had started out, and he had not been gone long. He demanded to be taken to her tomb. When it was opened there was nothing but countless white lilies. The disciples called them the "Madonna Lily." This flower has always been associated with the Easter season, and the resurrection.

The Wall Flower bloomed below the cross. It had no perfume. But when a drop of blood spilled on its brown petals, it left a reddish mark, and an exquisite perfume. In Palestine, it is called "The Blood-drops of Christ."

In Wales, the dwarf-elder is sacred, and has been so since long before Christianity. It is called "The Plant of the Blood of Man." But has no connection with Christ or Christianity.

The Red Anemone, the Roodselkin, with its crimson-spotted leaves, the spotted Persicaria—are all connected with Christian legend.

But we took our custom of sending flowers to the dead from the Greeks and Romans. The Greeks crowned the dead with flowers, and also placed flowers on the tombs. The Romans decked the funeral couch with leaves and flowers, and spread flowers, fillets on the tombs of friends. Most of our funeral customs came from the Romans. We learned from them to dress in black, to walk in procession, to carry insignia on the bier, and to raise a mound over the grave.

It is quite feasible that many of these stories connected themselves to the flowers which the early Christians used when they first followed the way of Christianized Rome with regard to the dead. The Hebrew customs at the time of death were far different, and in taking on Roman ways, the Hebrew added his own special gift of mysticism to the new and drastic innovations.

**I**T IS a common idea that the custom of using the cross as an ornament, or symbol of the Christian Church had its origin in the cross on which our Lord was crucified. But this is quite erroneous: the cross was an almost universal symbol for many different interests, centuries before Christ was crucified.

In the early days of Christianity, the disciples in writing about their Master, did not use His name; but always designated Him by the simple cross. Also, in writing of His followers, they were not called "Christians," but "X-ians." This abbreviation is current today, when we use the short for Christmas, and write "Xmas."

It is altogether unlikely that in those turbulent times the disciples would lay themselves open to any more suspicion than was necessary, and in using the symbol of the cross, it is more than possible that they stressed His resurrection more than they did His death.

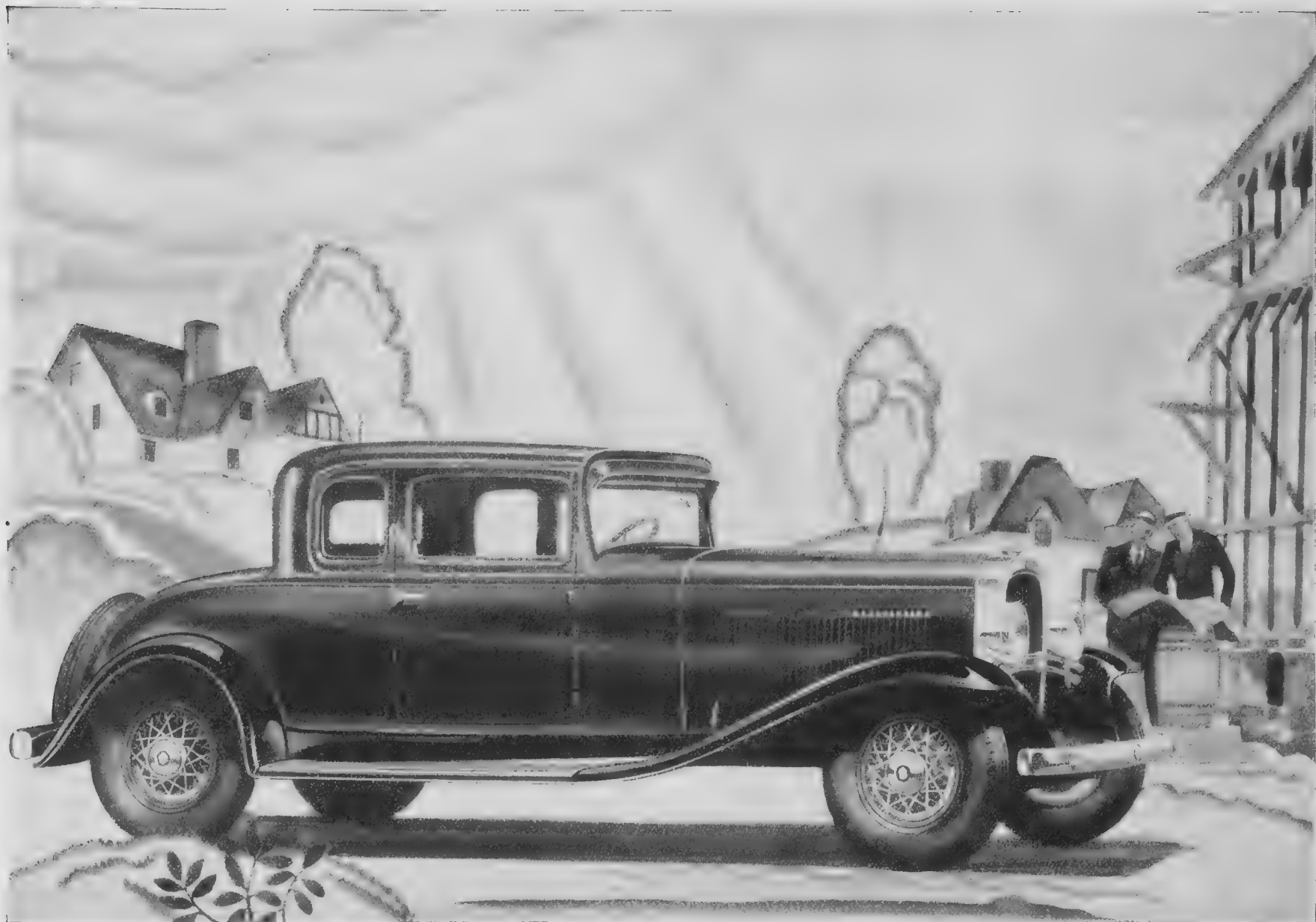
Ancient Egypt used the cross to designate several deities. The Latin cross with a handle, was sacred to Isis and Osiris. It was used as an emblem of immortality, and life generally. The various shaped crosses are to be found on ancient sculpture and coins antedating the death of our Lord by centuries. It is quite possible that the disciples chose the Latin cross in preference to all others, because

(Continued on page 53)



Easter Morning





# DRIVE *the new* OLDSMOBILE

## ... PROVE THAT IT'S SMOOTHER FASTER... EASIER TO HANDLE

The trimly tailored lines of the latest Oldsmobile leave one with a definite impression of suave, free-flowing power and unusual ability... an impression which becomes reality the moment you settle comfortably behind the wheel of this splendid new model.

As you shift noiselessly from first, to second, to high... or from high back to second for a quick burst of speed... you will appreciate the striking performance of the Syncro-Mesh Transmission. You will learn that Oldsmobile is the lowest priced car to be equipped with this modern-type transmission.

If you like speed, Oldsmobile will more than satisfy you. For in addition to time-proved features of stamina and dependability, a new Quiet Second Gear permits swift pick-up, and Down-Draft Carburetion brings greatly increased power.

Then too, Oldsmobile runs smoothly, quietly at all times because of such improvements as the new Crankshaft Balancer and Carburetor Silencer. And you can drive with a complete sense of security, thanks to the almost uncanny roadability made possible by a Deeper, Sturdier Frame, and evenly distributed weight.

Drive it... today! Prove all we say about the new Oldsmobile... and all your friends have told you about it. Get in touch with your community dealer.

He will gladly arrange for you to handle this car yourself, at your own convenience. Learn from him how easy it is to own an Oldsmobile on the GMAC plan... and how completely your investment is protected by the General Motors Owner Service Policy.



# OLDSMOBILE

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Tune in "Canada on Parade" — a contribution to Canadian Progress — over radio stations from coast to coast every Friday evening.



# Baby Experts

say:



**"Give all  
baby's things  
this care"**



Baby experts say:  
"It makes a big difference to a baby's comfort — the way you wash his little garments."

"Scratchy shrunken woollens . . . diapers not safely washed . . . mean discomfort or actual pain to babies."

"Be very careful never to use a harsh soap in washing baby's things, for if even a bit of such soap remains in a garment, it may irritate his tender skin, cause rashes and chafing. Use only the purest, safest soap."

That is why nurses in famous clinics use Lux for *everything* of baby's—clothes, bottles, even toys.

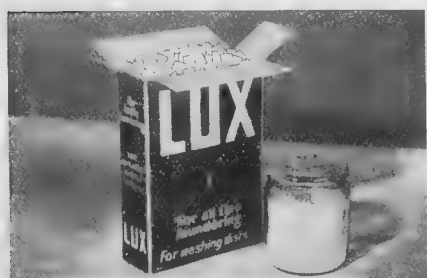
And in doctors' own families, Lux is chosen as best. Among many doctors' wives recently interviewed, 91% said—"We use Lux."

These experts know that Lux contains none of the harmful alkali found in so many soaps—cannot ever cause the least bit of irritation to baby's rose-petal skin.

And with the instant, richly cleansing Lux suds, there's no rubbing to shrink and harshen woollens.

Cleanse baby's things safely—always with pure, gentle Lux.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto



with their poles through the half-inch ice sheathing the winding inlet of Expanse, the voyageurs who had barely nosed out ahead of the fast following freeze-up, at last paddled in to the beach at the headquarters of the company.

At their appearance in the door of the trade-house, the whiskered jaw of Andrew Christie dropped. His pale blue eyes squinted through the steel-rimmed glasses as though he stared at white wraiths instead of men.

"Well, I'll be skinned!"

"Good-day, Mr. Christie," said Jim casually. "There was a matter of business that couldn't wait for sled-travel, so Omar and I took a chance."

As the inspector perfunctorily gave Jim a gripless hand, his face betrayed curiosity mingled with disapproval. "Business, eh? It's about time there was some business between yeh and me besides freighting yeh supplies to be et up by yer people while the fur goes to LeBlond. Well, what's the business that brings yeh in the freeze-up? Man yeh're crazy!"

Jim met the usual Christie wail with a complaisant smile. "I've come for two dog-teams."

"Dog-teams!" Andrew Christie raised bony hands in protest. "Two dog-teams! So ye've wasted all this time comin' to Expanse, thinkin' I'll let yeh have two teams, did yeh?"

"No, I've wasted no time, for I'm going back with the teams," Jim grinned into the purpled face of his irritable superior, while Omar turned away to hide his amusement.

"Now when, Mr. Stuart," stormed the angered Christie, "did yeh become inspector of this district?"

"You gave me a year in which to double my trade, didn't you?"

"Yes! And I don't mind tellin' yeh that your successor's bin picked."

Jim's wind-burned face stiffened. For an instant the deep-set grey eyes grew dark with the anger he fought to control. "This," he thought, "this is my reward for losing her." Then, buttressed with the knowledge of his sure victory, he said mildly, "Thanks for your expression of confidence."

Evidently ashamed of the frank speaking into which his anger had led him, Christie compromised with: "What in thunder d'yeh want of these dogs?"

Briefly Jim told of his promise to the Indians to visit the Pipestone Lakes in early December.

"So ye've bin up there this fall, eh?"

"Yes."

"Find out why they bin keeping away from yeh?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"It's a long story. I'll tell you later. Do I get the dogs, Mr. Christie?"

"Well, if yeh can't get 'em down for the Christmas trade, I suppose ye'll have to go after 'em."

"So, it's agreed I get two dog teams?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. I think I'll drop over and see Mary."

"Ahem!"

The inspector scratched his bearded chin as he coughed. He seemed embarrassed, to the man who waited for him to speak.

"I—I wouldn't bother Mary—now. A-hem!" Again he cleared his throat. "Y'see, she's always thought pretty well of you—but we've had some news. She—ye'd better wait and go over to supper with me."

Continued from page 22

"WHAT could she have heard?" Jim wondered, as he followed Christie into the house. "Poor Mary, if she only knew the truth!"

But the desolation in his heart numbed him to indifference to the attitude of the daughter of Andrew Christie. It mattered little to Jim Stuart what rumor the moccasin telegraph had brought from Mitawangagama.

Grave faced, she met him at the door and gave him an unresponsive hand, patently avoiding his eyes, and when she had served the men their supper, returned to the kitchen. Doubtless a highly colored version of

father's nose to spend the day with her, I figured there was a devil among the weemen up there. But evil spirits!"

Jim's cold eyes met the other's smirk. So Aurore's Indian girl had talked? This was what Mary had heard.

"Paradis spread the tale through a medicine man that the place was haunted," Stuart explained, ignoring the insinuating grin of his chief. "But Esau convinced them that it was simply a trick to get the trade."

This was Jim's sole report of the Odyssey of the three friends to the Sturgeon valley and many a new moon was to swing above the white desert of Lake Expanse before Andrew Christie heard the story. Until the pelts of the Pipestone and the Sturgeon country packed the fur-loft of Sunset House, the lips of three men were closed.

When the ice grew strong enough for sledding on the great lake, and the snow deepened in the forest, Jim and Omar would start back with the dogs; until then, they were held prisoners at the post. Night after night the starlit trail of "the Freezing Moon" of the Ojibwas glittered with a greater intensity as the young ice split under the increasing frost. Long since the laggard rearguards of the armies of the geese had passed south on their clamoring pilgrimage. Then, one windless day, a lead-hued sky blanketed the sun and the air slowly went white. The "long snows" had come.

By the early dusk six inches had fallen. Outside the trade-house two toboggan sleds, their loads covered with tarpaulin wrappers and lashed, waited for the early start, before dawn, under the stars.

At Christie's house Jim, the clerk, McComb, and the inspector sat at their supper. Following her custom, Mary had served the men and retired to the kitchen.

"Yeh have plenty of fish on yer cache, Stuart?" demanded Christie. "Two extra teams'll make a hole in yer supply and I don't want my dogs underfed."

"We made a big haul of whitefish and lake trout this fall; there's plenty. I'll have your dogs back here in good shape before Christmas—"

"What's all that noise about over at the trade-house?" broke in McComb.

The three men stopped eating to listen. "I hear dog bells," said Jim, rising. "Don't suppose they've sent a packet through from the railroad?"

"That's just what it is," agreed Christie, rising with a mouth full of food.

Leaving the house, the three men walked through the falling snow toward the yellow glow of the trade-house windows. In front of the building the post dogs circled and snarled around a panting team, whose driver held off Christie's huskies with a heavy whip while he talked to two company Indians.

"Mail packet!" Jim surmised. "She'll get my letter, then, next week."

While the driver led his tired dogs off to be fed, the mail pouch was brought into the trade-room and eagerly opened. Besides company mail on business matters for Expanse and outlying posts, there would be personal letters, papers, and a magazine or two; and the men marooned in the forest two hundred miles north of the railroad impatiently watched Christie open the leather bag.

[Continued on page 38]

## The April Wind

By H. H. Fariss

*It's in such a hurry, the April wind,  
It seems breathless, for far it has  
run;*

*I wonder where it will stop and rest  
And warm its beating heart in the  
sun?*

*It touches my face with a soft caress  
And smiles, as an old friend smiles,  
Bringing me a breath of growing  
things  
From its journey of countless miles.*

*Like a bright winged bird it darts here  
and there,  
Humming a gay song, softly and  
low,*

*Kissing the buds of the first shy  
flowers  
And rocking the bare trees to and  
fro;  
Sometimes it comes with the splendor  
of sun,  
As over plains and cities it swirls,  
And sometimes its garments are wet  
with mist  
That drops to earth like long ropes  
of pearls.*

*An April wind is so full of God,  
Full of heavenly tears that shower  
The thirsty fields and soften each clod,  
In which rest the heart of a flower;  
Tomorrow 'twill be gone, this sweet  
April wind  
That lingered with us but a day,  
But long will our hearts treasure the  
beauty  
It left as it passed on its way.*

the rescue of Aurore and his trip with Omar and Pierre to LeBlond had reached Expanse. In his misery, however, he ignored her coolness.

After supper, in the trade-house, when he told of the ambush on the Woman River and of the banishment of Paradis, the red face of Christie beamed with satisfaction.

"Now we've got something to hold over Meester LeBlond!" chuckled the inspector, rubbing his bony hands.

"Yes, but I don't think he knew anything about this ambush."

"Maybe not; but I've me own idea about that. Now yeh say yeh learned up on the Pipestones what's been keeping the trade from yeh?"

Behind a cloud of tobacco smoke the small eyes of Omar twinkled as he waited eagerly for Jim's reply.

"Why, the friendly Indians told us that Sunset House was supposed to be pestered with evil spirits—devils!"

"Well, I'll be skinned!" The thin lipped mouth of Christie stretched in a loud laugh. "Deevils! That's pretty good!" One pale blue eye closed under a bushy brow. "Since yeh fished that good lookin' girl of LeBlond outa the lake and sneaked over under her





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# Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 36

Hoping against the inevitable, Jim waited as the inspector, squinting leisurely at the addresses, went through the pile of letters and papers dumped on the trade-counter. Pitying him, possibly regretting the raw brutality of the note she had sent to Sunset House, Aurore might have written—might even have softened toward the man she had so suddenly thrust from her life. He waited, hands desperately clenched, his heart stifling him with its beating. Then he stiffened as Christie picked up the last letter. "Hum! Miss Joan McCoy, Jack-fish—"

Jim turned away to hide his disappointed face from the light of the lamp. She had done with him. He was a fool to think that Aurore LeBlond carried pity in that wild heart of hers—pity for a former plaything of a fur trade buried far in the forest. Opening the sheet-iron stove, he dropped the letter he had written into the flames.

They returned to the inspector's quarters where Christie and McComb greedily read papers weeks old, while Stuart smoked apart with his thoughts.

He had finished his pipe and was about to turn in for the sleep he would need before the early start, when he suddenly looked up to surprise Mary Christie watching him from the doorway leading to the kitchen. The eyes of the girl, which for days had worn the cold indifference of a stranger, were now soft with pity—gentle with the sympathy of a friend.

She beckoned to him, and rising, ill at ease, he followed her to the kitchen, where she closed the door. Then he noticed that she held a Winnipeg paper.

Without a word Mary handed the sheet to the man who vainly strove to fathom her swift change of mood. "I'm so sorry, Jim," she said, quietly, "that it has come to you as well as to me."

He glanced at the sheet he held in his hands, and there, laughing up at him, was the face of Aurore LeBlond.

Under it he read: "Miss Aurore LeBlond, daughter of Louis LeBlond, of the North-West Trading Company, who is to marry Bruce MacLauren, well known Winnipeg business man."

Jim let the paper slide to the floor. So it was MacLauren, all the time? MacLauren, the smooth city man, her father's financial backer. While the three from Sunset House went north to search for Jingwak, MacLauren had wasted no time with the girl who doubted the love of a man who could leave her.

Her eyes soft with compassion, Mary Christie watched the stricken face of Stuart.

After a space, he raised his eyes to hers. "Thank you, Mary," he said thickly. "We're getting an early start. I think I'll—turn in."

Insensible to his surroundings, like one in a dream, he stood staring at the floor; then, with a deep breath, said: "Good-night! Good-bye, Mary!"

Like a blind man he groped his way from the room.

UNDER the bitter stars, for the snow had ceased, the two dog-teams jingled out of the post clearing to the lake ice. As they left the shore and took the snowed-over trail up the purple plain of Lake Expance to the mouth of the Woman River, Jim glanced back at the huddle of dark buildings. From the second floor of the inspector's house a window shone yellow through the dusk. It was the room of Mary Christie.

"She's sorry, poor girl!" he thought. "She's saying good-bye—telling me she's sorry. Bless her big heart!"

He stopped and waved his hand, wondering if she could see him out there in the starlight; then, with his bitterness, turned and followed his trotting dogs.

A week later Jim, Esau and Migwan, with three loaded sleds, left Sunset House bound for the Pipestone lakes, while Omar remained at the post to prepare for the Christmas trade. Day by day, on the way north, Jim broke trail through the new snow in front of the laboring teams, and, later, sat by the roaring fire before their shed tent, companioned by the memory of the girl who had so strangely drifted into his life and so swiftly left it. Night after night the hurt which tortured his days waked him with the poignancy of the dreams it brought. And, after supper, as he conjured up the face of Aurore in the fire which held his brooding eyes, often, from old habit, his hand instinctively groped for the furry ruff, the pointed ears on the massive skull of Smoke lying beside him, to meet no touch of a moist nose, no lick of a warm tongue. He had lost them both—the two creatures he loved.

At The Lake of the Great Stones old Jinaw, who had acted as his agent, waited at a large camp of hunters for Jim's sleds loaded with trade goods. In two days Stuart and Esau turned south with more black and silver fox, lynx and marten than had reached Sunset House the previous year. And, according to Jinaw, the bulk of the Christmas trade was yet to come, as the hunters with good dogs preferred to make the trip to the post for the New Year's feast and the week of gossip and trading which marks the season in the fur country.

"Christie's eyes'll stick out of his head when he sees the fur we send to Expance after Christmas," Jim said, triumphantly, to Esau. "We've got more than double the value of last year's trade on the sleds right now." He patted the old man's shoulders affectionately, "And you are responsible for it."

Esau's seamed face beamed in his pleasure. "Your fader, he feel happy, now, to know dat Sunset House get de fur, ah-hah!"

The man who carried a wound no material success could heal smiled at the quaint fancy of the loyal old Ojibwa. "Yes, father will be happy now. He knew he left Jim in good hands."

Through the dusk of one starless night, three trail-weary teams of huskies left the lake ice and turned into the clearing where the candle-lit windows of Sunset House beckoned. Warned by the yelping of the dogs, Omar threw open the trade-house door and hurried to the sleds with

welcoming "bo'-jo's." At Jim's quarters, the square shape of the happy Sarah suddenly appeared silhouetted in the doorway.

"You get de fur?" demanded Omar, peering at the sled wrappings.

"Heaps of it, Omar!" cried Jim. "Jinaw and old Zotaire are bringing the whole hunt of the country with them Christmas. We've got LeBlond licked to a standstill!"

When the sleds were unloaded at the trade-house door and the dogs fed, the hungry and tired factor of Sunset House sought his supper. In his kitchen he found Sarah busy over a pan of sizzling moose steaks.

"Bo'-jo, bo'-jo', Meester Jeem!" cried the red-faced cook, brandishing a fork in one hand as she welcomed Stuart with the other. "You home all safe? You make de beeg trade, ah-hah! I hear you tell Omar. But you breeng back de face so thin. Sarah, she feed you up." Then, with a questioning look of her snapping black eyes, she asked, as she nodded toward the living room: "You see noding een dere?"

"No, what d'yuh mean?"

Sarah's flat face divided in a wide grin. "You look!"

Curious, Jim walked into the living-room. There on the table lay one of his own envelopes. Casually he picked it up. On the envelope he read his own name in the handwriting of Aurore LeBlond.

Dazed, mystified, Jim stared at the paper he held in his shaking hand.

"Sarah!"

The Ojibwa stood in the room her black eyes on the twitching face of the man who stared at the unopened letter.

"How did this get here?"

The Indian shook her head. "You look and see, you know den."

Jim studied the envelope. What could it mean? What trick were they playing on him now? She was at Winnipeg and yet here was her handwriting on one of his own envelopes, without address or stamp.

He turned angrily on the woman who waited. "Who brought this? Why don't you tell me? What's the—?" The complaisant smile of the Ojibwa as she fingered some dark stuff which circled her throat and was tucked into her woolen blouse, drove Jim to open the envelope.

She was bidding him good-bye, telling him what he had already learned from the Winnipeg paper. Then he read:

"JIM DARLING, I've come back! I was hurt—tried to close my heart to you. But it was no use, you already were there—had all of it! You just wouldn't be driven out. Oh, I've been so unhappy since leaving that note. They tried to drive me into a hateful thing, but my magician in the forests held me with his spell. Jim, I couldn't wait for spring—I've come back to you, dear maker of magic. Do you want me, now, after the pain I gave you? I reached Bonne Chance by dog-team, yesterday, and here I am at Sunset House writing you, so you may know on your return I wanted those big arms of yours around me again—wanted to know you still loved me. Sarah would not let me in until I told her why I had come; then the dear old soul cooked lunch for me. She loves you, too, Jim.

I beg of you come to Bonne Chance when you get this, and tell me I haven't lost you—haven't brought my

[Continued on page 42]



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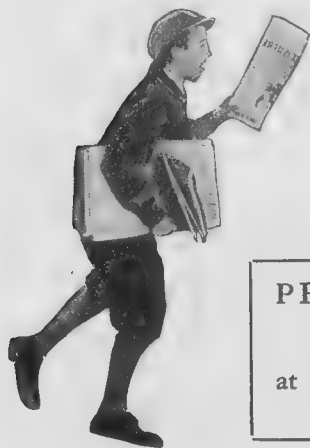
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## A Pilgrim

Continued from page 9

His Highness came with a single leap.

"Take it to her," said the man under his breath. Then he turned sharply, picked up rod and creel, and descended the stairs.

Meanwhile His Highness entered his mistress's chamber, with a polite scratch as a "by your leave!" and trotted up to her, holding out the note in his pink mouth.

She looked at the dog in astonishment. Then the handwriting on the envelope caught her eye.

As she did not offer to touch the missive, His Highness presently sat down and crowded up against her knees. Then he laid the letter in her lap.

Her expression became inscrutable as she picked up the letter; while she was reading it there was color in her cheeks; after she had read it there was less.

"I see no necessity," she said to His Highness—"I see no necessity for his going. I think I ought to tell him so . . . He overestimates the importance of a matter which does not concern him . . . He is sublimely self-conscious . . . A typical man. And if he presumes to believe that the hazard of our encounter is of the slightest moment . . . to me . . ."

The dog dropped his head in her lap.

"I wish you wouldn't do that!" she said, almost sharply, but there was a dry catch in her throat when she spoke, and she laid one fair hand on the head of His Highness.

A few moments later she went downstairs to the great hall, where she found Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent just finishing their morning cocktails.

When they could at last comprehend that she never began her breakfast with a cocktail, they conducted her solemnly to the breakfast-room, seated her with empressement, and the coffee was served.

It was a delicious, old-fashioned, country breakfast—crisp trout, bacon, eggs, and mounds of fragrant flap-jacks.

"Langham's gone off to the West Branch; left duty's compliments and all that sort of thing for you," observed the Colonel, testing his coffee with an air.

His Highness, who had sniffed the bacon, got up on a chair where he could sit and view the table. Moisture gathered on his jet-black nose; he licked his jowl.

"You poor darling!" cried his mistress, rising impulsively, with her plate in her hand. She set the plate on the floor. It was cleaned with a snap, then carefully polished.

"You are fond of your dog, madam," said the Major, much interested.

"He's a fine dog," added the Colonel. "Gad! I took him for Langham's champion at first."

She bent her head over the dog's plate.

Later she walked to the porch, followed by His Highness.

A lovely little path invited them on—a path made springy by trodden leaves; and the dog and his mistress strolled forth among clumps of hazel and silver-birches, past ranks of alders and Indian-willows, on across log bridges spanning tiny threads of streams which poured into the stony river.

The unceasing chorus of the birds freshened like wind in her ears. Spring echoes sounded from blue distances; the solemn progress of the forest trees

in session murmured of summers past and summers to come.

How could her soul sink in the presence of the young world's uplifting?

Her dog came back and looked up into her eyes. With a cry, which was half laughter, she raced with him along the path, scattering the wild birds into flight from bush and thicket.

Breathless, rosy, she halted at the river's shallow edge.

Flung full length on the grass, she dipped her white fingers in the river, and dropped wind-flowers on the ripples to watch them dance away.

She listened to the world around her; it had much to say to her if she would only believe it. But she forced her mind back to her husband and lay brooding.

An old man in leggings and corduroys came stumping along the path; His Highness heard him coming and turned his keen head. Then he went and stood in front of his mistress, calm, inquisitive, dangerous.

"Mornin', Miss," said the keeper; "I guess you must be one of our folks."

"I am staying at the club-house," she said, smiling, and sitting up on the grass.

"I'm old Peter, one o' the guards," he said. "Fine mornin', Miss, but a leetle bright for the fish—though I ain't denyin' that a small dark fly'd raise 'em; no-m. If I was sot on ketchin' a mess o' fish, I guess a hare's ear would do the business; yes'm. I jest passed Mr. Langham down to the forks, and I seed he was a-chuckin' a hare's ear; an' he riz 'em, too; yes'm."

How long have you been a keeper here?" she asked.

"How long, 'm? Waal, I was the fustest guard they had; yes'm. I live down here a piece. They bought my water rights; yes'm. An' they give me the job. The president he sez to me: 'Peter,' he sez, jest like that—'Peter, you was raised here; you know all them brooks an' rivers like a mink; you stay right here an' watch 'em, an' I'll do the squar' by ye,' he sez, just like that. An' he done it; yes'm."

"So you knew the president, then?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Knew him?—him? Yes'm"

The old man laughed a hollow, toothless laugh, and squinted out across the dazzling river.

"Knew him twenty years, I did. A good man, and fair at that. Why, I've seen him settin' jest where you're settin' this minute—seen him a hundred times a-settin' there."

"Fishing?" she said, in an awed voice.

"Sometimes. Sometimes he was a-drinkin' out o' that silver pocket-pistel o' his'n. He got drunk a lot up here; but he didn't drink alone; no'm. There wasn't a stingy hair in his head; he—"

"Do you mean the president?" she said incredulously, almost angrily.

"Him? Yes'm. Him and Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent; they had good times in them days."

"You knew the president before he was married," she observed coldly.

"Him? He wasn't never married, Miss!" said the old man scornfully.

"Are you sure? She asked with a troubled smile.

"Sure? Yes'm. Why, the last time he was up here three years come July fourth I seen him a-kissin' an' a-hugin' of old man Dawson's darter—"

She was on her feet in a flash. The old man stood there smiling his senile smile and squinting out across the water, absorbed in his garrulous reminiscence. [Continued on page 80]



A black and white photograph of a woman in profile, facing right. She is wearing a light-colored, long fur coat with a thick collar and cuffs. She is holding a dark, polished shoe in her right hand, which is extended forward. The background is dark and textured.

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## Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 38

heart through the snows to you in vain. I love you—love you, Jim.

AUORE.

Jim Stuart read and reread the letter until the words grew illegible to his blurred eyes. Like the thrust of a knife had come the shock of her first letter, and now, numb with the dull agony of despair, a joy more poignant than pain held him inarticulate.

He raised his hand to his hot forehead, as his dazed eyes turned to the woman who watched him.

“She come wid sled to see you,” explained Sarah. “She cry w’en I tell her you travel nord wid de dog. I not let her een de house ontill she say she ees your woman. Den she write dat lettair and tell me to say noding ontill you read it.”

Jim’s heart was beating with delirious joy. She had cast MacLauren aside—laughed at the lure of the city, to come to him. Her heart was too wild to be caged down there in Winnipeg; she belonged to the forests, to the land of the “long snows.”

His face darkened with disappointment as he looked at his watch. It was too late—too late to gallop his tired dogs across ten miles of frozen lake. The post would be asleep. Tomorrow morning he would go to the girl who had flouted the smooth MacLauren to come back to her fur trader, and demand his daughter of LeBlond—take her by force if it came to that; for she loved him, loved him. She had said she was his—his woman. In the face of LeBlond he’d take her. They’d be married by the missionary at Fort Hope. She’d never escape him again. For he was a made man, now. Sunset House would startle headquarters at Winnipeg with its trade. Now, he had more than a heart and empty hands to give her. Aureore! Aureore!

AS THE famished and half-mad Jim ate his supper, his eye was caught by the dark stuff circling the hovering Sarah’s thick neck.

“What’s that you’ve got around your neck?” he demanded.

The copper-hued features of the Ojibwa lit with pride. “Dat ees seelk ajigan she breeng Sarah.”

“What? A stocking? On your neck?”

Sarah straightened with dignity as she countered with disdain: “You t’ink I wear eet on my foot—dat ver’ nice seelk?”

His pent emotion found release in uncontrolled laughter, while Sarah stoutly held her ground with sober face. Then he appeased her with: “You’ll be good to her now she’s come back to Jim?”

The Ojibwa beamed until her black eyes were slits in her broad face.

“W’en she go, she hug Sarah. She geeve her wan beeg kiss on dis place.” And Sarah pointed proudly to an expanse of dusky cheek.

“That’s like her—all heart and impulse. Sarah would die for her now,” thought Stuart, as he rose and, taking his cap, went to the trade-house.

Already Omar had started opening the fur packs brought from the north, and the two men ran their fingers through the shimmering pelts, classifying their primeness and making an estimate of their value down on the railroad. They were admiring a large black fox which for size, thickness and sheen of its jet fur was the prize of the trip north.

“It will bring a thousand in Winnipeg, Omar,” commented Jim. “I never saw a better one.”

“Ah-hah! Dat ees good wan for—”

The hurried entrance of Esau drew the eyes of the men at the counter.

“De sky look ver’ queer ’cross de lak!” he announced. “I watch eet for long piece.”

“Where?” Jim demanded; “south, toward LeBlond’s?”

“Ah-hah! De sky ees light lak bush fire mak’ een de summer.”

“Then it’s the buildings at LeBlond’s!” said Jim, starting for the door, followed by the others. “It’s out of range of the northern lights, and there’s none tonight, anyway! It’s too thick!”

A fire at LeBlond’s! What could it mean?

Outside in the snow the three men gazed through the gloom of the thick night across the frozen lake where a dull glow hung above the horizon.

“Dat ees fire for sure,” muttered Omar.

Fire! thought Jim. It might be the living quarters, the trade-house, too! If so, she’d have nothing but the Indian shacks for shelter. He would go!

“Hitch our dogs, Omar, I’m going over!”

“W’y you worree eef dat place burn?” demanded the half-breed.

Jim thrust his face close to the almost invisible features of his friend. “Because,” he said, “she’s come back to me—my girl! She’s there! She may need help; understand?”

For answer, a calloused hand fumbled in the dark, found Jim’s, and closed in a hard grip. “I get de dog!” And Omar hurried away.

Ten miles of lake trail broken only by the passage of the sled which had carried Aureore to Sunset House lay before Jim and Omar, as they started with the empty sled through the murk of the starless night. There were stretches where the wind had brushed the ice clean of snow, or packed it with its pounding. Here the dogs, spurred by the shouts of the men on the sled, lengthened out in a long gallop. There were reaches, where the snow had drifted as it had fallen, which drove the hurrying men ahead to break trail on their snow-shoes, while the willing dogs floundered to their shoulders. On went the team towards the glow in the sky across the great lake, and, as they travelled, Stuart wondered what awaited him at what was once Bonne Chance. It was early; they couldn’t have been caught in their beds he assured himself. She was there, safe, whatever had happened, this girl who had come back to him through the December snow. In an hour he’d have her in his arms—watch the blood pulse into her dark face and her eyes light with the joy of his coming.

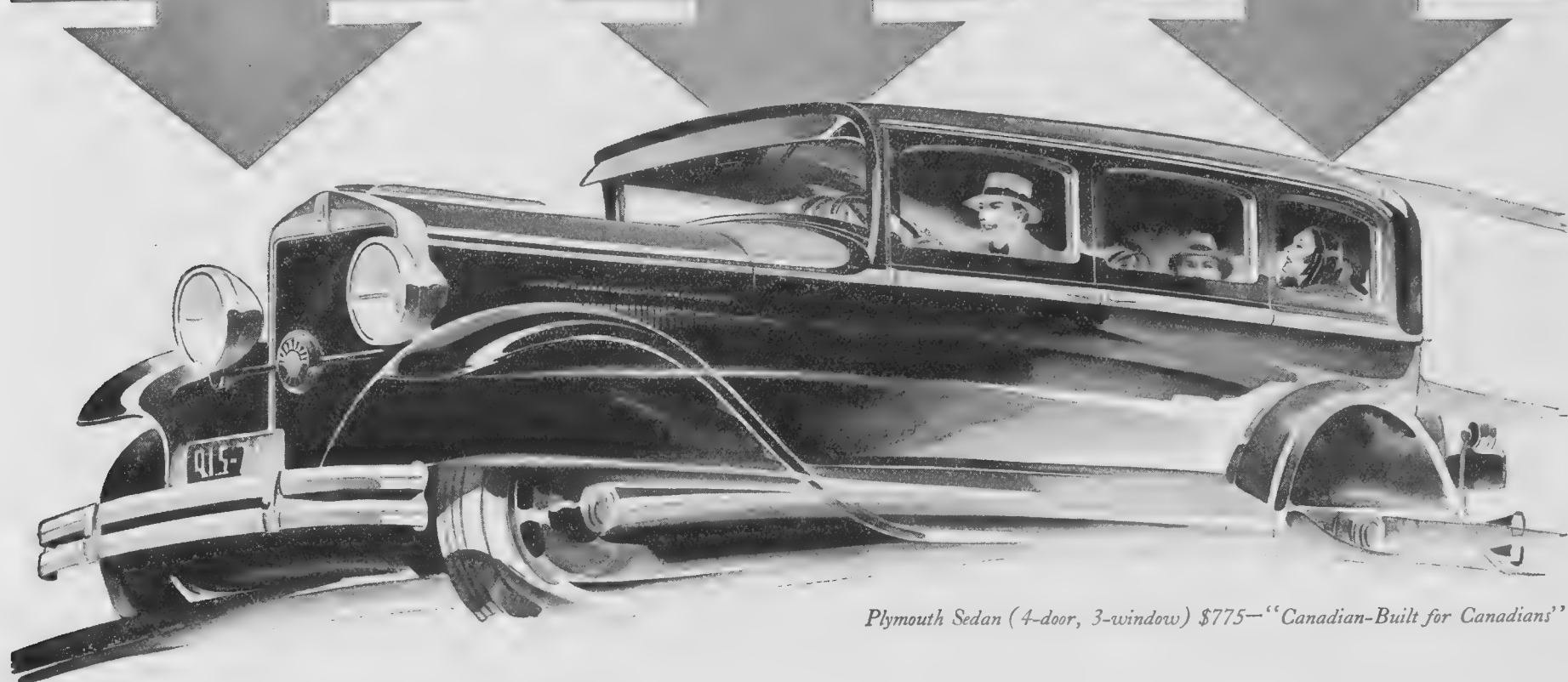
They reached a strait between two of the islands through which the wind had swept as through a funnel, scouring the ice of snow. Shortly the post clearing would open up before them and they would know what had happened.

“March, Wolf!” Jim snapped his long dog-goad in the biting air, as he called to the lead-dog who had taken the place of the lost Smoke. Leaping into their collars, the huskies scrambled and slid over the fast going of the strait ice, while the sled yawed and skidded behind them. Shortly the racing team rounded a point of island and there, a mile away, an inferno of red flames leaped from the ruined trade-house of Louis LeBlond, while

[Continued on page 46]



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prodigious resources of oil, minerals, irrigation and water powers, undreamed of when the Canadian Pacific first laid its rails across the continent. Today, as then, the Railway endeavours to keep ahead in providing for the needs of the constantly changing and growing West, and is inspired by the same faith in the future.

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## Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 42

near it huddled the dark shapes of the impotent people of the post.

"The trade-house!" cried Jim with relief. "His quarters are safe!"

She was there, among those dark figures, and in minutes he would look in her eyes—hear her voice.

Yelping as they ran, the excited dogs took the sled up from the lake ice into the clearing. Running to a shawled group of awed Indian women, Jim cried: "Where's LeBlond?" as his roving eyes circled the clearing for the familiar figure he sought.

A grey-faced squaw pointed to four men carrying bags of flour on tump-lines from a heap of salvaged provisions to the stockade gate leading to LeBlond's house.

Following, Stuart overtook the packers as they reached the house and dropped their loads on the slab porch. "LeBlond!" he called.

At the name, one of the packers turned, and from a face blackened with char, the reddened eyes of LeBlond glared at Jim.

"What d'yuh want here?"

"We saw the light in the sky," replied Jim, unruffled, "and I came to offer you my quarters—if you needed them. I'm glad that you don't."

"That's not why you came! You came for her. Well, y' can't have her!" And the smudged face of LeBlond tightened with passion as his red-lidded eyes glittered.

"Where is she?"

"In the house! You can't see her!"

Then the black brows of LeBlond slowly contracted. He raised a mitted hand to his face, as if dazed—groping for something he could not recall—and looked blankly at Jim.

"You're all in, LeBlond. I'm sorry this happened—this loss to you. Let me see her—for a minute, and I'll go."

As though he had not heard, LeBlond turned and staggered into the house.

"Aurore! Aurore!" he called, as his head man, Renault, and the two company Indians went back to their work, leaving Omar and Jim at the door.

"Queer!" thought Jim, as the voice of LeBlond shouting his daughter's name reached them. "Where can she be? She must have been at the fire and left."

"Flore! Are you here, Flore?" Jim heard LeBlond call in French; then, "Mon Dieu! What's this?"

Jim and Omar looked into each other's startled eyes, as the trader appeared in the door.

"Come in here; There's something wrong—"

With a bound Jim was in the house, Omar at his heels. "What can it be? What's happened?" he gasped, suddenly cold with a great fear.

"Look!" commanded LeBlond.

On the floor of the large living room, bound and gagged, lay an Indian woman, unconscious, a red welt smearing her forehead. Overturned chairs bore evidence of a struggle.

"I've searched the house!" he cried in his desperation. "She's not here; she's gone! They took her when they bound Flore, here!"

The brutal swiftness of the blow left Jim dazed, incapable of thought. "Aurore! Aurore!" he groaned, "what have they done to you?" Then his brain cleared. There was no time to lose! He must think—act!

"You're sure she's not in the house?"

"She's not here! She's not here!" cried the shattered father.

"Omar, circle the house and stockade for tracks! LeBlond, tell your people! We must bring this woman

to, and get her story. Get some whiskey! Quick!"

Jim slashed the raw-hide thongs binding the unconscious Ojibwa, removed the gag, and forcing whiskey down her throat, got a weak pulse from her wrist as Omar burst into the room.

"Trail of dog-team from behind stockade to lak'. He got her w'en dey fight de fire at trade-house! Paradees!"

The hand of Jim Stuart holding a whiskey glass to the lips of the unconscious Flore shook as a poplar leaf flutters in wind.

Paradis had come for his revenge! "Aurore! Aurore!" groaned Jim in his agony. Then he straightened where he knelt at the side of the Indian, and the face which met Omar's pitying eyes was flint-hard with a savage ruthlessness.

"We'll trail him, Omar, night and day until his dogs die on their feet! If you get him first, he's mine! Bring him to me—alive! He's mine!" "I breeng heem. He weel die slow. I breeng heem."

As the hurt Ojibwa revived under the stimulant the half-crazed LeBlond appeared with Renault.

"We've found his trail on the lake! He's headed for the outlet! Jules and I are starting now! No one would be mad enough for this but Paradis!"

"Yes, it's Paradis," said the tortured Jim. "I'm crossing the lake for two six-dog teams. Look here! You can't hold his tracks in a night like this, man. You're worn out. Get some rest, start at daylight and wait for me at the Nipigon Trail. If he hasn't turned south, there, he'll take the Albany, the Pipestone, or the Deer Lodge trail north, and we'll separate and get him."

Renault nodded. "Dat ees right t'ing to do."

"He'll have hours the start of us, LeBlond." Jim rose to his feet and rested his hand on the shoulder of the other. "But if he's ahead of me, I'll get him, if he goes to the Winisk barren-grounds!"

LeBlond gripped Jim's hand as he murmured his gratitude.

Then Flore found her voice and, kneeling beside her, the two drawn-faced men got her story. When the cries of fire, outside, drew LeBlond from his supper table, Aurore had watched from a window while she slipped into her heavy moccasins and fur coat. Suddenly there was a noise in the kitchen, a rush of moccasined feet, and, as Flore turned to recognize Paradis, a blow on the head shut from the Ojibwa all knowledge of what followed.

"He set that fire to get me out of the house, then gagged and tied her and carried her to the sled behind the stockade," groaned the trader. "But she fought him—she fought him! Look at this room!"

"One moment, before we start," Jim gazed pitilessly into LeBlond's begrimed and tortured face. "I want to clear up something. You sent him as you agreed to Nipigon?"

"Yes, and he never reported there; he deserted us."

"You didn't send him to the Sturgeon?"

The blood showed in LeBlond's smudged cheeks as his haggard eyes glittered.

"You accuse me—" He choked back his anger and went on. "I gave you my word. I keep my word, Stuart! He deserted us!"

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## Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 46

"I'm glad to hear it. I met him at Sturgeon Lake in September."

BACK through the thick night to Sunset House hurried the tired dogs and men. As they reached the trade-house where Esau dozed, waiting for their return, it was snowing. In a half hour two six-dog teams, each loaded with food for three weeks, sleeping robes and shed tent, left the lighted trade-house, where Esau, Marthe and the moaning Sarah were gathered to say good-bye, and faded into the murk. Before dawn the dog drivers saw in the distance a fire on the shore of the white thoroughfare of the Nipigon Trail. Shortly they joined LeBlond and his head man.

"He's headed for the Albany; we followed the trail beyond here for a mile," announced LeBlond.

"He may follow the Albany as far as Fort Hope," said Jim, "but from there he'll strike north for the Sturgeon country where he's got friends. But we've got to cover the three trails north; you take the Albany. We'll hit the other two."

"He's thirty or forty miles ahead of us," groaned LeBlond, nervously pacing to and fro. "I'll wish you luck and say good-bye."

There, beside the fire, in the blackness before the dawn, the two men slipped off their mittens and gripped each other's hands.

"If he's on the Albany," said Jim, "you'll hear of them from Fort Hope Indians bound for the trade."

Two great tears coursed down the hooded face of LeBlond. "We must travel night and day, Stuart—give his dogs no rest, wear him down, fast! She'll kill herself if we don't get him soon. I know her; she's like that! She won't wait long!"

With a muffled sob, LeBlond turned away and followed Renault and the dogs out to the ice.

Jim and Omar crossed the outlet to the mouth of the Deer Lodge river, but as they searched in the dim light of the dawn they found that the falling snow had obliterated all traces of a sled turning in to the river on what a few hours before had been packed snow and wind-brushed ice.

"He's circled and struck north this way or by the Pipestone Trail, Omar. He's too shrewd to take the Albany where he'd meet travelling hunters who would bring the news. But I wanted LeBlond to take the Albany. This is our job. Here's where we say 'bo'-jo, old friend.'"

"Eef we don't see hees track or hear noding een seven sleep we meet at de Medicine Stone, on de Sturgeon. I breeng ole Jinaw wid fish for de dog."

"At the Medicine Stone, or a message there, in seven days, unless there's a big blow to hold us up." Then, losing his self-control, Jim's nervous hands gripped the heavy shoulders of his friend as his voice broke with his grief. "If they're ahead of you, Omar, bring her back—bring her back to me!"

"Omar, he find dem!" And the white-sheathed figure of the half-breed turned away. A raw-hide dog-whip snapped in the snow-smothered air. There was a guttural, "Marche!" And Omar and his team faded into the curtain of snow from the bitter eyes of the man who watched.

Breaking trail on snow-shoes for his dogs who had had little rest, Jim pushed north up the white valley of the Deer Lodge. And each hour as he travelled in the falling snow, his

chances of finding traces of the passing sled of Paradis lessened. When dusk fell he turned his exhausted team into the spruce of the shore and, scraping out a fire hole, made camp. Throwing his huskies their supper of frozen fish, Jim ate and lay down in his blankets beside the fire.

But the weary man, whose tortured thoughts had whipped him over forty miles of drifted trail since dawn, did not sleep. The vision of the girl vanishing into the wide north on the sled of the mad Paradis lived in the flames of the birch logs. There, in the snow, somewhere north of him, she also lay with her despair beside a fire. Already, she might have killed herself, as LeBlond said she would. But she knew that dog-teams were behind her—knew they'd take the trails into the heart of Kiwedini on the heels of the fleeing dogs of Paradis. And the nerve that brought her through the seas which buried her that summer day as she clung to her canoe, would not falter now. Paradis was on the Pipestone or Deer Lodge Trails in an attempt to lose himself in the wilderness of the Sturgeon or the Winisk, or even the Ekwan and the coast. But behind him were two who would hunt him until their dogs dropped in their traces—track him beyond the barrens of the Winisk to the frozen bay.

Jim Stuart was paying dearly for his triumph at the Medicine Stone—paying in the anguish of despair.

The dawn of a clear day broke blue and bitter on the ice-locked valley to reveal a hooded figure, his caribou capote belted close at the waist, swinging upstream, followed by his six dogs. Later, when the rising wind had swept and packed the young snow, hardening the trail, he would ride, driving the dogs to their limit. For an hour he had travelled in the half-trot, half-walk of the snow-shoe swing, his steaming breath trailing behind him like smoke, in the freezing air, when, as he passed close to the alders of the shore of the fast narrowing river, he suddenly stopped. A mitten brushed the rime from his eye-brows as he stared at a clump of frozen bushes.

"Snow!" Jim muttered, but the drumming of his heart challenged the word.

Running to the shore, he reached above his head and tore from the brittle twigs a piece of white fabric, stiffened by frost.

"Handkerchief!" he shouted, triumphantly, and in a corner found the embroidered letters, "A. L. B." Her handkerchief! He was right! They were on the Deer Lodge Trail—ahead of him. She had dropped it as a sign to those she knew would follow.

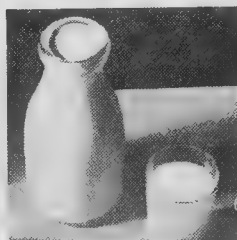
"Courage, girl!" cried Jim, delirious with the joy of the discovery, as he thrust the handkerchief into his capote. "Courage, stout heart! We're coming—fast as dogs can travel!"

Leaping on his sled, he cracked his whip with a hoarse, "Marche, Wolf! She's ahead of us, boy! They've got a big lead but you'll wear 'em down—you'll show those scrubs what real dogs can do!"

Up the Deer Lodge, over the portage trail through the hills, to the Vermilion, and on through the day slaved dogs and man until the cold, strengthened with the dying wind and a freezing dusk fell on leg-stiff team and driver, driving them into the spruce. But through the day, as the

[Continued on page 48]

## THESE FOODS ARE GOOD FOR YOU



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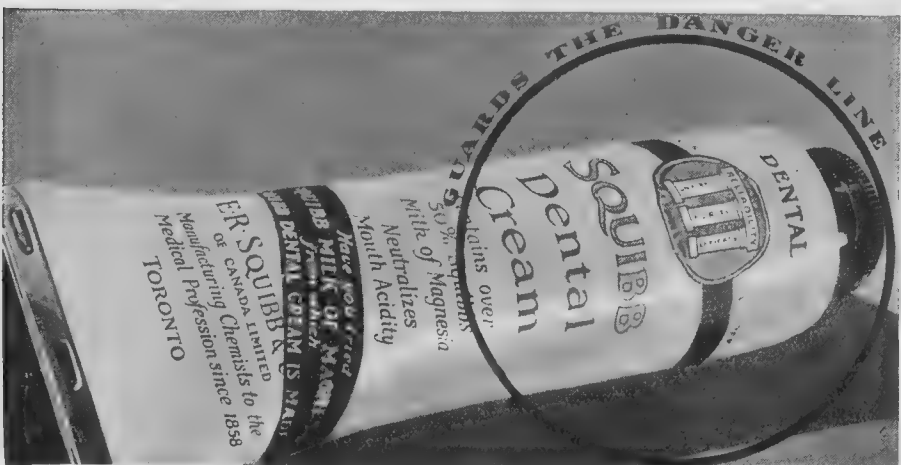
- 95%** of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;
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## Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 47

hurrying sled passed the cold hills and the black spruce of the shore, hour after hour devouring the white miles, the snow yielded no further traces of the lost girl.

Starting under frosted stars dimming before the dawn, hanging to the trail until stars again glittered in the aurora-lit heavens above him, Jim urged his team down the white Vermilion to the first of the Pipestone Lakes. There he raced over the ice-hard going left by teams already bound for the Christmas trade. Through the Pipestones and down the Sturgeon Lake sped the dogs, pushed by the insistent appeals of a man half-mad with grief and fear. Had Paradis doubled and struck south by the Fort Hope trail to the Albany? With his powerful team driven to the last ounce of their stamina, Jim wondered if he had overtaken and passed the man he hunted, concealed somewhere on the Pipestones? It was possible, for in spots the lakes were hammered too hard by the wind and the snow to carry the trail of a sled or the marks of dogs' nails. Powerless to warn him, from the timbered shore she may have seen him pass by out on the lake ice. Slowly Jim lost hope.

And so, one pitiless grey day, when the dying sun hung smothered in haze above the black ridges which ringed the Sturgeon, six footsores, stiff-legged dogs, heads down, tails brushing the ice, crept within sight of the island of the Medicine Stone.

"It is he!" said Omar to old Jinaw, in Ojibwa, as they waited beside a fire for the appearance of Jim at the rendezvous. "He has come fast, for the trail is long, but he has seen nothing."

Trail-beaten dogs and driver limped in from the lake ice. In amazement Jinaw stared at the drawn face and tortured eyes of the factor of Sunset House, as they shook hands. To Jim's eager look Omar shook his hooded head. "No sign—noding."

Groping under his skin capote, Jim produced the pitiful square of white muslin.

"I found this on the Deer Lodge—nothing since. I never spotted a sled track; the snow wiped out everything. What d'the Indians say?"

Omar gravely shook his head.

"I talk to two hunters on de Pipestone, but dey see no trail and no sled headin' nord."

"In one-two sleep," said Jinaw in his native tongue, "there will be many teams from the Winisk and the lower Sturgeon. They bring their fur to the House of the Sunset. If he passed here they have met him."

"Can he keep alive—find game in the winter on the Winisk and the Sturgeon, Jinaw?" asked Jim.

The old Indian shook his head. "He will not know where to find the caribou up there. And the wind is bitter in the Moon of the Spirit. They will starve."

"Starve!" muttered the man who listened, with a shudder. "Better to starve, though, than live that long with Paradis!"

That night Jim lay like a dead man. There would be no start before dawn under the stars for him and his dogs. Before daylight, six inches of new snow covered the trails to the Winisk and the lower Sturgeon. Until the hunters came in from the north Omar and Jinaw insisted that their chief rest with his dogs. To go on blindly was madness.

Late in the afternoon Jim waked to the yelps of huskies. The first of the

Winisk hunters were in to meet Jinaw, on their way to the trade. Throwing off his robes, Jim hurried to a knot of hooded Indians who stood beside their panting dogs, gesticulating excitedly as they talked to Jinaw and Omar.

"You say a sled passed your camp in the night, heading north?" Jim heard Omar ask in Ojibwa.

"Yes, our dogs heard them, and in the morning there was the fresh trail in the young snow."

"Would an Indian pass your camp in the night?"

"No, he would stop; it was a stranger."

Omar turned to meet the glittering eyes of his chief. "I'm starting, now! We can't take any chances—we've got to cover both trails north!" insisted Jim. "But the Winisk is mine; you take the Sturgeon and travel until you're sure he's not ahead of you; then back-track and follow me down the Winisk with fish for the dogs, and some grub. We may need them!"

"Two are better dan one," objected Omar. "My dogs have good rest, yours are—"

"He is mine, Omar!" Jim turned angrily from tightening his sled lashings. "I want to meet him alone." Then he said, with a muffled sob, "She may be starving, already—starving!"

Down the lake, purple under the starlight, Jim's six dogs galloped into the north.

CLEAR, before him, over the white shell of the lake, led the sled-tracks of the hunters from the Winisk. Thirty miles—thirty miles away she had been at dawn. While he had slept she had been there, over the hills to the north—calling to him, and he had not heard. Already she may have cheated the madman who had hoped to disappear with her into the white heart of Kiwedini—chosen, in her desperation, the refuge of death.

Crossing the portage to the Winisk, Jim travelled through the night, holding a grip on his sanity by running until exhausted behind the sled. Later, at the camp of the hunters, he found a single sled trail which led downstream in the young snow.

"You've got a day's start, Paradis," Jim's hoarse voice broke on the silence, "but you've lost! Every hour you're coming closer—I'm crawling up on you, until—I reach you—with my hands!"

Four hundred miles to the north, the Winisk met the frozen coast of Hudson's Bay—four hundred miles of pitiless hills, of desolate forests, of muskeg and white barrens over which the withering winds of midwinter beat endlessly.

But Paradis should never see the bay!

The man, who tightened his belt as his haggard eyes followed the trail before him over the river ice, was obsessed by one thought.

"She'll not wait long. It's a matter of days!" he muttered, as he started. "No rest—no sleep while I see this trail!"

Ruthless as a starved wolf on a caribou track, stopping only to eat, all that day down the winding Winisk Jim held to the sled-trail in the snow. At last the gallant dogs, who for twenty hours had driven their iron thaws to his call, faltered.

"Marche, Wolf!" wearily protested the hoarse voice of the man who, to lighten the load for his spent dogs, for hours had swung head down, at

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## Under Frozen Stars

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the tail of the sled. At the call the gallant lead-dog lifted his lolling head, and lurched forward in the traces; but the team behind were done, and, making no response, hitched along at a slow walk.

"It's no use! We're through!" groaned the man who had driven himself to the end of his strength, in his ears the voice of Aurore ever calling him on, on over the endless snow.

The swift December night was close, and as the team crawled behind him, Jim staggered ahead, searching for a place to camp. Shortly the trail he followed swung in to the shore.

"Their camp!"

Spurred by the thought of what the snow would reveal, the excited man followed the trail into the timber.

In seconds he would know—know if she lived!! There might be a message—a sign that she still hoped, hoped for the help that her eyes had strained for in vain.

There in the thick spruce ahead was the fire-hole, with its dead embers—the beaten snow of the camp. With pounding heart he reached the spot trampled by the dogs and a man's moccasins.

"She's alive! She's with him!" Before him in the snow were the imprints of small feet.

Frantically he searched the camp-site for some evidence that she had not despaired—some sign to the speeding dog-teams on the trail of Paradis. And at last, in a small cedar he found a scrap of birch-bark.

On it was traced with a charred stick: "Dogs gone! Come quick! A."

"She knows we're behind her—knows we're coming, Wolf!" Jim shouted to the dogs who had brought the sled in and lay panting on the snow. "His team's done for! We'll get him tomorrow, you cripples! A big feed and sleep tonight. Tomorrow we'll burn up the trail!"

Later, as the muffled body of Jim Stuart lay in the sleep hole beside the flaming birch logs, and near him, noses buried in thick tails, curled his trail-beaten team, deep in the sleep of utter exhaustion, the spruces above them fretted with the rising wind. And before dawn, the first north-wester from the ice-fields of the bay was shrieking up the valley of the Winisk.

The man who waked, and stirred his stiffened legs to rise and freshen his fire for his breakfast kettle, found the camp buried in drift as the slant of the blizzard flayed the rocking spruces.

For a space Jim lay in his blankets while tears of weakness and shattered hope slowly froze on his uncovered face.

"I'd have reached them today! They're not far ahead, ten—fifteen miles," he groaned. "But the dogs won't face this long."

Eating his breakfast, he harnessed the dogs, reluctant to leave their sleeping holes in the snow, secure from the drive of the wind which roared past, up the river.

"Marche, Wolf!" Jim snapped his whip beside the ears of the gaunt leader, and man and dogs plunged with lowered heads into the white smother.

On they went while the wind strengthened, sweeping the snow before it in swirls which sucked their breath, blinding their eyes, heaping drifts high on the river trail which Jim floundered through, leading his team of snow-sheathed wraiths by a thong. As he fought his way yard by yard,

his numbing face and fingers warned him of the slowly increasing cold. Still he battled on; the pin-pointed scourge of snow crystals stinging his cracked cheeks like shot, caking his stubble of a beard and eyebrows with ice. Often, breath whipped from their nostrils by a white maelstrom, man and dogs lay down, backs to the toothed fury. Then, above the beat of the wind, the voice of Aurore would call, and wiping the ice from the battered noses of his blinded huskies, Jim would again force them to their feet and plunge head down into the storm.

So they went through the morning, but at last, the tortured dogs refused longer to face the pitiless barrage which smeared their muzzles with frozen blood. Turning in their traces, they lay down, backs to the knife-edged drive of the wind, while the snow drifted over them.

Kneeling beside his gaunt lead-dog, Jim dropped his mittens and rubbed with his stiffening fingers the crimsoned snow from the hairy nose, freeing the slant eyes.

"You've worked yourself to the bone, boy. I'll never forget!" he panted.

The inflamed eyes of the leader squinted painfully at the hooded face beside his, as his red tongue answered.

He was miles nearer his man, for in that storm the weakened dogs of Paradis would anchor him to his camp, but Jim led his team into the wind-break of the timber with a heart sore with his failure. She was doomed to another night with the torture of its doubt and fear before the galloping dogs of the man who loved her reached her.

Deep in the wind-break of the timber, Jim scooped out a firehole in the snow with a shoe and made camp. A Hudson's Bay norther often blew for three days, but in the morning he would start again—battle into the toothed wind that stung the face like a whip-lash; fight his way, while his legs lasted, to the girl who prayed, in the hands of a madman, for his coming.

In mid-afternoon, night fell like a blanket, as the white drive of the blizzard roared past the drifted camp in the spruce. But long before the bitter blackness preceding the dawn, the wind had whipped itself out and the snow died. With the falling of the wind, the first fierce cold of December, hard on the heels of the norther, gripped the valley of the Winisk, to split the river ice with the boom of cannon while the timber snapped like rifle shots in the vise of the frost.

As the stars dimmed in the withering dawn, six lean huskies, followed by trailing ribbons of frozen breath, started down the river, purple with shadow, between the bleak buttresses of the hills. Riding the sled where the wind had scoured the ice, breaking a path on his snow-shoes for his floundering dogs where drifts barred the way, Jim pushed north. The sun lifted in the south-east to rim the white ridges with fire. Then, up the silent valley drifted a long wail on the freezing air. The ears of the plodding team lifted. Their black nostrils quivered as they sought for the scent of their hereditary enemy.

"The wolves are after some breakfast!" muttered Jim snapping his whip as the dogs trotted over a stretch of wind-scoured river. Again the far call reached the team. Lifting his nose, the shaggy leader sent back the

[Continued on page 50]

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## Under Frozen Stars

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answering challenge of the husky, as the team behind him snarled and yelped in their excitement.

A half-mile below, the river made a sharp turn. Reaching the bend, Jim, who was breaking trail, stopped in his tracks; then, calling to his team, hurried ahead, as three grey shapes left a dark object in the snow and slunk from the river ice into the forest.

What was that by the trail?

Jim approached the thing in the snow which the wolves had left.

"After all!" he groaned. "Is this the end?" Had she despaired of his coming? Did she wait there in the snow for the man who was too late?

Cold with dread, Jim stumbled forward, followed by his dogs, and looked.

Torn by the fangs of the starving wolves lay the carcass of a husky, lean to emaciation.

With a cry of relief and joy, Jim shouted to his sniffing dogs.

"We've got him, boys! His dogs are done! He left this one yesterday, but he didn't travel far in that blow!"

Two miles farther on, a fresh sled-trail leaving the timber for the river ice marked the last camp of Paradis. But Jim's anxious search found no message from the girl whose moccasins had marked the snow.

Then with a shout to each of his dogs and a hug for the bony leader the race was on. Three—four hours lead with three dogs dying on their feet separated Jim from the girl he had followed into the frozen heart of Kiwedine. Before the sun hung high in the south he would reach her—have her in his arms. Aurore!

Down the white valley slaved the team with its mad driver, floundering through breast-high drifts, where the snow billowed like the sea; scrambling at a wild gallop over the wind-hammered reaches, drawing closer, ever closer, to the fleeing sled of Paradis. Spurring his panting dogs with curse and caress, merciless alike to himself and his team, the half-crazed Stuart pressed on.

Then the river widened and the white plain of a lake opened before the hollow eyes of the exhausted Jim. Leaving his spent dogs on the snow, Stuart climbed a snow-drifted boulder.

Painfully his squinting eyes followed the sled-trail out across the glittering lake. He looked long, blinking in the sun-glare from the snow; then leaped from the boulder and staggered to his team.

"They're out there, Wolf! We've caught 'em, boy! We've won!"

Circling the lean neck of the lead-dog with his arms, Jim kissed the scarred skull of the great beast whose gallant heart had kept the flagging team on the trail.

Out over the white lake, broken by drift, reeled the drooping dogs, red tongues swinging from lowered heads, urged by their frenzied driver.

"Two miles more, Wolf; only two miles more, and we're through!" pleaded the strained voice of the man who had crucified his body to reach the goal his eyes at last visioned.

Across the lake creeping spots on the snow beckoned him on. Minute by minute he gained on the moving team ahead. Kneeling on his sled, his rifle in his hands, Stuart weakened eyes sought the figure of Aurore. But the sun-glare fused dogs and people in a black blur.

Rapidly the pursuing team closed on its quarry. Then the sled ahead stopped. The dogs were down!

Jim dropped his mittens and cocked his rifle. The beaten Paradis would fire at the coming team—would not quit without a fight. If she'd only leave the sled—run into the snow! Didn't she see him—know he was coming?

Barely a rifle-shot separated the teams when a tall figure lurched from the stalled sled and stood over the broken dogs sprawled in the snow. Then an arm lifted a long dog-whip—fell; rose again and fell.

He was trying to lash his dogs to their feet! Was he mad—out of his head? Wouldn't he fight? Why didn't he see them close on his heels?

Jim called to the huddled shape on the sled. "Aurore! Aurore! Lie down! Get out of the way!" He motioned with his free hand, but the hooded head was turned from him.

"She's right in line of fire if he shoots!" groaned the rapidly approaching Jim. Then the prostrate lead-dog rose. The whip-handle of Paradis crashed on his head but, crouching, the husky lunged the length of his traces; his jaws snapped, and he pulled his tormentor to the snow.

As Paradis fought to free himself the girl reeled to the skeleton lead-dog anchored by his traces. Again and again she slashed at the raw-hide tugs. Loose, the maddened husky was on the driver, tearing at his throat.

"Aurore!" Turning, the girl dropped the knife she held, and, like one in a dream, made an uncertain step forward, hands outstretched, her marvelling eyes on the man who ran to her. "Jeem! Jeem!" she cried, as his arms took her. "I never saw you Jeem!"

"I've found you—found you at last!" he murmured to the sobbing girl crushed to his breast.

"Oh, I knew you'd come—come for me!"

There, in silence, while the starved lead-dog worried the dead man in the snow, Jim held to his heart the girl he had followed four hundred white miles to find on the nameless lake. Her wild sobbing ceased and he gently pushed back the hood from her thin face.

"Starved!" he murmured. "Starved, and worn out!"

The ghost of her old smile returned as her great eyes shone.

"Starved? Yes, starved for you, Jeem—for the sight of your sled."

Then the fur of their hoods met, shutting out the white world around them.

"We must get back up the river, and make camp," said the intoxicated Jim, at length, shocked back to reality by the freezing air, "I'll take his dogs, poor brutes. They were certainly game! And that lead-dog, when you cut his traces—"

"Oh!" she broke in. "I forgot the dogs! Get them, Jeem! I can't look at his face, there!"

Leaving her, Jim went to the lead-dog still guarding his kill in the snow. As he approached, the skeleton husky slowly rose to his feet, hair stiff on his gaunt frame, fangs bared in a snarl.

The eyes of the man opened in amazement, his jaw sagged, as the girl watched. He thrust his bare hands, palms upward, toward the threatening dog.

The lifted lips slowly sheathed the white fangs. The dog's flattened ears rose from his battered skull. The

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# Under Frozen Stars

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snarl died in his throat. He sniffed curiously at the man facing him who had not struck.

Jim's wondering eyes blurred at the red welts raised by the dog-whip on the black muzzle nearing his extended hands.

"Smoke!" he choked. "Smoke, boy; don't you know Jim?"

The bloodshot eyes of the husky searched the face of the man. His black nostrils dilated. He took a cautious step forward—his nose seeking the hands thrust toward him—hands which stirred vague memories blurred by months of brutality and starvation. Another sniff and dim recollection of a master who never struck, whose voice was a caress, harassed his dazed brain.

"Smoke! It's Jim; Jim, boy! Don't you remember Jim, Smoke?"

With a whimper, the dog fiercely nuzzled the outstretched hand as, at last, poignant memory of the lost master flooded his brain. He sprang upon the man kneeling in the snow, his red tongue covering him with mad caresses as he yelped and whimpered his joy. Then, weak as he was, Smoke circled Jim again and again in a mad gallop, to return to the waiting arms and hear the crooning love-words his ears had once known.

"You've been beaten and starved and broken, boy, but it's over now. There'll be happy days for you and Jim!" Then on the hairy skull Stuart's groping fingers found the furrow left by the bullet which had stunned Smoke at the portage, enabling Paradis to take the dog with him in his fleeing canoe.

While Smoke yelped and whimpered, leaping upon him in an ecstasy of joy, Jim glanced at the crumpled Paradis, grey face distorted in the grimace of death.

"You were lucky, Paradis," he said to the thing in the snow. "If Omar or I had taken you alive you'd have died slow, Paradis, slow—and hard!"

Taking Aureore's sleeping bag, he cut loose the remaining two dogs and returned to her.

"I didn't tell. I wanted Smoke to recognize you," she said as Jim wrapped her snugly on his sled. "I think he knew me, and often I stole food for him."

"Don't talk about it!" Jim protested, haunted by the thought of her days in the power of the man who had paid.

"You do love me—even after this—" With a murmured protest, he kissed her tenderly. But she was not through. She reached and turned Jim's face toward her.

"Look at me! That dead man there has much to answer for—but not that! He was mad—but he worshipped me—respected me! I didn't trust him and always carried my knife. He knew I was ready to kill myself!"

"You think my love is so small a thing?"

"No!" she sobbed. "You've proved it, lover of mine! But I would not have lived—you would have found him alone!"

SNUG in the spruce beside a great fire, they camped that night and feasted, in their happiness oblivious of the fierce cold which drew down the stars until they glittered close to the spruce tops while the aurora pulsed across them in flashes of green and rose and pearl. Then back up the Winisk they journeyed, Smoke and his gaunt team-mates loose while Jim's feeding thickened their blood.

Meeting Omar with a sled-load of food, Jim and Aureore passed the Sturgeon and reached the Pipestones. From there, Omar hurried south to carry the news of Aureore's safety to LeBlond and aid Esau with the Christmas trade, while Jim turned east on the Fort Hope trail.

"We're going to see a friend of mine, Father Jean of the Oblate Mission, Omar," Jim explained with a grin. "Tell them we'll be home for New Year's."

On the last day of The Little Moon of the Spirit, which is December 31st, a seven-dog team, with two huskies running loose in the rear, its harness brave with bells and colored worsted, jingled up the ice-hard lake trail toward Sunset House. As the excited dogs took the sled toward the post at a gallop, the driver, kneeling behind the hooded Aureore, pointed into the west.

"What a welcome!" he laughed. "Even the skies are outdoing themselves for our home-coming."

She turned and circled his neck with an arm.

"It's too beautiful to be real, Jeem."

In the rich color of her dark face there was little trace of the agony of the days which had passed.

"Do you think you can endure it here for awhile with me, Aureore of the sunset cheeks?" he teased.

"With skies like this and Jeem Stuart to love me, I would live at Mitawangagama forever."

For reply he tilted back her chin, buried in its fur hood, and kissed her.

As Smoke led the galloping team up the lake shore to the post, the guns of a group of Indians, led by Omar and Esau and Jinaw, the Rattle-Snake, saluted again and again. Up through the tips of the hunters which dotted the clearing Jim drove his dogs to the stockade gate. Swinging the laughing girl to her feet, they hurried to the house where Sarah waited in the doorway.

"Nia! ngo! Meester Jeem, I glad to see you!" The wide face of the excited Sarah knotted impotently in her endeavor to hide her tears.

"Sarah," he laughed, patting her broad shoulders, "I've brought back Mrs. Jim to live with us."

With a laugh, Aureore hugged the embarrassed Ojibwa.

"Sarah and I will always agree. We both love Jeem Stuart."

They were in the lighted living room, when Jim choked, coughed, then burst into laughter.

"Sarah! What in the—Look! Look at Sarah's gibodiegwason!"

With the pride and assurance of the wearer of a Paris gown, Sarah stood in the baggy knickers on which she had lavished so many painful hours, awaiting the approval of the convulsed Aureore and Jim.

"Sarah, they're beautiful!" cried Aureore, while the Ojibwa grinned in delight.

Then, as Jim gravely surveyed the bags which, like Turkish trousers, hung to her outcurving and ponderous ankles, he turned soberly to Aureore, as Sarah rolled triumphantly back to the kitchen.

"Do you realize what this means? You have lured an Indian woman to break the habit of a lifetime, you sorceress. Is it strange that your gibodiegwason enchanted a poor white trader?"

With a bound she reached him and smothered his laughter with her lips.

THE END



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### SALMON CANADIENNE

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## The Sisters in Blue

Continued from page 18

university. There is little that is romantic about bedside nursing. Yet this organization which functions in our cities and remote settlements with such quiet is often face to face with tasks that would call for the bravest of men. It is not an easy occupation that these, or, for that matter, any nurses have chosen for themselves. Especially those nurses assigned to small, or outlying communities.

Take Saskatchewan as an example. In 1927 the provincial government at Regina made an arrangement with the Central Office of the Order to have nurses operate in certain rural sections of the province.

It has been mentioned that bedside nursing is not romantic. Nor is it easy. In the cities transportation difficulties do not beset the nurse of the Victorian Order. But in the back-of-beyond the difficulties are enormous. The distances are very long. That is what one of the Saskatchewan nurses writes to her Ottawa office. It becomes necessary at times to travel as much as 150 miles a day to treat a few cases, three or four at the most. And 150 miles a day is good travelling without nursing when one travels over country roads in a light car. Other days it takes hours to travel even twenty miles. While on still other days, when the rain comes down in buckets, travel is out of the question, for one sinks deep into the mud. This same nurse gives an example of one of her days. One reads it with a feeling that is greater than admiration, for this is not a man one is reading about, but a woman.

Here is what she has to say:

"In the morning I gave care to an obstetrical patient and baby in Stenen. After lunch I went to a place three miles south of Ketchen, 25 miles from Stenen. I looked after a medical case there, going later to the village of Ketchen to carry out a special treatment. I was only three miles from the village but I had to travel eighteen miles to get there in order to avoid a mudhole which was absolutely impassable. While I have a saddle which I use at times to ride when I cannot get through with the car, this time there was no horse available. On my way back to Stenen, I called at Sturgis to see a sick baby, and arrived home about ten o'clock.

That is a typical day. Hats off to the Victorian Order Nurses!

TRAVEL, however, is but one difficulty which has to be overcome in this region. Here is a bit of Central Europe transplanted in Canada. One sees here the quaint houses of the Eastern European countries, built facing south, with plastered log sides and thatched roofs, with their picturesque windows, usually four of them, all nailed down in good time for winter. Then on Sundays are to be seen the gorgeous Sabbath garments of the women and their bright head-dresses. There is the little church where the service lasts nearly all day, and the worshippers stand throughout the service for the very good reason that there are no seats.

And while this bit of Europe in Canada is picturesque, different from the Canadian landscape, it has its drawbacks, as the nursing sisters find. For the most part these newcomers settle in groups. They do not come in contact with Canadian farmers to any extent. Thus they fail to learn Canadian methods and standards of living. Old World habits cling tenaciously. There is a reluctance to adopt methods of doing things which to them are new and strange. Moreover the ministra-

tions of either doctor or nurse seem to many of them superfluous. It is against strong prejudice and conservatism that these nurses often have to wage their battle of health-giving care.

It is not only in Saskatchewan that these conditions predominate. They are to be found in many parts of the country. In Quebec, in the Kenogami region, 250 miles north of Quebec city, where a nurse was stationed some little time ago, this same dread of new methods crops up.

Here is a district whose chief industry is pulpwood. French-Canadians abound. And they advance the argument that neither their mothers nor their grandmothers had a nurse during the period of child-birth. Why should they?

Here, as elsewhere in Canada, the coming of the Victorian Order nurses has helped to cut down the infant mortality. Figures for the whole of Canada show that in 1928 the infant death rate for cases attended by the Victorian Order nurse was 19.0 per thousand living births. At the same time the maternal mortality has been reduced from the Dominion-wide figure of 5.7 to 1.65 per thousand cases attended.

Here is an organization of women which has branches in all parts of the Dominion—75 in all. At its head have always been the Governor General and his Lady. And because of the founding of the Order by the wife of a Governor General of Canada, each successive chatelaine of Rideau Hall has endowed a fund which is placed at interest for the organization's needs. There is the Connaught Fund, the Minto Fund, the Devonshire Bonds, the Lady Byng Fund, and Lady Willingdon was endeavoring to collect \$250,000 for use as an endowment fund for the organization. In addition small grants from the Federal, provincial and municipal governments are made annually, and private donations are occasionally received to help carry on the work. Fees are charged according to what the patient can afford to pay. There are many free visits made each year. Nursing care is given only if medical supervision of a doctor is had by the patient.

In charge of the entire organization is Miss Elizabeth L. Smellie, R.R.C. She has her office in Ottawa. To her come the requests for nurses, and from her go out the instructions to the field force and the supervisors in Eastern and Western Canada. She has at hand a small office force which handles the vast amount of correspondence attached to this work.

The organization last year, to quote a few more figures, was responsible for a total of 628,004 visits, which accounts for 63,281 patients. Truly a great number for such a small force to visit and tend. The aim of the organization is to provide for nursing supervision throughout pregnancy. 42,196 visits were made to expectant mothers, 273,486 additional visits being paid to mothers and babes.

And in addition to this record the Victorian Order nurse leaves each year a health knowledge in the community in which she lives that will go a long way to make for healthier Canadians. For somehow these nurses manage to find the time to conduct Mothers' Classes, Little Mothers' League Classes for 'teen age girls, and Well Baby Conferences. They are now working on a programme whereby they may be able to give hourly nursing service in certain of their districts.

The Victorian Order of Nurses is filling a great need in this Dominion.



# Easter Memories

By Gertrude E. Walker

**EASTER MEMORIES!** How they throng one! From the earliest recollection when the consuming desire was to be able to boast of having eaten more eggs than anyone else; something that never was accomplished; on down through the years.

How they stand out, these memories. The Easters when, conscious of entirely new raiment, and feeling truly that Solomon in all his glory was never thus arrayed, on up to the years when, with shaking knees, but steady voice you spoke your part in the, to you, wonderful Easter Pageants.

As Easter lore began to penetrate and you heard the hare was believed to be exempt from occupancy by Satan and must never be hurt, you watched the bunnies, the nearest relation you knew to the hare, and wondered why, especially if just previously you heard yourself referred to, by some older member of the family, as a "proper limb of Satan."

Then the Easters when your Easter Hymn became an Easter him and you sang together, holding the same book, "He is Risen," "He is Risen" with no thoughts of words or music, all thought being given to the, to you, radiant being at your side.

As life took toll, you began to think of the real meaning of Easter, eggs, bunnies, and even him sank into insignificance before the stupendous resurrection fact. Some one you loved passed on, and never again would

Easter be just the same. Now it holds the glorious promise of immortality. Again we shall know as we are known. He who swung through the doors holding the keys of death has fastened them open never again to close inward.

To us, of this generation, there stands out one Eastertide, that I had almost said Black Sunday and Monday, when our hearts simply could not join in the Easter music, our voices might, but our hearts were with that thin wavering line, which held so many

that were near and dear to us "over there." How much the Easter services meant to us that day? Was it perhaps the one Easter when, as a country, we knew something

of the meaning of a Calvary? Did we in our sensing of that, help "over there."

As we near another Eastertide when perhaps we are carrying heavy burdens of a different kind, I wonder what would happen on our busy streets and in our crowded stores, if, for one year, we gave to each other the salutation, so common across the seas, "Christ is Risen" and its reply might ring across the length and breadth of our land

in triumphant faith "He is risen indeed" and we would open our hearts to the real meaning of its message? Would the very repetition of the words, with their potent power, bring to us some real meaning of the season and would cease to regard it as the Dress Parade Day of the year? Is it worth the try?



## Christian Tradition and Death

Continued from page 34

though all crosses symbolize something, the Latin cross was pre-eminently the one which stood for immortality. So it was fitting that in the code which caution insisted that the early writers would use, the Latin cross, at all times stood for "Jesus Christ, the immortal Son of God."

Many traditions and legends have grown up around the cross on which our Lord was crucified.

Tradition has it that the cross was made of four different woods: Olive, cedar, cyprus and palm. The four woods symbolize the four quarters of the world. The different trees have separate meanings of their own. Legend says that King Solomon cut down a cedar and buried it on the spot where the pool of Bethesda used to be. A few days before Christ was crucified this cedar pole floated to the surface of the pool, and was used as the upright for the cross. The cedar tree stands for "everlasting," as its leaves are always green.

The olive tree was sacred to Greece. It was symbolical of peace, chastity, fecundity, victory, prosperity and merit. The olive is the most common to scripture, and is, perhaps, regarded by all of us, as a more or less sacred tree.

The palm is said to grow more rapidly when it is weighed down. It is the symbol of resolution overcoming calamity. It is reasonable that that tree should have a part in legendary history.

The cypress was the funeral tree

of the Romans. When once it is cut down, it never grows again. It is likely that the Romans carried the thought of their funeral tree with them, when they accepted Christianity, for it must have been very difficult for them to discard their belief in "eternal farewell."

The figure of the cross has always been sacred. In ancient Carthage it was used to ornament some of the most chaste works. In Egypt, it was a sacred symbol meaning immortality. In very old Mexico, it was a sacred emblem. In Cozumel it was an object of worship.

It is a pity that in the minds of many, the Christian cross means only the plan of our Lord's death, or the trials to which frail humanity is susceptible. That such a form of torture was ever conceived must have been due to unbelief and scoffing, for it was in defiance of all mystical symbolism to use the most outstanding of all ancient symbols for such base and repulsive purpose.

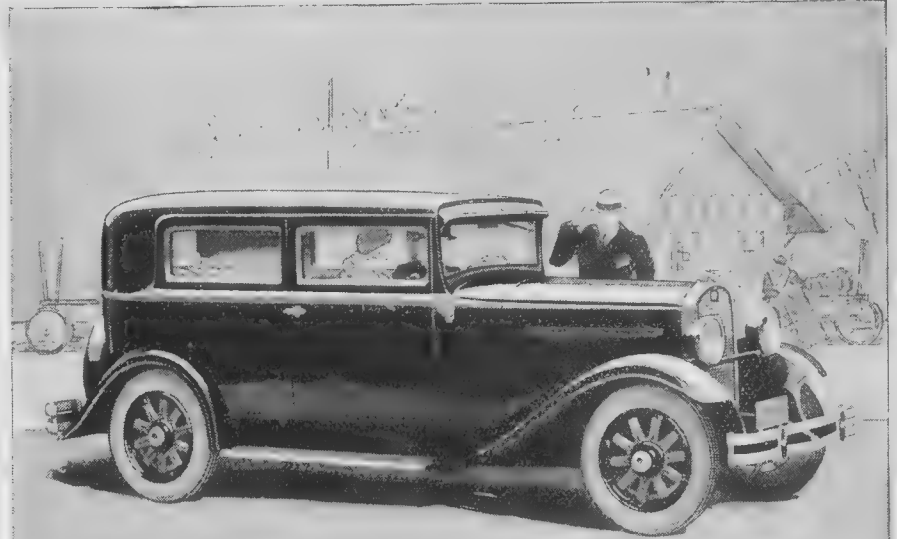
It may be that we Christians cannot disassociate the cross from the crucifixion, and the trials which beset.

But at the same time, wherever the Christian cross is erected it silently proclaims to all who pass by—Exalted God, Immortality, Everlasting, Chastity, Peace, Overcoming, Mysticism, Love, Kindness, True Friendship, Sacrifice, Unselfishness, Honesty, Help, Fidelity, Worship and Adoration.

The complete character of true Christians.

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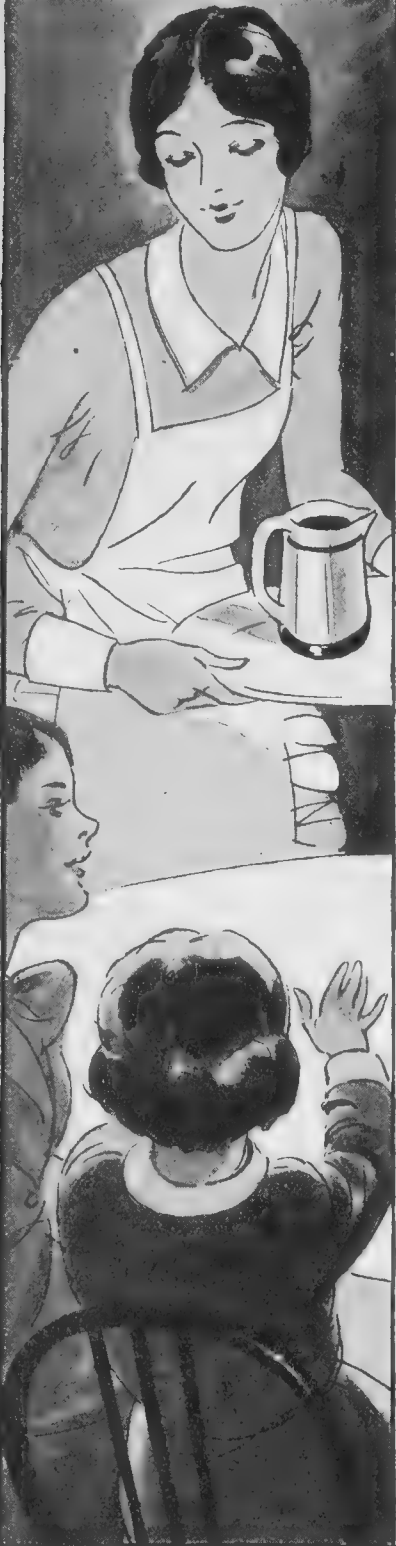
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## They're Off!

Continued from page 17

every minute of life. Just beyond her a striking face swept into my line of vision; bulging forehead, square jaw, penetrating eyes, suggesting power—a great shout—"they're off"—rent the air.

Down the stretch thundered the horses bunched pretty well together. It gave me a pleasant thrill to see number 5 take the lead going round the corner. O'Brian was shouting as was every one else. "Come on 'Wet Paint'—let 'im go—" "get in there 'Pinto'" "look at 'Polly' creeping up!" "boot her in kid!" pounding down the home stretch what a splendid finish.

A groan not unlike a suddenly deflated tire escaped from O'Brian, as the horses flashed past the judge's stand. Up goes the numbers on the board.—8—5—2—.

"Anyway Jonsey, we sure got a run for our dough. He was just beat by a whisker. Hunches don't seem to be any good today, so we'll play 'sure things.' Let's go in the paddock and give the horses the once over, for the next race. Lots of time to clean up yet." He tells me.

With the other patrons of the paddock we watched the horses walk up and down. Coming close to me my companion whispered. "Stick around till I come back, going to hunt up the old stable-boy friend." With a sly wink, he added "inside stuff."

Nothing better offering I made for the paddock rail. Pausing I watched them saddle the horses for the coming race. On my left, two horsey looking gentlemen were holding forth on the merits and demerits of the contestants.

"How about 'Lady Mack'" queried the slim one. "Naw! she's a mudder! track's too fast for her, she'll finish in the ruck," from the knowing one. "Think I'll place a bet on 'Periwinkle' he's always in the money."

This was the slim one's cue to snigger. "Where's yer ears bo—! ain't yer hep to the info? He's an also ran out fer exercise. If yer ask's me, this one's cooked to a turn!—in the bag! let's act accordin'."

**I** WAS wondering what had happened to O'Brian, and was making my way out to the edge of the crowd, when he came panting up perspiration standing out in beads on his cherubic countenance. Between short pants, he informed me "he had the inside dope on this one—right from the stable."

As we made a bee-line for the place where all offers and bids are accepted, he kept up a running chatter. "What say let's double up this time; make a real 'clean up' it's a double dyed cinch!"

"No! I'll just take the same dose, if I may."

Our wagers up he pressed the ticket into my hand remarking "hold it tight Jonsey, money in the bank—it's a gift!"

"If it's not too big a secret, would you mind telling me the name of the horse, in case I should be cheering for the wrong one." I enquired.

"Sure! Sure! I clean forgot." Looking all round in a mysterious manner he stepped up close and whispered in my ear.

"Just a little louder I didn't quite catch"—"What!—'Rubber Ball'—ha—ha—ha! I suppose he'll come bouncing home, eh!"

"What did I tell you eh! am I not on the inside or not. When you want to know who'll win the old ball game, come and see O'Brian. Ice cold hot

tips right out of the frying pan; satisfaction guaranteed! or money refunded. Good old 'Rubber Ball' did he win! you tell 'em! Jonsey, I'm too busy counting my profits."

"All foolin' aside though, we ought to get a nice juicy price," he said. "That's the best part about inside in—info—he gulped, sputtered and went speechless.

His face turned the color of an over-ripe tomato. With goggling eyes he was weakly pointing to a fellow who was busy chalking up figures on a blackboard.

Personally, I couldn't see any cause for this sudden collapse. Taking his arm and talking as soothingly as I was capable of, I begged of him "to brace up."

After two or three attempts to swallow his Adam's apple, a weak grin spread over his face and speech of a kind returned. "Sa—sa—right" he croaked huskily.

Hastily I procured some cold lemonade. After gulping it down, he smiled then started chuckling. "That's the ticket old man feeling better," I asked. "What was the matter did you see a ghost?"

"Yes a live one Jonsey me lad. In fact the guy who was responsible for these figures on the board."

"How's your eye-sight," he enquired.

"Oh! rated fairly good." I said.

"What does the first figures on that board read," he asked.

"I should say, two dollars and thirty cents."

"Correct!" he shot at me. "But I say old man I'm still in the dark."

"Never fear Jonsey I shall enlighten thee. It means that for each two dollars we invested on 'Rubber Ball' we get the princely sum of thirty cents. Yet it has been noised around that 'Caesar came over the seas; to see what he could seize' . . ."

"Ah! in fact two ahs! it would seem your private—inside—information has been bruited about the market place Mr. O'Brian."

"We-we, Monseer Shenanigans," he flippantly replied.

"Yes and to think that I paid ten bucks—cold turkey—for said information. I'll bet all the horses in their stalls, are giving me the horse-laugh—right now!"

**T**HERE is this to be said about my friend, "he never dwells in the past. He is a born optimist." As we wended our way toward the—stock exchange—or whatever it is called (the place where you put—and—they take) he was up to his ears in his programme. A feverish look in his eyes indicating he was giving of his best, in a desperate effort to separate the winner from the other eight horses in the next race.

Having collected our meagre winnings—oh yes it's possible—but not probable—we were standing debating the ever burning question; a horse my kingdom for a horse "that'll bring home the bacon." After delving into each and every horse's antecedents, past history, performances, we started on the Jockeys. Wandered through their records strayed off into the highways and the byways. I finally found myself away off in the rough. "Here I threw up the sponge. I was absolutely bunkered."

As for O'Brian; judging by the vacant look on his face and the far-away look in his eyes—I imagined he

(Continued on page 55)



## They're Off!

Continued from page 54

was at least flying the Atlantic. His next words bore me out.

"Aw! what's the use Jonsey, let's pick 'em blind! what we lose on the swings we'll get back on the roundabouts."

At this stage in the proceedings, a husky voice enquired "Could I borrow your programme gents?" Turning round I handed him mine. With a murmured thanks, he looked over the horses in the coming race. Without meaning to I was sizing him up. He was a slight built chap age uncertain; grey suit, and faded grey bowler hat. A well-worn binocular case suspended by a strap slung over his left shoulder.

With a breezy "What's your fancy in this race, boys?" he handed me back my programme.

O'Brian blurted out "we aint got any. How about you?"

"Oh! I got the winner all picked out! seeing as how I likes yer looks, I'll tip ya off."

"Now you're talking" butts in O'Brian, "unload kid!"

"Not so fast friend! you see I get's this dope from the inside, an' it runs me into plenty jack."

"Sure! sure! says O'Brian very sarcastic like, "and for ten smackers you'll spill the beans. Push off son! you're peddling fish in the wrong block."

"Now there you go, that ain't my racket friend! I gives you the horse and when he comes romping in—you'll find me standing over by that post. I knows gents when I sees 'em. All I ask's is you bet him heavy; don't that prove I'm on the up an' up?"

Judging by his seedy appearance, I'd say "he was on the down and down." However—

"What say Jonsey?" jerks out O'Brian.

"Whatever you decide is suitable to me."

Turning to our informant, "it's a go, get it off your chest." Says O'Brian.

"Number 2 boys! that's the baby! 'Steadfast' the last we heard from our adviser. Ten per cent is my usual, but as I says I knows gents when I sees 'em."

Our wagers placed we picked out a nice spot with a clear view of the track. As the horses paraded past the grandstand, I could not help but admire the life and spirit of our choice "Steadfast." His glossy coat shone in the afternoon sun, he certainly was a fine looking specimen of our noble friend the horse.

I mentioned the fact to my companion; "Uh huh!" was all he said.

Away on the far side of the race-track, the starter was having considerable trouble with the high spirited steeds. On one or two occasions "Steadfast" darted away on false starts and it was all the jockey riding him could do to get him back in

line again. The crowd was getting impatient. I could quite sympathize with the fellow who was trying to get them all off together. They are lined up pretty good. "Let 'em go!" shouts someone in the crowd; up springs the barrier—the age old roar—they're off!—thunders on the air.

They're off! all but one; he stands as if meditating on the beauties of the lovely summer day. Then like a man who suddenly remembers his only pair of pants are at the pantorium three minutes from closing time—he bounded away after the other horses. In ground devouring leaps he came pounding round the corner; as he thudded past us—one hundred yards of daylight between him and the other horses, a sinking feeling settled in the pit of my stomach as if someone had hit me on the bare tummy with a long cold wet stocking. "Steadfast" had let us down.

O'Brian, wrath depicted on his purpling face, gave me a come hither nod. Jostling his way through the crowd I followed as best I could. Once clear he broke into a trot with me close at his heels reaching his destination he stopped.

"He said he'd be at this post? didn't he. Wait till I get my hands on him. It'll be—The Last Post—for him. He knows gents does he? He don't know the half of it."

"Didn't he stipulate when 'Steadfast' came romping in" I asked.

"You mean 'Stuckfast'?" he shouted. "There's a horse for you! so fiery, spirited, beautiful—and so dumb—"

A thought struck me (has he anything on us?) looking at O'Brian, I chuckled, sniggered then broke out in boisterous laughter.

A pained expression crossed his face. Getting my point of view little wrinkles appeared around his eyes. Wrapped in each others arms we laughed our fool heads off. What the people thought "I don't know or give a hoot!"

On regaining sanity, he apologized "for the disastrous day."

I quickly assured him "it had been the most enjoyable in the past year for me."

"We came here to clean up" he said. "Oh! that reminds me, how would you like to meet a man I know, who has cleaned up—at every race-track in the country? He's in a class by himself."

I informed him "I'd be delighted to make his acquaintance."

"Oh! just one thing more Jonsey, you must promise that you won't ask him for any inside information, tips, or dope on the horses."

"Alright old man," I promise.

Taking me into the paddock he pointed out a fellow busy s—. After watching him I was forced to admit he certainly—"Cleaned Up"—"Good."

## Friendship

By E. Gardner Smith

*Time bears us onward in its flow,  
The flowers must yield to winter's snow,  
The seasons come but to subside—  
The ebb and flow of nature's tide—  
But not until all memories end  
Shall I forget you, my dear friend.*

*What else in life is quite so grand,  
What brings so near to heaven's strand  
As friendship's pure, unsullied light?  
Which sheds its rays through darkest night?  
Oh may our friendship ever be  
A beacon light for you and me.*

*The golden hours I spent with you  
'Neath starry dome and skies of blue  
Will live again to cheer my way  
When clouds hang low and dark the day!  
In the garden of my cloistered heart  
Those memory-flowers will balm impart.*

*Not mine to fill usurper's place,  
Nor friendship's high ideals debase;  
Yet in that realm of fancy free,  
Which knows no bounds of land or sea,  
My vagrant thoughts to you will turn,  
And friendship's lamp undimmed will burn.*

# Ten years too late . . . Most People Seek Protection

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This toothpaste is unique in that it contains Forhan's Astringent, an ethical preparation developed by Dr. Forhan, which thousands of dentists use today in the treatment of pyorrhea.

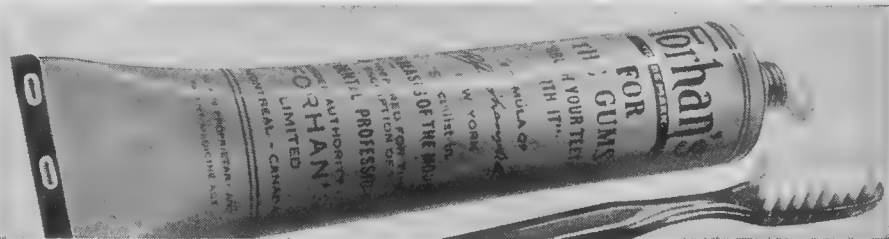
### A fine dentifrice for children

Even when gums are in the best of condition, Forhan's is a fine precaution. It is so pure, so mild, so free from harsh abrasives that it cannot do the slightest harm, even to the delicate tooth enamel of children. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION BUT KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of every five past the age of 40



# Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS



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\*Loretta Young

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## Paris Modes for Spring

By Suzanne Dickie

See Pages 76 and 77 for Illustrations

THE Stock Market may crash as well as the Stock Exchange and the Bourse, and men may stand watching with fevered brows at the tickers which spell their ruin; but fashion goes on forever regardless of financial upheavals, earthquakes, and even war.

The spring of 1931 has been ushered in in the midst of financial depression which gave little encouragement for the success of the new season, but in spite of all the pessimistic prophecies Paris has once more outdone itself, and the new-born collections are not in any way showing any signs of depression.

The great designing genius of France, which for a while had been rather silent, is making up for lost time by giving us the most beautiful proofs of its supremacy.

Personality is the keynote of this season's showing. Each house has taken one feature of the new line and has emphasized it to suit its customer's taste and its own theory as to what should be worn.

The width and length of skirts is by no means a settled question as we could have hoped it would be after the initial change had been made. The dispute over this knotty problem is as lively as ever. Each couturier taking one side of it, and designing the gowns accordingly.

This divergence of views is rather a salutary thing, for there are yet many women who are still undecided as to whether the long skirt is more becoming to them than the short, or fullness better adapted to their figure than the straight line. It is a long time, however, since such sharp difference has divided the rulers of fashion. It is useless to try to foretell who will be the victor, but I think that such controversy is rather necessary to avoid standardization, which is always a dreaded question in the matter of women's clothes.

FOR day wear, there are many houses which have adopted the decidedly short, narrow skirt better adapted to the feverish activity of the modern woman. Artfully hidden pleats and shaped gores have given the necessary comfortable fullness for walking but the straight youthful line has been preserved. These same houses have also shortened sensibly their evening and formal afternoon gowns, and have taken out some of the fullness as well. Thus they have undoubtedly brought back a great deal of the jauntiness and youthfulness to the "allure" of these garments. And who is the woman who can remain indifferent to such enticement?

The slash in skirts has made another appearance and is the most important note of the season. Chastely covered ankles are dying to come out from obscurity again, and many designers are taking off an appreciable quantity of material in the fullness of skirts; the slash has therefore become, in many cases, a necessary feature for comfort. This started first with the dancing frocks; it has now invaded other dress realms. In the long tunic blouse, it was a

necessity as its length and narrowness made walking almost an impossibility. Godets and gores are already on the wane, so we may expect a generous use of the slash. And so go the hands on the dial of fashion, always coming back to their starting-point.

This season is more than ever before a slave to detail and personality. The intricacy of cut, the careful study of trimmings, and the adaptability of materials are features which have been made the object of careful consideration by their designers.

OLD materials have been converted in so many ways to new possibilities that they are unrecognizable. Cotton pique is used for tailoring and looks very well. Gloves are made of lace and tulle. Cotton is now being manufactured so as to look like wool. Artificial silk looks like cotton, and wool takes on the aspect of silk.

The new little spring frocks which are the triumph of the couturier, are all very severely tailored. A great simplicity as to cut, eliminating any "outré" feature, a little short and very neat jacket and you have the most delightful and proper little costume for early shopping or constitutional in the park on a dewy spring morning. Trimmings on those dresses are non-existent, and if they have any at all it will be the material itself which will furnish the elements. As for instance the stripes in diagonal of certain jersey fabrics which are used in different ways to form designs.

Printed materials have not made any appearance as yet, awaiting the mid-season showing to blossom out. For the present small checks and designs in self-tone are specially good.

Scotch plaids are coming back with renewed strength after a somewhat prolonged absence from the realms of fashions. If the new designs are not imitated too soon in cheap materials, there are chances that the vogue of plaids may outlive the summer. The main combinations of colors are red and navy, black and grey, and many tones of greys on black grounds; some are outlined with narrow black lines.

Lace is again considered with great importance in the new designs. Some very rich and beautiful models were shown, both evening and afternoon, made up in that material. Some combinations of shades were used, but the most successful results were obtained in one shade.

The new spring colors are soft in tonality. Very bright shades are absent except golden yellow. Pink, blue, green are the favorites. White, cream and black are exceedingly

good for evening. Black lace incrustated into white muslin or georgette is very handsome.

FOR evening the length of dresses is invariably long either to the ankle or down to the floor, according to the formality of the gown. Often a train is added which should be either long or short, a medium length would not be smart. The long train is thrown over the arm for dancing or walking. This latter feature is rather graceful in gesture.

In general, evening gowns today are even at the bottom, but a number of models with uneven lines are being shown. If the uneven line is chosen, the front of the dress must be sensibly shorter than the back. If on the contrary, the even hem-line is adhered to, the cut of the dress is then very simple and the whole gown is kept along very classical style, and worn at formal dinners or theatre parties.

Flounces are still used, and their disposition is very eclectic. They are seen mounted on the bias, or sometimes frankly in diagonal. This is of course a style that is exclusively becoming to the tall women.

The neck-line is so changeable in style, that it is impossible to give a definite idea as to which is mostly adopted. The style and features of the wearer are the determining factors. Fashion gives the designers a free hand as to creating the most beautiful line. Most dresses are cut low at the back, at times frankly on the bias, at other times one shoulder is entirely covered while the other is left bare with just a thin strip of "diamante" which does not break the effect and balances the dress. At any rate the low backs are still fashionable.

Two very original evening dresses as to the "décolleté" were being shown in the latest collections. One was in faille silk, the neck was rather low at the back, from the shoulders a small garland of very flat flowers was held by ribbons and formed a necklace at the base of the neck. Another was of satin, the neck-line of which was draped and caught into a brooch of turquoise and gold. A white satin dress was made very striking by a bow of scarlet red velvet which held the shoulder straps and came down to the waist in long ends.

Some houses have shown evening dresses with sleeves, but up to the present it is difficult to tell what success these will have.

Gloves are now indispensable complement of a smart evening dress. They are becoming more and more original. Some are embroidered in precious stones. Others are fastened with a "zipper" in gold, while some of suede are held at the wrist by a thin gold chain bracelet. For day-time wear a black glove was very original with a cuff embroidered with tiny polka dots cut in colored felt, and applique. Another pair, of white suede, was covered to the elbow with rows of little cut felt fringes. Verily the reign of gloves has never enjoyed such power allied with so much variety in designs.



WITH the coming of longer skirts it was feared that stockings would lose their prominence. Nothing further from the [Cont. on page 78]



# here I am!

I'LL KEEP YOUR FLOORS CLEAN *and* BEAUTIFUL



● "I'm the new dry Floor Duster. I don't like to brag, but I'm really a superior mop. There are 10 ounces of yarn on my head (that's a lot of yarn!). You can wash me—bend my neck—reverse my head. The metal thread on my handle won't get loose. My frame is strong, twisted wire. I slide under 'low bridges' without bumping the furniture and I *never* scratch floors.

The highest authorities on floor finishing and maintenance in the world have been experimenting for years in order to produce a better floor duster than has yet been made. Well, they've succeeded. Try me—and see."

● Housekeeping editors say: "Don't use oil on floors if you want to keep them clean. Oil collects dust. Wax your floors occasionally, then, when necessary, merely dust them off."

Here's the perfect Floor Duster for *every* kind of floor. You will recognize it at once by the gold stripe.

ASK YOUR DEALER for this combination offer. If he can't supply you, send check, money order or stamps to S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, Canada.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD., Dept. WH-4, BRANTFORD, CAN.  
Please send me the new Floor Duster (\$1.50) and ½ pint of Johnson's Wax Polish (60c) at the special introductory price of \$1.50 for both.

☐ check ☐ money order ☐ stamps enclosed.

## SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER •

Johnson's Wax Floor Duster \$1.50 • One-half pint Johnson's Liquid Wax 60c (the ideal polish for floors, furniture and automobiles)

Total value, \$2.10  
**BOTH FOR \$1.50**

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# Today Genuine Value

## receives its Just Recognition

WHEN men gather in home, club or office, and the conversation turns to motor cars, there are always words of praise for McLaughlin-Buick. These are times when careful thought is given to important expenditures—times when genuine *value*, such as McLaughlin-Buick offers, receives its just recognition.

Hence McLaughlin-Buick is *winning 58 out of every 100 sales of eights in its price class\**—with 14 other makers sharing the remaining 42. Any company may have a good year, may catch the public's fancy through some one point or other—but McLaughlin-Buick cars *must* be better or people would not be buying them in such unrivalled volume.

\*Compiled from latest available registrations supplied by  
Might Directories Limited.



### 4 Series—4 Price Ranges

*All with Syncro-Mesh Transmission  
and Torque Tube Drive*

There are four series of McLaughlin-Buick Straight Eights—20 luxurious models—listing from \$1290 to \$2900. All are of identical McLaughlin-Buick quality—with the famous McLaughlin-Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engines . . . Syncro-Mesh Transmissions . . . exclusive Torque Tube Drives . . . completely insulated Bodies by Fisher . . . and the doubly-protecting Engine Oil Temperature Regulators. Just take the wheel—and drive!

*Ask about the GMAC plan of deferred payments  
—and the General Motors Owner Service Policy.*

*The Straight Eight by*  
**McLAUGHLIN-BUICK**  
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE





# White Clapboards and Green Shingles

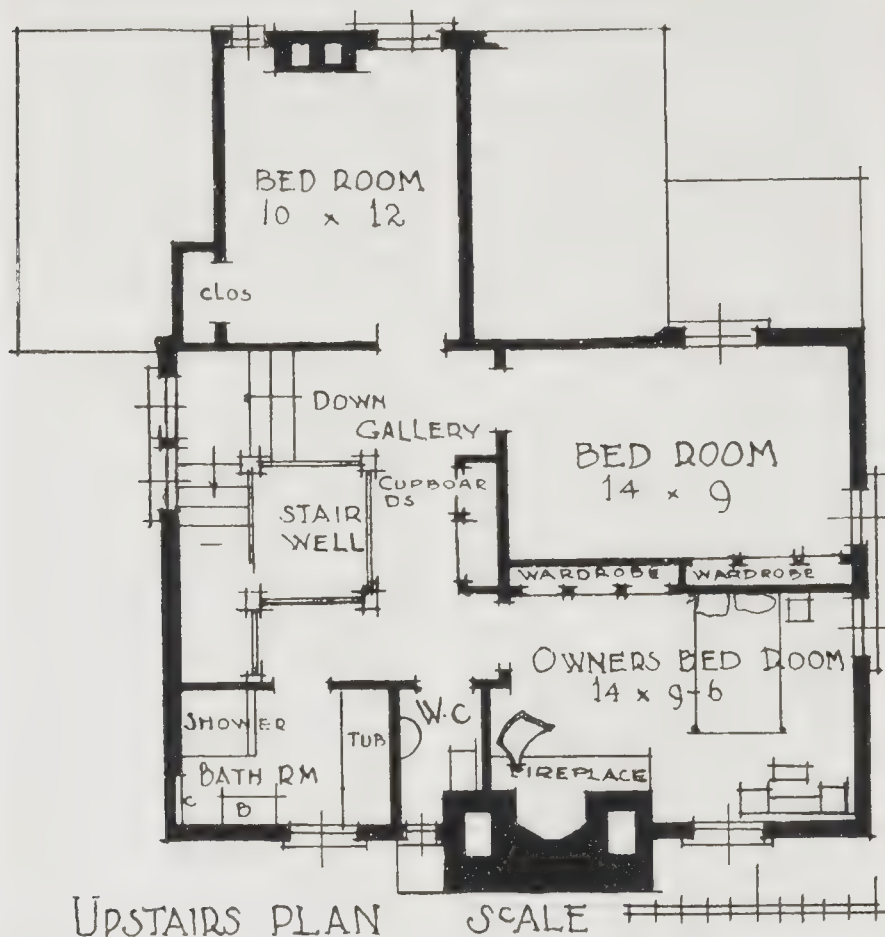
often to the advantage of the house, for let it be known with the checks to specification writing and if the architect understands his business there is little danger of leaving out in the plans and specifications anything essential to

Continued from page 19

illumination is necessarily an integral part of the room's design. The color, the contacts, everything that gives decorative value to a room is affected by

because it is so much more comfortable to be free from the strain of thinking.

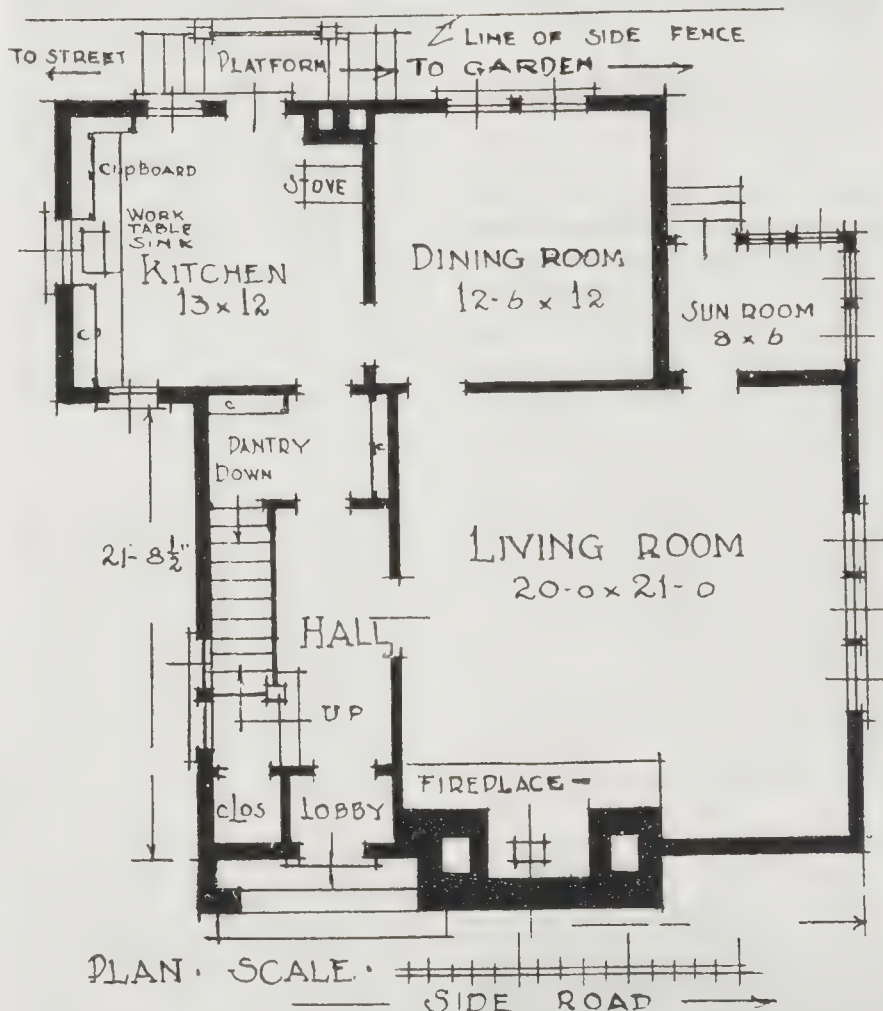
But, nowadays more than ever, the building of a home is a high adventure, not a disagreeable task to be relegated to the architect or builder, but a quest where you can walk looking with eyes of enchanted fancy into the regions of dreams. And these adventures in the building of your home take you across the tawny deserts to the cities of the East, Damascus, that city of Paul's conversion where the street is straight, where the carpets are packed on the grunting camels and the caravans start out with their bales of shining silks, their rare perfumes and all the wonderful merchandise of the East is brought to you for the building of your home. For everyone of us who builds a home, however modest, there is an Aladdin's lamp to rub, and really the more modest the purse the higher the adventure—for sometimes riches bring so many responsibilities that the wealth cannot give the time to the searching of the stores for their rich merchandise, and they cannot achieve the joy of finding treasure-trove, a small blue jar—a piece of tapestry—in some out-of-the-way place. Tubalcain forges your iron. Sindbad sails your seaways. You may search the quarries for your colors in stone; visit the roaring brick furnaces to choose the brick, or adventure into the forests looking up at the lofty trees with the birds flying among their branches. Here is your lumber. Woodman, bring your axe and saw! Oh, the sorrow at the dire necessity as the trees crash down. You follow them to the mill where back and forth on the huge cradles the ravening saws cut them into boards. Then following it in fancy into the drying-yards, into the sweet-smelling finishing-shops, and at last comes to you. What adventures



the building of the house. The extra bugaboo can also be guarded against by inserting a clause in the contract that extras will be charged at the same rate as the original work in the contract plus a certain percentage of profit, and allowing for any change in market prices, and that no extras will be allowed without this price being given in writing before or at the time the charge is made. This precaution will sometimes allow the building to be finished and the owner, contractor and architect still remain friends.

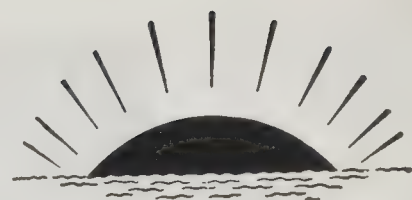
The home shown is not a large one, the main portion is twenty-one feet, eight and a half inches by thirty feet, and the planning is straightforward. Upstairs the owner's bedroom has a fireplace and a separate toilet is provided. The gallery would give a spacious effect to the hall and there are ample closets. The electrical fixtures should be well studied. In our modern method of lighting we depart somewhat radically from the method of the past. An essential element in the decoration of the modern home is that of illumination. We have become so accustomed for so long to consider electric fixtures as accessories to be installed after the rooms are finished that it is important to realize in the newer conceptions of the interior, that lighting is one of the major considerations. The scientists whose inventive brilliance perfected the incandescent lamp turned over their startling discoveries to men who cautiously made gas fixtures into electric monstrosities, oil lamps into mongrel forms whose only virtue is that there is no wick to trim, and it must be said in the main that for many years our electric fixtures were merely silly recollections of the oil lamp, sconces, chandeliers, which gave our forefathers light. The owner should realize that the artificial

the light, the shadows and the half tones which result from an intelligent arrangement of lighting fixtures. We



naturally are a little dubious about selecting the newer forms and we are tempted to go to the standard styles

you may have with the catalogues of materials, with salesmen knocking at [Continued on page 61]



## The Outstanding BLACK of Household Dyes



EVERY woman knows the value and beauty of black. After all there's no colour for clothes of all kinds which combines so much in good

appearance with so much in usefulness as black. And Sunset Black, rich and deep, is the outstanding black of household dyes.

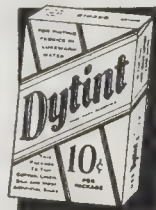
## SUNSET SOAP DYES for Fast Dyeing

You can use Sunset Black to give anything in your wardrobe this popular colour so fashionable at the present moment. It enables you to make faded garments look like new. And whether heavy or light, of silk, cotton, wool, linen or mixed goods, Sunset Black dyes them all the same wonderful black in one dye bath. Sunset saves you the trouble of ripping garments apart before dyeing.

The soap in Sunset softens and opens up the fibre of the material and ensures the deep penetration necessary to make garments look like new after dyeing. Sunset will not soil hands or spoil utensils. Each colour costs only 15c a cake. Each is wrapped in tinfoil; unused portions can be re-wrapped and will keep indefinitely. Sunset is made in Canada and can be obtained from your regular dealer. Remember, for fast dyeing always use Sunset.

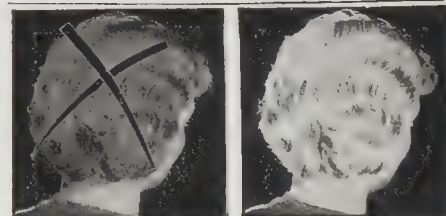
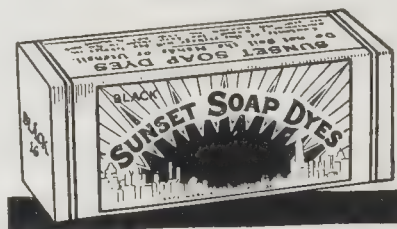
For tinting, use Dytint—easy to use in lukewarm water. The big package of Dytint sells for only 10c. And for removing colour before dyeing use Dytint Colour Remover, 10c.

If your dealer doesn't stock ALL of these products write direct for full information and list of colours.



NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP. LTD.  
DEPT. 102, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Sales Representatives  
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., LTD.  
Toronto, Ontario



## Don't be an EX-BLONDE

"How much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.





## Time spins on when the walls are bright . .

**W**ALLS and woodwork radiate good cheer when brightened with Berrycraft Finishes. Life moves to a quickened tempo. Inside it's never dark and gloomy. Days seem shorter—spirits lighter. Let Berrycraft bring new beauty into your home. Banish somber spots. Have sunshine and spring colors in your living rooms the year around.

Berrycraft Finishes are made by Berry Brothers, for more than 73 years manufacturer of wear-resisting paints, varnishes and enamels. Included in this remarkable line are reasonably priced finishes for every household purpose.

Restore the original beauty of natural floors and woodwork with Liquid Granite, the million step-test floor varnish. Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel brings enduring color to woodwork and furniture. For basement floors and semi-exposed surfaces no finish compares with Lionoil Floor Enamel. Berrycraft House Paint—the only paint made with wood-preserving Lionoil—will make the outside of your home look brand new.

Get the utmost in beauty and value. Be sure to insist on these and other Berrycraft Finishes when you decorate your home.

*Berrycraft — a Canadian Product*



**BERRY BROTHERS**  
VARNISHES LACQUERS PAINTS  
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

## Cuthbert Cheeses It

*Continued from page 21*

in here after us like that?" "Do you happen to have a gun handy?" asked Mrs. Pettham of Mrs. Pogue. She appeared to think a revolver just part of the usual equipment of the ministry.

Mrs. Pogue had no time for reply. The door again burst open, and three men precipitated themselves into the room, Mr. Pogue, madly gesticulating, in the rear.

"Where are they?" demanded Twiggy, his eyes protruding.

"Yes—where did you put them?" asked Jamie helpfully.

Mrs. Pettham, having recovered from her surprise, eyed them coldly.

"Mr. Twigmarsh!" she demanded, "was that you behind us, chasing us in that insane fashion?"

"Mrs. Pettham—by all that's holy!—how did you get here?"

She laughed bitterly.

"I suppose you didn't chase us at sixty miles an hour all the way from home?"

"Was it you?" gasped Twiggy. "Good Lord, and here we thought you were Mabel and Cuthbert!"

"Well," put in Margaret exultingly, "you certainly didn't catch us, did you? The next time, you'll have to tie your front axle to a rabbit, if you want to beat us."

Twiggy, who was about to say something more, stopped and looked at her closely. Surely this was the girl he had seen for a moment in the conservatory. At the time, he had been too engaged with his own worries to notice her particularly, but now he became aware that she well repaid a second look.

Somehow, he felt that she would not be the sort to dash away with another man, if she were engaged to one already.

She, too, was looking equally hard at Twiggy. Where was his fiancée? What sort of a girl must she be to miss the chance of so exciting, breath-taking a hunt as this! A half-formed suspicion suddenly crossed her mind.

"Let me get this straight," she said slowly. "Out of all the party at the house, I have hardly met any until now. Who's who, and who has eloped with which?"

"My sister," explained Jamie, "is the one who has just eloped with Cuthbert Proggins."

"And," added Mrs. Pettham, with emphasis, "all the time she was engaged to this cloth-head here!"

"Which cloth-head?" asked Margaret, her idea gaining momentum.

"This one. Mr. Twigmarsh—have you met Miss Margaret Peabody?"

Margaret's world swam before her. Surely she had not heard aright! This divine young man's sweetheart had actually, of her own free will, deserted him. Him—Twiggy—this god in human form! She failed to fathom it.

"Leaving aside for the moment the matter of my maple," interjected Mr. Pogue, "I can perhaps shed some light upon this matter. Two hours ago, I

was approached by a young couple. They had a license. They had had it for three days"—here Twiggy looked agast at Mabel's perfidy—"they drove in here in an Ozone Six Roadster.

"As they came in," added the clergyman morosely, "they skidded right across my favorite bed of pansies. However, that is neither here nor there. They paid for it—generously. They requested that I join them in the holy state of wedlock. I did so, and they immediately . . ."

At that instant, something traveling at a high speed, smacked smartly into the rear end of one of the cars in the garden.

"What now?" wailed the Reverend Nathaniel, in new agony.

As one person, the party rushed for the door. There, in the light of the street-lamp, was the wreck of a motorcycle, piled against the damaged rear of Twiggy's car.

And there climbed from the debris the rumpled form of a highway policeman.

"Got you at last!" he shouted triumphantly, seeing the crowd assembled on the steps, and in his voice there was a strangely familiar ring.

"CUTHBERT!" screamed Mrs. Pettham.

It was. He came up the steps of the house, massaging the more painful sections of his anatomy.

"What—what in the world are you doing in that rig-out?" asked Jamie.

"Why, for the love of Heaven, look who's here. May I call you 'Mother,' Mrs. Pettham?"

The latter was, for the moment, speechless.

"You know," explained Cuthbert, "being a teacher, I get two months' vacation every summer. It's a shame to waste the time, and I have a drag with the Highways Department, so I do this cop job. Why throw away the chance to earn good money—particularly when you are just married?"

"You are really married, then?" came the groaning chorus.

"Certainly. The gentleman looking at the maple tree did it for us a couple of hours ago. I changed into uniform right after we had a snack at the Peep Inn, and came right on duty. And by the way, that reminds me—what were you doing sixty-five for along the highway, particularly at this time of night?"

"We were chasing you," blurted Mrs. Pettham.

"You couldn't have been. I was chasing you," replied the policeman. "And now, about giving you a ticket . . ."

Twiggy and Margaret looked at each other.

"It's an ill-wind—" said Twiggy.

"That blows nobody good," concluded the girl. "Let's get out of here before he gives you a ticket."

And taking her hand in his, they passed out into the night.

## Maples

By H. H. Fariss

*I wonder what the maple trees have learned  
That makes them stand so proudly on the  
hill,*

*Their red-gold leaves a-twitter with delight,  
And then again so breathless and so still;  
Do they hold secret in their ruddy  
hearts,  
Some joy that we, as mortals, may not  
know?*

*Perhaps God loves them just a bit the best  
Of all the trees that in the forest grow.*

*Sometimes I hear them whispering in the  
night  
And lean to catch their secret—but in  
vain,*

*For jealously they guard and keep it well  
Through days of sunshine's gold and  
silvery rain;*

*O, royal maples, trees in beauty dressed,  
A torch that flames upon the windy hill,  
Trees of rare loveliness through Autumn  
days,*

*I love you best—far best—and always will.*



## White Clapboards and Green Shingles

Continued from page 59

your door, and you fumble your dark disconsolate way from room to room until you meet your fate in some bit of decorative fancy. Your family all join you in the high adventure, choosing the colors, the utensils. You are surrounded by miracles of the manufacturer and the home rises from the earth, changing every day until the house ridge-pole is reached, and you see from a stuttering naked narrow plank the heritage which is yours. The corner lines, the chimneys—all new, raw, waiting for the master hand to combine it into one harmonious whole.

We have progressed beyond the stage of accepting anything in our home building which satisfied a former generation. Take our heating plants. We have central heating, oil heating. Our plumbing fixtures have achieved a magical transformation. What wonders have been accomplished both in color and sanitation of the bathroom, and in our own home heating and plumbing we must get the most perfect. It is impossible to install cheap plumbing and safeguard the health of the family—and in any case what you eventually pay in repairs will make the cost of cheapening your plumbing an expensive economy.

**WE ARE** told by index charts made up by experts in the building situation that the year 1919 saw the high peak of building costs, at which time it cost \$1.50 to purchase the building materials which under ordinary circumstances could have been bought for \$1.00, and at the end of 1930 the same goods could be bought for 85 cents. So it appears that now is a favorable time to build, as every dollar spent today at present prices is worth at least \$1.20 as compared to its value some fourteen months ago. Labor usually represents the largest single item of expense in house construction, and although labor maintains its scale, yet contractors have the opportunity to select only the very best craftsmen which will make quite a difference in labor costs.

In this construction wide thick clapboards are used above the stone wall which is built on the basement wall of cement. The clapboards are mitred at the corners and have around the

windows a narrow strip to receive the clapboard and form a reveal into the window-frame. The roof has heavy wide shingles and the gutters are of galvanized iron with down-pipes of the same metal. The chimneys are of sawn stone—and the large fireplace chimney should have a heavy concrete footing eighteen inches thick, reinforced with half-inch rods extending outside the chimney walls on all sides twenty-four inches. I would advise using reinforcement in the cellar walls as it is not expensive and keeps the walls together. In the basement could be planned the coal cellar, heating apparatus and vegetable cellar. A billiard room could be planned under the living-room with toilet and lounge room off it and including a stone fireplace. The flues of the chimneys are lined with tile and the tile chimney pots are one of the accessories which add a distinctive touch to the exterior. The ground floor joists are 2x12 resting on 8x12 beams which are supported on 8x8 posts. On the wide span over the living-room upstairs is an iron girder into which the 2x12 joists are framed. Over the joist is shiplap and on this insulating paper and on the ground floor oak is used with the stairs built of oak and oak panelling around the hall and living-room.

Upstairs maple flooring is used, over the paper and shiplap. A small sun-room which could be used as a conservatory is planned from the living-room. The walls and ceilings are plastered. The fireplace on the ground floor is faced with stone with a square stone hearth. The fireplace in the owner's room is of a smooth square cream tile which will fit into any decorative scheme. The closets are as far as possible of the wardrobe type, with drawers and shelves, the doors opening into the room.

The heights of the storeys are: basement 7 feet 6 inches, ground floor nine feet, upstairs 8 feet 6 inches. The exterior would have clapboards painted white, with green shingles. This is the house and, for the true home-lover who is thinking of building, few pleasures are keener than those found in poring over plans and deciding on final arrangements and equipment, and few efforts are more amply repaid, for many years of happiness and satisfaction are the reward.

## Gardening for Fun

Continued from page 30

kitchen drawer to ripen. But here again you will have learned for you will know that all good tomato plants must be pruned, and kept that way, to produce a crop that is worthwhile.

**NOW** take a look at the petunias. Watch them closely because you're due for a pleasant surprise. They're going to be one of the first flowers in your garden to offer a real bud for the satisfaction of your eager eyes. You will recall having overheard that that brave little petunia flower should be snipped off. In fact, the whole centre of that beautiful, tender, young plant should be snipped out. It's hardly likely you'll do it though and if you feel that way about it don't do it. You will snip them next year, anyway, and you will know why they should be snipped. Your unsnipped plant will produce plenty of flowers, but, this is the catch, late in the summer it will be one, straggling, far from

handsome stalk with a couple of blooms on the end. If you had snipped it it would have produced a bushy array of blooming flowers.

And so it will be, down the entire list of things you have planted. Each variety has its own particular likes and dislikes. You will see them struggle. You will see the conditions under which they are struggling. You will watch them survive or fade and die as the case may be, and you will know. You will have learned a lesson in gardening no book or article could possibly teach you.

Next year you will attack the gardening problem with first hand knowledge to your credit and a brand new enthusiasm—a combination that will bring a more bounteous crop and greater joy than you have had before.

And so it will be, through the seasons that come and go in all too rapid succession.

I wish you luck.

## OUT GOES MR. WATER-THIN AND GOOD RIDDANCE!



● **LAZY** is Mr. Water-thin's middle name. He never did a tap of work in his life. Yet you find him in every gallon of motor oil that is refined by ordinary methods—a full quart of waste oil so light that Quaker State engineers call it "water-thin"—a quart so useless as a motor lubricant that they throw it out of Quaker State!

● **But how do they throw it out?** The answer to that question is one of the great achievements of the oil industry. Behind it are years of refining experience and skill. Behind it is a vast expenditure of money for special refining equipment—exclusive equipment that has but one job to perform, the removal of "water-thin"!

● **And by getting that job done, by getting rid of "water-thin,"** Quaker State is able to give you an *extra quart* in every gallon. For Quaker State replaces every quart of "water-thin" with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the

gallon instead of three quarts and a quart of waste. So you really get an *extra quart* of lubricant. You get a motor oil so decidedly superior that the demand for it has made Quaker State the largest selling pure Pennsylvania Oil in the world!

● **And here's still another reason why Quaker State is a better lubricant.** Every drop of it is refined entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil,—a motor oil so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● **One dealer in every four sells Quaker State Motor Oil.** Get Quaker State at the familiar green and white sign. It costs a little more than ordinary motor oils, but by the mile it's the cheapest oil you can buy. For in every gallon you get an *extra quart* of the smoothest, safest lubrication that ever fought friction and defeated heat!

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THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

**QUAKER STATE**  
TRADE-MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**MOTOR OIL**





## For the Man who thinks first of his family

Here is good news for men who have been seeking a cheaper, more practical, more satisfactory form of life insurance. It's called The Great-West "Three-Way Family Protection" policy... a policy of remarkably low cost, yet with three exceptionally attractive protective features.

### The Great-West THREE-WAY FAMILY PROTECTION POLICY

is primarily designed to furnish a large amount of life insurance at a cost within reach of the average man. It has been named "Three-Way" because it is three policies in one... providing (1) A life income for your wife; (2) An education for your children, and (3) a "clean-up" fund for paying off mortgage and debts.

*Example.* A man, age 30, invests in a "Three-Way" policy, depositing \$248 annually. Should he die within 20 years his family would receive a "clean-up" fund of \$2,500; a monthly income of \$100 for the remainder of the twenty years and \$10,000 cash at the end of the 20 year period. Should death occur after the 20 year period dependents would receive \$12,500 cash.

### MAIL THIS COUPON

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ASSURANCE COMPANY  
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

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**HOUD**  
FOLDING TABLE SETS



Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Can you give me any information regarding Roby's Limited, of Montreal? I hold quite a number of shares but don't seem to hear anything of the company's success. Will I ever get any return for my money invested? Also "Woodbine" shares in a Vancouver mine. Can you tell me anything of them? I see they are out of the list of Vancouver mines.—M.H.M.

A. Roby's Products Limited was organized only a short time before the decline commenced in building, so that it has had a difficult period in which to become established. You will appreciate that for a new company to achieve success it must displace the markets of the old established and strongly financed companies, and even when times are prosperous this is obviously a difficult task.

We understand that Roby's Products Limited has not been making particularly satisfactory progress. It has not published any statement of its affairs so that we are unable to advise you definitely, but at the present time we consider that it will be a considerable period before you can hope to obtain any return upon your shares.

The management of Woodbine Gold Mining Company has made every effort to find a mine, but our information is that although they have had considerable encouragement from time to time the company has not yet succeeded in finding ore in sufficient quantities to warrant the belief that it will ultimately develop into a mine. Its shareholders have had a run for their money but the present prospects are not encouraging.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Could you give me any information regarding the L. R. Steel Service Corporation Limited? Have not heard anything for about eight years, they were in the hands of the receivers then. Can the shareholders ever expect any return of capital invested?—A.S.M.

A. There have been a number of efforts to re-organize the various L. R. Steel Companies but so far each such effort has failed and the re-organized companies have in turn been placed in the hands of receivers. We consider that the prospects for shareholders receiving anything in the old companies to be very discouraging.

Camrose, Alta.

Q. I have shares in the North American Asbestos Co.

The company was incorporated in 1908 with capital stock of \$10,000,000. Their offices were in Kansas City, Mo. I bought shares in 1909. I wonder if they are of any value now?—J.A.

A. The service which we offer to our subscribers does not include advice upon foreign investments. Possibly if you write to some of the American brokerage houses they can give you the information you require.

Edmonton, Alta.

Q. I will feel much obliged if you will kindly let me have a report on Bush Consolidated Gold Mines, B.C., through the columns of your valuable paper, which I read frequently.

I bought some stock in Toronto in November, 1927, at the price of 50c per share, but since then they have never as far as I am aware appeared

anywhere but amongst the "Unlisted Stocks" on the brokers' lists.—A.McC.

A. Bush Consolidated Gold Mines is a Delaware Company, licensed to carry on business in British Columbia. The Head Office of the company is in the Hall Building, Vancouver. The company is a holding company, holding a number of claims in the Portland Canal District of Northern British Columbia and having an interest in several mining companies. The company has a gold, silver and lead prospect of about 3,500 acres in the Salmon River District and on the Alaskan Boundary. The Company has an interest in Georgia River Gold Mines Ltd. and controls Bush-Cobalt Mines Ltd. Surface exploration is the only development done on the company's properties. It is probable that companies developing adjacent property will develop the claims of Bush Consolidated on a percentage basis. Failing that it is likely that Bush-Cobalt which is developing adjoining claims will continue the level along the vein and into the property of Bush Consolidated. This company is still in the prospect stage but apparently has possibilities of developing at a later date.

Flin Flon, Man.

Q. Could you give me any information as to the financial position of the "National Accounting Systems, Limited." Are the shares in this company of any value at the present time or have they gone haywire?—"Happy Jack."

A. National Accounting Systems Ltd. has endeavored to sell its accounting system throughout Canada. The system seems quite satisfactory but it is obviously difficult for a new company to sell its products in the open market against long established companies. The company admitted some time ago that its sales organization in Ontario had fallen down and the shares of the company are of very doubtful value at the present time. We have no recent information upon the company.

If you own the shares you have probably lost such a large amount that you might as well hold on to them a little longer in the hope that the company's affairs will take a turn for the better. If you have not yet purchased the shares we would advise against you doing so at the present time.

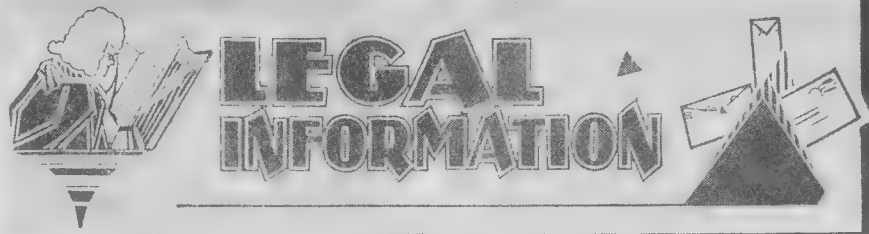
Cereal, Alta.

Q. Kindly advise me through your column if money invested in Drumheller Consolidated Collieries is safe. Where or how could I dispose of my shares?—M.L.

A. You do not state whether the money is invested in the bonds or stock of this company. The bonds would be rated speculative, firstly because the company is small and secondly because bond interest has only been earned by a narrow margin. Also the securities are not readily marketable. If the bonds are properly secured in the trust deed there may be ample physical assets to protect the bondholders although they may have difficulty in turning these assets into cash. The shares of the company have apparently very little value at the present time.

The shares are not listed on any of the regular Exchanges so that you will [Continued on page 64]





## Answers to Queries

Sturgis, Sask.

(Q) Is it necessary to obtain a license to manufacture a certain article and sell through the mail, finally setting up a mail order business? If so, what price and where would we get such a license? What requirements would the business have to have in order to stay within the law?—E.H.S.

(A) We do not know of any regulation of the Province of Saskatchewan which would require you to take out a license before manufacturing and selling an article there. The power to make such regulations and impose licenses is given to municipalities. Enquire at your local municipal office whether they have any By-laws in force affecting the class of business which you propose to commence. You would have to comply with any local By-laws provided they were within the authority of the municipality.

Redcliff, Alta.

(Q) Can a wife secure a divorce from a husband for non-support? He is able-bodied but has not contributed to the support of his family for two years. What would be the probable cost and who would have to pay it?—E.S.R.

(A) A wife cannot obtain a divorce merely because of the failure of her husband to support her. The only grounds recognized by British law is marital infidelity. Proceedings would be competent to you for obtaining maintenance and a judicial separation, the cost of which should not exceed \$50.00. Such costs would usually be payable by the husband.

If you could establish your right to a divorce the cost would probably be \$325.00 and these costs also would ordinarily be payable by the husband.

Edson, Alta.

(Q) Last year when I got married my father gave me a lot for a wedding present. I went to the town hall and they gave me a building permit. Now that I have my house built the town hall clerk told me because I am not 21 years old the law will not give me a deed for my lot. Yet I am paying taxes and my father is willing to see me have it.

Is there any way in which I can get a deed for my lot? Or is it really the law that no one under 21 years of age can get deed for any property if they have saved money and have paid for their house?—D.E.D.

(A) We presume that you purchased your property from the Town. We do not know of any law which will prevent you acquiring title to the property while you are under age, but until you are over 21 years of age you will not be able to give a valid conveyance of the property to any other person.

We are of the opinion that you have the right to receive the transfer of title.

Saskatoon, Sask.

(Q) I am insured in the Washington National Fidelity Insurance Co., 1607 Howard Street, Chicago. I have made enquiries here about this company and find it has no license in Canada. My endowment policy has a cash value after three years and I

have paid premiums on it for six years, without a default or a break. Kindly advise whether to continue payments or to make application for my money, and how application is made. Do you know anything about this company?—A Subscriber.

(A) We are unable to give you any information as to the Washington National Fidelity Insurance Company.

The disadvantage which you will have in dealing with a foreign corporation is that should you or your beneficiary at any time be entitled to payment of a loss under the policy you might have difficulty in collecting it. If the company has no assets in your Province you will have to go to a district where it has assets if you desire to enforce the contract. This would probably mean that you would have to take proceedings against the company in Chicago. The obvious inconvenience of such an action makes it doubtful just what value the policy will have. On the other hand, it presupposes that the company will refuse to pay a valid claim against its policy and this may not be a fair criticism of the company. A company which is licensed to do business in your Province must maintain on deposit with the Provincial authorities a sum of money or securities which the authorities consider sufficient security for payment of all anticipated losses under policies in force in that Province. Under all the circumstances we think that possibly you would be well advised to obtain the cash value of your policy and re-insure in a company licensed to do business in your Province.

Maloy, Alta.

(Q) Please tell me in your column if the boy in this case has any claim for compensation.—M.L.DeL.

(A) We presume from your letter that the man was endeavouring to obtain a ride without paying for it. This would constitute him a trespasser on the railway and he could not possibly be entitled to any compensation from the railroad for injury which he received. The railways do not accept passenger traffic upon freight trains. If he was employed by the railway and in the course of his employment should have been on that train he would be entitled to the usual workmen's compensation.

Shellmouth, Man.

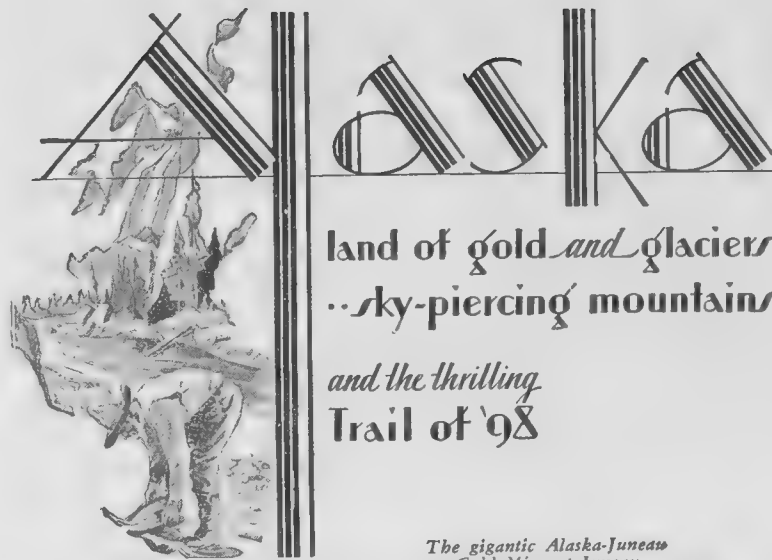
(Q) A widow died without making a will and the eldest son is the administrator. The property is in the Province of Saskatchewan, comprising land, chattels and money. The eldest daughter died some years before the mother and it is her family that is causing the delay.

Can the settlement of the estate be delayed till the youngest child of the eldest daughter is of age?

Can the administrator delay a final settlement indefinitely?—"Rustic."

(A) In administering the estate of a deceased person the rule is that the administrator is required to realize on the assets with all reasonable dispatch and that the administrator should not unreasonably delay the distribution of the property among those entitled. On the other hand, where

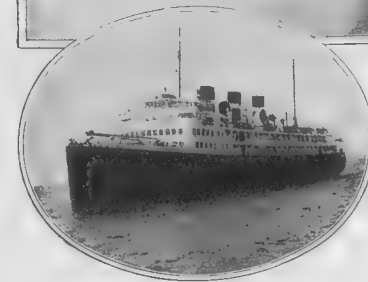
[Continued on page 64]



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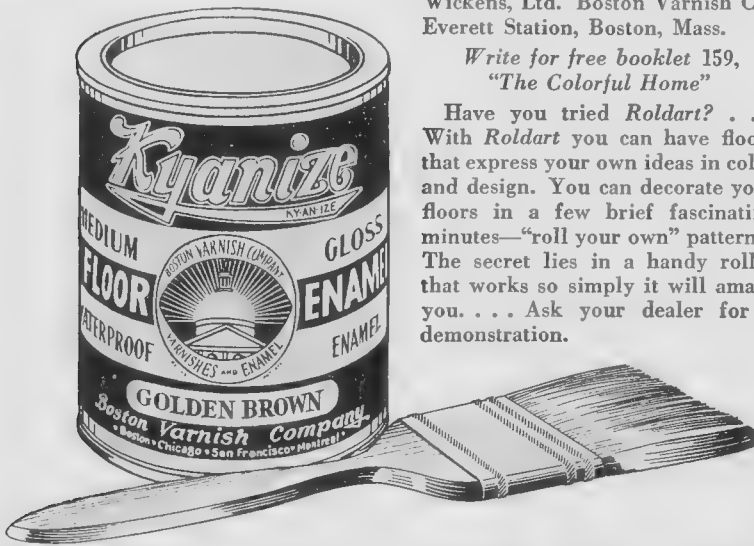
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## Legal Information

*Continued from page 63*

minors are interested their shares should not be delivered to them until they become of age. This, however, should not delay the actual administration of the estate as far as adult heirs are concerned. They are entitled to their shares immediately and the share of the minors can either be held by the administrator on their behalf or the money turned over to a trust company or other trustee on behalf of the minors.

In the particular estate to which you refer it might be that some assets such as real property could not be disposed of during the past year or two at a reasonable price so that the administrator would be justified in not administering the estate.

If you are dissatisfied with the actions of the administrator your remedy is to take proceedings in Court to compel administration of the estate under the direction of the Court. In such a case the Court if it considers the administrator has been unreasonable in administering the estate may turn over the administration to some other trustee. In any event, the beneficiaries can compel the administrator to turn over the property to them as soon as all heirs are of age, and they can then divide it among themselves or sell it as they may see fit.

## Dollars and Cents

*Continued from page 62*

have to endeavour to find a market for them. Perhaps your bank could help you to communicate with some firm of brokers who can find a purchaser for you. The company has a strong Board of Directors but the coal producers are having considerable difficulty, owing to the over-development of Alberta mines. The last statement which we examined was issued in December, 1929, and showed only a small sum earned over operating expenses and bond interest, and this was transferred to reserve and depletion account.

Edmonton, Alta.

Q. I would appreciate it if you can, through the columns of your department, give me any information as to the financial standing and prospects of Anglo-Western Oils Ltd., Fabyan Petroleum Ltd., and Cork-Province Mines Ltd.—J.R.

A. We are unable to give you accurate information as to the financial standing of the companies to which you refer. The Anglo-Western Oils Ltd. is drilling two wells in the Red Coulee district of Alberta and the company would appear to have fair prospects of success eventually.

Fabyan Petroleum Ltd. is operating in the Wainwright Field and none of the companies operating in that field have so far achieved very much success. The latest report that we have received is that its No. 1 well is shut down, No. 2 shows oil and gas, and the derrick has been constructed for No. 3. We do not consider the prospects of the company favorably at the present time.

Cork Province Mines Ltd. is at present inactive owing to the unfavorable price of base metals. The company has potential lead and zinc producing property in the Kaslo Mining division of B.C. The company formerly produced and shipped steadily to the Trail smelters in 1929 but until the price of base metals improves the prospects are uncertain. You might get more information by addressing the company c/o W. H. Burgess, Kaslo, B.C.



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## Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

### Canadian Books

AN interesting announcement is to hand from friends of this department, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond Street, Toronto, to the effect that they are planning to publish a series of books contributing to the general technical knowledge of the Dominion. Canadian publishers are by degrees making a very fine contribution to the national life of the people. For many years, they have published Canadian novels and Canadian school text books, with the occasional book of a technical nature. Canadians for many years have been drawing upon American sources for technical books. Some, too, have been coming from the Old Country. These books have served their purpose, but the Pitman announcement will be gratifying to all Canadians interested in the production of technical books written by Canadian authors and published under the auspices of Canadian firms.

"Airmanship" is the title of the first book in the Pitman Canadian technical series. It is described as a complete guide and flying course for student pilots, including the operation of aircraft in the field, on wheels, skis and floats. The author is Captain John McDonough, who entered the Royal Flying Corps in 1917. An interesting introduction has been written by Mr. J. A. Wilson, Controller of Civil Aviation in the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Wilson says in part: "Many books on flying instruction have been written. Captain McDonough's book on airmanship fills a distinct want, however, from a Canadian point of view. Our young pilots have to face very widely differing conditions, varying all the way from the blazing summer heat on the prairies to the sub-zero weather of the northern winter; from high altitude flying over the western mountains to seaplane operations off the unsheltered shores of Hudson Bay. All through northern and eastern Canada, seaplane flying is the rule and not the exception, and the use of skis in winter is almost universal. A practical book, written from the point of view of the Canadian pilot and having these conditions in mind, should therefore be of the greatest value."

The book is splendidly illustrated with diagrams and Canadian photographs, is well printed and completely indexed. The author remarks that it has been written as a help and guide for all those contemplating or undergoing a course of flying training at flying clubs, also for apprentice pilots learning to fly under the new apprentice pilot scheme in operation now in many large commercial aviation companies, and to provide for those pilots who desire information relative to the operation of aircraft in the field, on wheels, skis and floats.

Other aviation books available from the same publishers are: "Learning to Fly," "Pilot's 'A' License," "Aerobatics," "Parachutes for Airmen," "Gliding and Motorless Flight," "Aeroplane Structural Design," "Light Aero Engines," "Airmen or Noths" and "Elementary Aeronautics," or, "The Science and Practice of Aerial Machines."

### From Page to President

SOME of the large Canadian and American corporations are doing a commendable work in connection with the educational facilities that they are placing at the disposal of their junior employees. These facilities take the form of educational

courses on the premises, of library and reading courses, of courses at private institutions paid for by the firms, and of bulletins and manuals.

These educational services, unfortunately, are not always appreciated. Recently, I learned of a Winnipeg corporation that had agreed to pay the fees for students who wished to take courses at a private business school. Many junior employees registered for the courses, but the attendance of some was so irregular that the company was forced to cancel the arrangement.

One of the most interesting manuals of instruction that we have seen recently is that issued for pages and messengers by the First Wisconsin National Bank, Milwaukee.

The manual contains much inspirational and instructional material for young men starting in business, some of the paragraphs reading as follows:

"Neatness is another quality that is expected of you. Keep yourself absolutely clean at all times. Be particular about your linens—shirts, collars, handkerchiefs. Brush your clothes and polish your shoes every day before coming to the bank. It is not necessary that you have expensive clothing, but what you wear should be presentable. Pages who are assigned to places in the officers' section should be particularly careful in their appearance.

"When business lets up in the afternoon and things seem quiet, you may be tempted to let off some of your surplus energy by 'cutting up.' When that temptation comes, remember that you are not on a playground, but that you are working in a large bank, and that 'roughhousing' will not bring you promotion. You must train yourself to be quiet and attentive while on duty.

"When a request comes from any department, show by your general attitude that you are willing to do the unusual. Don't shirk. Don't be afraid that you are going to do more than someone else. Be pleasant. The officers and the managers of the various departments are looking for willing and cheerful workers. Many a messenger has earned an early promotion by the manner in which he conducted himself on the messenger force.

"Do not smoke on the way to or from the bank. Do not smoke at all during banking hours. The rule about smoking before 9:00 a.m. and after 3:30 p.m. does not apply to pages and messengers. In forbidding pages and messengers to smoke during banking hours, the bank is not condemning smoking itself, but it does wish to discourage smoking before the age of eighteen. The bank wants every boy in its employ to attain his full physical and mental development before he forms the habit of smoking. Besides, smoking is an expensive habit. Boys should learn to save before they learn to smoke."

### Answers to Inquiries

WE have had a fairly busy month in the problem department answering inquiries by young men (and young women too) relating to various occupational problems—short story writing, shorthand instruction by mail, accountancy, banking, and so forth. Inquiries are answered shortly after their receipt and definite information is given in every instance as far as possible. If we are not able to give the information direct we are usually able to furnish inquirers with the names of authorities who can answer their questions.

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| International Trucks, Models A4, A5 and A6 ..... |              |                       | 617 SHL |
| Marquette .....                                  | All Models   | Western Canada .....  | 611 SRA |
| Oldsmobile .....                                 | All Models   | Cars and Trucks ..... | 611 SRA |
| Pontiac .....                                    | All Models   | Western Canada .....  | 611 SRA |
| Willys .....                                     | Models 8-80D | Cars and Trucks ..... | 615 SHL |
| Willys-Knight .....                              | Model 66D    | Cars and Trucks ..... | 617 SHL |

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## The Girl in the Shop

Continued from page 14

One morning a week later, after a quiet hour in the garden, I crossed the pavement to admire the exquisite pieces of snowy white lingerie tied with ribbons of a deep rose satin which filled her window. The name in small gold letters, "Rose-Yvonne," was irresistible. I crossed the threshold.

The place, although very small, very narrow and very dark, had, in spite of its evident poverty, an air of scrupulous cleanliness. One room in the rear—a living and bedroom combined—completed the apartment.

At the farther end of this narrow space was a window opening on a dark inner courtyard, and there sat Rose-Yvonne, sewing away upon the snowy white voile as if her life depended upon her speed.

The door bell tinkled its last tinny note as I closed the door behind me. "Maman!" cried the girl. She did not look up.

Madame, the typical Parisian saleswoman, hurried forward. She was eager to please and she knew so well the art of pleasing that presently I gave a much larger order than I could well afford.

That I might choose my samples, Madame led me back to the table where the young girl sat. She seemed scarcely the same child I had seen in the garden. Her pallor and listless air shocked me. I remembered the man's words, "Why should she prison you in that black shop?" and for an instant, bitter feeling against the mother surged in me. But my anger died away as I remembered the way in which he had trampled upon her treasured rose.

"My daughter, Rose-Yvonne, Madame." The girl rose with a formal convent bow. "It is she who fashions all these garments now. My eyes are useless. If Madame could make a part payment now . . . in advance? I regret extremely, but we have not the money to buy the material for your order."

As I opened my purse I noticed upon Rose-Yvonne's worktable a very unusual vase. It held one fresh Maréchal Neil rose. The design and the rare coloring of the porcelain made it the one thing of value in the humble room.

I hesitated for a second. Then urged by their evident need of money, "Madame, this vase matches exactly a set I am collecting. Will you sell it to me?"

The mother looked quickly from the vase to her daughter.

The girl did not look up. She made a negative movement of the head, "No, No."

"Sixty francs?" I said. "Will you?" Again their eyes met. Again the girl signalled, "No, No."

"Thank you, madame," said the mother. "Your offer is much more than the value of the vase, but we do not wish to part with it."

As Madame was writing out my receipt, the bell rang again and the man who wore the grey gloves stepped quickly in.

He passed me by, enquiring nonchalantly of Madame, "Will you be so good as to show me some pieces of lingerie?"

"One moment, monsieur," Madame smiled. This rich customer could well afford to give a large order. "One moment, monsieur, I shall attend you myself, monsieur."

Slowly he passed along the counter, examining the fine materials with the air of a connoisseur, until he reached the table where the girl sat with her

eyes lowered upon her work. He stooped to breathe in the perfume of the rose. A piece of paper fell from his hand into the folds of the girl's sewing.

Madame looked up from signing my receipt and smiled at the new customer, "Monsieur, I am at your service."

He turned quickly. His light cane caught upon the vase. But for the swift hand of Rose-Yvonne, it would have crashed upon the floor. The petals of the fallen rose scattered softly pink upon her black dress.

"Pardon, madame . . . an accident." He apologized as he examined the edge of the vase, "a small chip . . . I regret . . ." He began to open his purse.

"But it is not broken, monsieur!" Madame gestured negatively. "It is nothing, nothing. You wish now to buy . . . ?"

She opened the door for me. "Au revoir, madame."

I walked out into the garden, deeply puzzled. Where had I seen this man before and what was the cause of the troubled feeling this question gave? I sat down upon the bench to think.

And presently the man came out of the shop, swinging his cane and smiling to himself. He passed out of the arcade beyond my sight.

Impatient with myself for being so fanciful, I determined that I would spend my mornings in exploring other unfrequented nooks of the great city, and that I would worry no more about a matter I could not help.

SOME weeks passed before I went back to the lingerie shop. The window panes were blurred with dust; the gold letters were tarnished. There were very few pieces of needle work in the window, but—astonishing sight—in the centre of the almost empty space stood the blue vase. It held one perfect Maréchal Neil rose. The petals matched so exactly the satin bows upon the lingerie, that I thought it must have been placed there as a decoration by the artistic fingers of Rose-Yvonne.

The atmosphere within, gloomy, forbidding, deserted, seemed strange. I sensed the tragedy I did not know.

Madame came forward slowly. What a change had taken place in her! Thinner, careworn, broken! Her dim eyes gave no sign of recognition.

I asked to see a piece of work in the window. As she groped forward I lifted the blue vase to make room for her arm.

She seized her treasure with jealous fingers. She whispered, "Yes, yes, I remember you. The vase is not for sale, madame." Her eyes filled with tears. She forgot the usual careful English and spoke low in her mother tongue.

"It is . . . it is my little girl's . . ."

"I do not want the vase," I said. "I want . . . I would like to help you."

She gestured with her thin restless hands towards the chair where Rose-Yvonne had sat.

"I shall tell you . . . I shall tell you all . . ."

Wiping away the fast-falling tears she poured out her over-burdened heart. "I place her vase in the window every day. When she sees that I keep fresh her rose, she will not fear to come in. She will come back. She will see the rose and she will know that I will always love her . . ."

(Continued on page 67)



# The Girl in the Shop

Continued from page 66

I was too severe . . . But oh, madame, I was afraid for her. She did not know. Always in the convent, then here in this quiet place. She did not know."

Clasping her hands, she said again, "She did not know."

She paused.

"My husband was called to join his Scotch Regiment when Rose was three years old. He did not live to come back. My little one was everything to me . . . All that I had to love. I sewed night and day to gain enough to open this shop. She loved to sew, to make pretty things. We were so happy . . . Often we had not enough to eat . . . but we were happy. I did the errands myself. I could not let her go out alone."

"But," I said, "She needed the sunshine, young friends."

"Yes, yes. I know that now. Oh, it is too late . . . it is too late . . ."

She buried her face in her hands.

"And the blue vase?" I asked to rouse her from her grief.

"Ah, that . . . I have for it every morning a fresh rose. When she comes back, she will know that I have placed it in the window for a sign. It belonged to the mother of my husband. We have sold all but this."

"Is it long since . . . since she went away?"

"Five weeks. Five weeks yesterday. With that man who came to buy . . . Perhaps madame may recall the man who almost broke the vase. I saw him often in the garden after that day. I made her promise never to speak to him."

"I shall come again tomorrow," I said, and I passed out into the square.

On our way back to the pension we sat for a little in the Jardin des Tuileries, and there I told Anne about Rose-Yvonne and of the uneasy feeling that I had seen the man somewhere before. And suddenly the puzzled cleared!

"He was on the boat with us coming over!" I said, for I was perfectly certain now. "That Monsieur D'Emal! Don't you remember the man who occupied the cabin next to ours and the young Polish Countess who was with him? Don't you remember the dreadful crying fit she had in the night?"

"Remember!" said Anne, "I shall never forget it!"

"I'm going back to the shop at once! Come with me."

"What good will that do?" said Anne. "Madame probably knows his name. No. We must think of some better plan. We walked slowly back to our pension."

**B**UT an unexpected call to London kept me from making my promised visit to the shop in the Palais Royal. Upon my return, three weeks later, Anne met me at the Gare St. Lazare. I knew from her face that something unusual had happened.

In the taxi she drew from her pocket the noon edition of Le Matin and pointed to a smudgy picture. They were the features of the man, D'Emal. Below a few words told the tale, ". . . D'Emal was followed to Genoa by the Count Lesdarne of Polema, with whose wife the former had recently returned from America. In this affaire d'honneur D'Emal was shot and instantly killed . . ." I said to Anne:

"Tell the driver to go to the Garden of the Palais Royal! I must tell

Madame! She will never see the newspapers!"

At the entrance we left the taxi and passed through the gateway. Anne sat down upon my old bench to wait and I found myself once more before the window of the shop.

The panes shone as brilliantly as upon my first visit. The piles of lingerie with their bows of rose satin were even more attractive than before. I looked for the blue vase, but it was not there.

Had madame sold her business and left the place forever? No. The name upon the window flashed its golden letters, "Rose-Yvonne."

I turned the handle but the door was locked. I sat down beside Anne to watch the people who came and went through the archway of the entrance. At last I saw madame, small, bowed, pass in. Arm in arm with her walked a taller, younger woman.

I waited a little before going in, fearful of finding I knew not what change.

The bell sounded its warning note sharply.

A saleswoman, with the eager-to-please manner of the typical Parisian vendeuse came forward quickly.

Rose-Yvonne! Thinner! Older! Oh, so much older, that I could scarcely believe she was the same girl I had seen in the garden. It did not seem possible that the child could, in such a short space of time, have become the woman of business who talked so efficiently of measurements and materials. Once or twice she appealed for advice to her mother, who lingered near the table, where I could see dimly the blue vase with its one perfect Maréchal Neil rose. Evidently the management of the shop was in the girl's hands and the elder woman now relied upon her judgment in everything. The reversal of their positions so astonished me that I did not know what to say.

"Maman." She called at the close of my hastily-invented order. "Will you show madame the samples now?"

The mother, seated at the table in the rear of the shop, looked up dazedly.

She held my gaze for a second with a warning look.

Without another sign of recognition she began to sort the samples.

"Your first order has pleased you?" she said, "This also will please you, madame, for my daughter will attend to it herself. It is she who takes charge of all the orders now."

My choice was quickly made and my address in America given.

As Rose-Yvonne, with a formal "Adieu, madame, Bon Voyage, madame" opened the door for me, a gust of wind scattered the samples everywhere.

Madame called in the whisper of a frightened child.

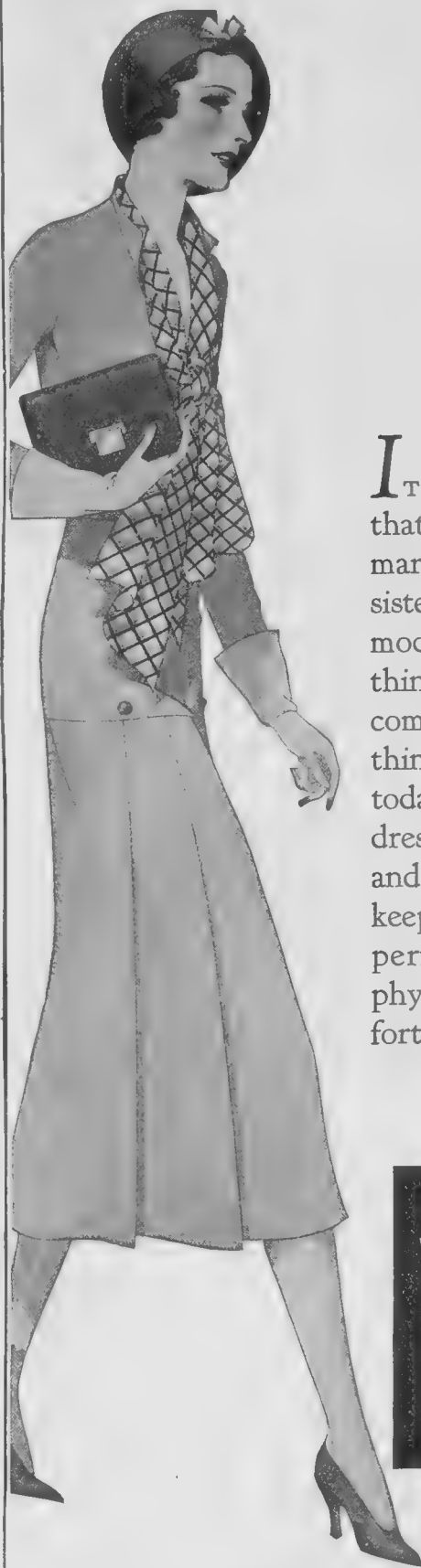
"Rose . . . Where are you? . . . Rose . . . Help me." She rubbed her blurred eyes as if to clear their vision.

"Rose . . . I . . . Come! Come!"

"I am here, *maman*." The girl turned and ran to her mother. She put her arms around her, holding her tightly against her, as if she would never let her go. "There—there *chère maman*."

The rose in the blue vase waved. The tinny bell tinkled. I crossed the pavement to rest for a moment upon the garden bench before passing out into the crowded boulevards.

inconspicuous



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## In Came Cynthia

Continued from page 11

"If half they say of him is true, he's a lamb who'd bump you off as soon as look at you," Carl told her. "Or have someone do it for him. I don't suppose he does his own executing—no king does."

"Fine company for that lovely child with him," remarked Carter, appreciative eyes on the girl who had arrived with Moroni. "She's like a little Botticelli damsel."

"Oh, do you think so?" asked Red Hair, and at her tone Toto giggled and Paula's dimples flashed. It was the first time she had spoken directly to him since he had joined them, and Carter felt an extravagant pleasure that she had done so. "She looks rather common to me."

"That little one is Effie Blane," said the waiter. "She's a new one. She hasn't been coming here long."

As if he realized they were talking of him, Louis Moroni raised his head and looked at them. The boys he passed over, gave Carter a slightly longer inspection. Paula and Toto did not hold him, but his gaze lingered on Red Hair. She was not quite easy under his continued stare but she would not move to avoid it.

"There's something terrible about his eyes," she said. "You can believe anything of him after seeing them."

Carter was still feeling a pleased glow because of Red Hair's reaction to his praise of Effie Blane. He waited till he was sure she would notice, then once more he looked approval at Effie.

He watched her so long and so admiringly that others beside Red Hair noticed. Effie herself stole a glance in his direction... then another... and forgot to look away. Carter possessed good looks and a distinction which marked him out in any gathering. Effie colored faintly, an involuntary smile fluttered on her babyish mouth.

Louis Moroni too had seen.

He leaned forward with slow grace... pressed his cigarette's glowing end to the bare arm of the girl who was not looking at him... who was looking at Carter.

She gave a little shriek of pain. Cried out with surprise at the contact. The next instant she was on her feet. Flick, flack, she had slapped his face... each cheek... the sting of her angry hand reddened their olive smoothness.

A titter went up from some of the onlookers. Those who laughed were those who did not know Moroni, Carter felt sure. Those who did sat waiting, wary.

Even before that trickle of laughter, the girl herself had realized what she had done. She cowered, whimpering, then threw herself at the man she had struck, fawning on him, trying to kiss him... even so a beaten dog that snaps at the hand that teases it beyond bearing, grovels the instant after. In the face of his immobility she wilted, slipped back against her chair a little soft heap.

No one was laughing now. There was something in the air that was inimical to laughter. As they watched a couple from another table rose and came to the one where Louis Moroni sat so quietly. A big man with a vivid brunette in rose-colored chiffon—Carter had seen the slightest flicker of Moroni's eyes in their direction and knew that they had been summoned.

Very softly Moroni spoke to the half-fainting girl. A visible shiver ran through her but after a moment she dragged herself obediently from her chair. The girl in rose-color slipped into the place made vacant. The

man who had brought her there disappeared.

"That was Big Joe Lauria," whispered the waiter.

"I wondered what Moroni would do," said Red Hair. "He couldn't let her stay after that. He's too vain. And he couldn't leave himself. He had to stay and face it out. But that poor kid—I always thought Vashti got a raw deal."

Carter—rector's churchwarden of St. Chrysostome's—looked at her in surprise. Who else there remembered, he thought, even if they had ever heard of Vashti and Ahasuerus and Esther.

Effie Blane was half way to the door when a man spoke behind Carter.

"The Blane wench will rate a croaking for that, all right!"

Red Hair turned startled eyes to Carter's. "Why—of course! He can't let her live after that, he'd lose prestige. That girl is going to her death, and she knows it!"

"Do be quiet, Sin," begged Paula. "We'll all be in for it if you're not careful. Don't do anything to attract his attention to us."

Red Hair stood up. Pushed her chair away from her.

"I'm going after her," she said.

They burst out at her at that, Toto and Paula and the boys.

"Are you mad, Sinful? What do you want to interfere with people like that for? ... I'll faint if he comes near us... He's looking at you, sit down."

Carter rose beside Red Hair. "I'll go with you," he said. "It's my fault." But it was not because of Effie he went.

Swiftly, without ceremony, they pressed through the crowd and made their way to the foyer. Effie was just disappearing down the wide front steps as they reached it.

Red Hair was down the steps after her. Caught at her, while all the gaping crowd of waiting chauffeurs and hangers-on stared and listened.

"Effie!" said Red Hair. "Effie—wait!"

"Let me go!" Effie was frantic. "I want to drown myself. I want to do it myself. Let me go!"

"But listen, Effie," Red Hair pleaded.

"Do you know what they did to Billy Parsons? You know that nigger the police found in the river with his feet tied together and his hands tied behind him with wire—they did that. I'll get plenty for what I did to Louis. I'll get all the works. Do you think I want to wait till Big Joe takes me for a ride?"

The girl was wild with dread. Nothing they might say could pierce her terror and reach her conscience. With a quick little jerk she broke away from Red Hair, and ran... ran faster than they could follow. Her pale dress wavering against the night, they saw her far ahead of them... Effie fleeing like Spring through the shadows... down the garden... past the syringas and the lilacs to the river to drown herself.

They were not too far behind to hear faintly the splash as the girl's slight body struck the water. Carter pulled off his coat as he ran... stumbled over an exposed root... recovered himself. Red Hair was ahead of him, running swiftly, swiftly... Carter reached the river bank just in time to see her dive.

He was after her in a moment, all emotion fused in a terrible fear lest Effie in her panic clutch at the other girl and drag her down.

[Continued on page 69]



## In Came Cynthia

Continued from page 68

But Effie was cool and quiet and unheeding when they found her and drew her ashore. She had not been easy to find.

"We'd better take her to the Chateau," said Red Hair. "It's losing time, but we can't see to do anything for her in this light."

Close at hand there was the sound of hurrying feet, voices.

Carter could not bear that that gaping crowd should see Red Hair, with her thin frock, her beautiful hair, wet and plastered against her head, her slim body. He found the coat he had flung off and wrapped it around her. Then he picked up the inert form of the little Springtime girl and turned, Red Hair beside him, back toward the grey old Chateau.

THEY were still dancing in the purple-lit ballroom, singing with the orchestra, unaware of what had been happening outside, when Carter and Red Hair and Effie, limp and pulseless and with a purple bruise above her temple, were hurried upstairs and into a private room.

Two of the employees were working over Effie while Carter and Red Hair stood by, dripping water but refusing to leave, when Paula and Toto and the two boys found them and called them into the hall.

"For Heaven's sake, Little Sin, come away quickly!" the girls begged. "Here's your bag—you left it on the table. And here's your coat. We got it for you. Someone telephoned for an ambulance and the police, and they say there's going to be a raid. We want to get away as quickly as we can. We were crazy to come here at all."

"But I can't go," said Red Hair. "I don't know if this Effie is dead or not, and if she isn't I'm not going to leave her here for that beast to murder."

"Sinful! Be careful! If you mean Moroni, he's gone."

"Some of his men have stayed behind, you may depend on it. You people go on—I can get a taxi when I see what happens to Effie."

"Little Sin! Think of your father—the police—"

For a moment Carter saw the girl hesitate. Then she shook her head.

Before he spoke Carter faced squarely what it would mean to him if he were caught in a raid on this place, hailed to the police-court or to a coroner's inquest. Churchwarden of St. Chrysostome's, member of the school-board, the next mayor of his city—so they had assured him just before he left. He had already forgotten that his first thought then had been that Rosamond would like that. He looked at Red Hair.

"If you really want to stay, I'll stay with you," he said. Then he added quickly, afraid she would refuse to let him remain on her account, "I feel a certain responsibility, you know."

The others waited no longer. Roy went sulkily, but his anxiety to get away was stronger than his dislike of leaving Red Hair with Carter.

Effie Blane was dead, the doctor who arrived by and by assured them. On the doctor's heels came the old waiter.

"Miss," he whispered. "I heard you was still here. So I just nipped up a back way to hurry you out. The police will be here in a jiffy, and you don't want to get mixed up with the police, miss. Nasty business for a girl like you."

He listened for a moment. The music had stopped suddenly.

"They've got here, I guess. But I've got a trick up my sleeve they're not wise to. Just you follow me, miss."

He led them quickly through dim halls, stopped at last in a room which seemed a storehouse for old furniture. Here he pushed from the wall a tall old cupboard which hid a door. He took a flashlight from a shelf and handed it to Carter.

When he opened the door a flight of steps stretched before them.

"Over a hundred years old, them steps," he said. "But you needn't be afraid, they're sound. They've all been cleared out and mended. Follow your noses till you come to a door. Just you wait there till you hear me rap. Then you unlock the door and I'll have a taxi waiting there for you."

Carter produced a soggy pasteboard from a wet pocket, a bill from a leather folder through which the water had not soaked.

"I've a hat and a dry coat in the coatroom," he said. "Do you think you could get them for me?"

Down the stairs and along a narrow passage Carter led the way, after the waiter had closed the door behind them. They came to a door at the end of the passage, a stout wooden door with a bright new lock. Here they waited for the signal.

It was so long in coming that Red Hair swayed dizzily.

"I'm out!" she murmured wearily.

He had thought that for him romance was dead, had shaped his future accordingly. And, at the first sight of this girl he held, a force stronger than he had yet known had taken his orderly, planned life and wrenched it from its appointed way. She had laughed, had looked at him . . . and had given him back romance. He forgot everything else.

She stiffened in his arms at his first kiss. Pulled herself free from him. Faced him furiously.

From the other side of the locked door came the signal. Red Hair reached it first. Pushed back the catch and threw the door open.

Just outside stood the waiter who had befriended them. A short distance away a taxi waited.

Red Hair spoke to the waiter quickly . . . the next thing Carter realized she was in the taxi, its door was closed and it was starting.

"She said she wanted to go alone," the old waiter told him, surprised and suspicious, as he handed Carter his coat and hat. "She asked me to get you another taxi."

Long before the waiter returned with the second taxi, Red Hair was gone beyond following.

HE could not find her. He had been a week in the city, doing everything he could to trace her, with no results.

Page Burton could have told him her name. But Page Burton was abroad and he knew no one who could tell him where to cable Burton.

But he had to find her. Of course she had been infuriated with him for kissing her in what had seemed to her so casual a fashion. From the first he had seen that, for all her mischief, she was no petter. And he had told her himself that he was engaged.

He could explain that quickly enough if once he could reach her.

Two fruitless weeks had passed when there came a telegram summoning him home to straighten out a business tangle. He prepared to leave . . . but he would come back.

[Continued on page 82]

## Women who buy wisely...



WOMEN who appreciate the many modern short-cuts that save labor in the home, consider Kellogg's Corn Flakes one of the most satisfactory foods they can buy.

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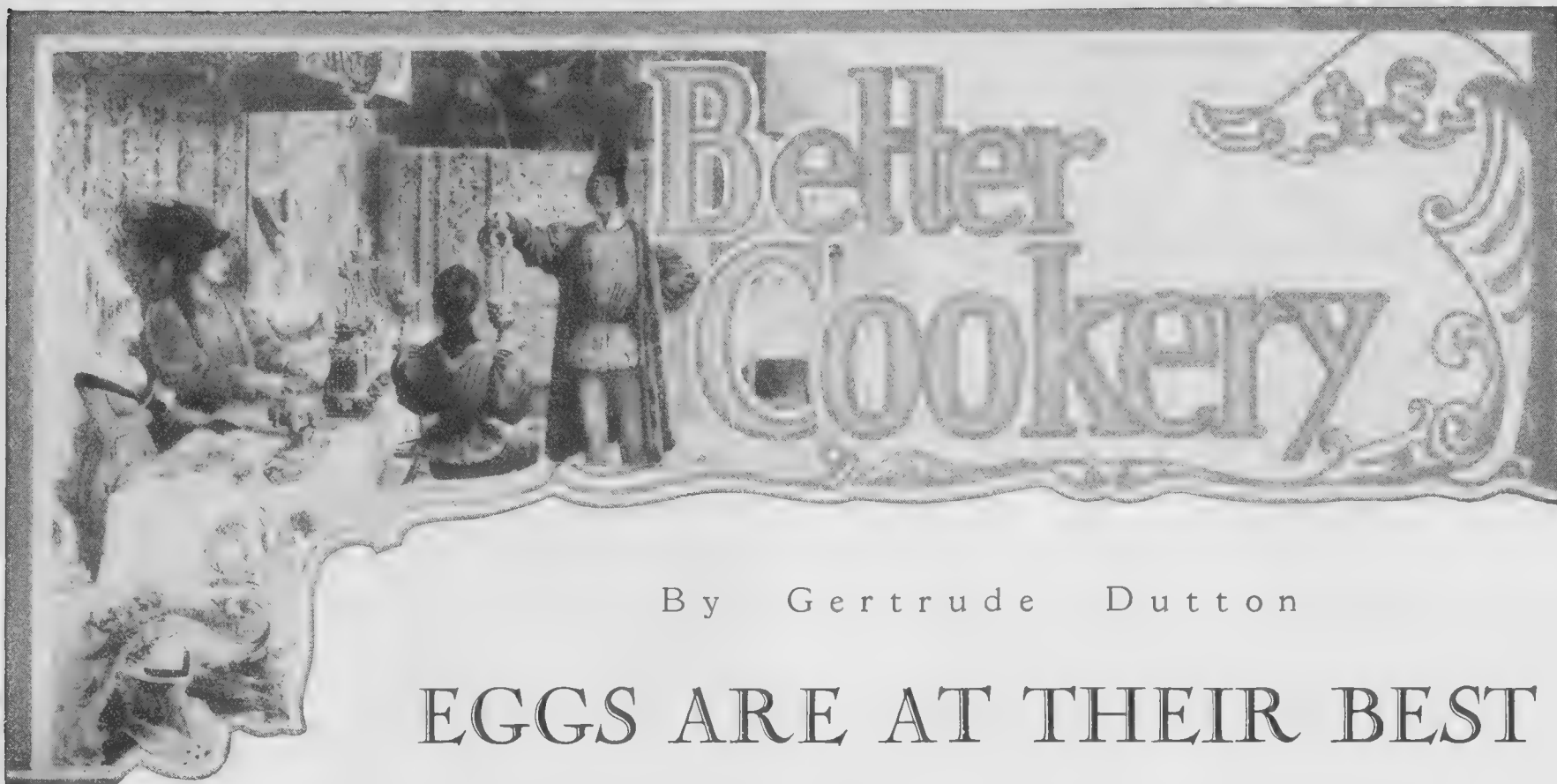
Naturally, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are imitated. But wise buyers put the name Kellogg on their grocery lists because they know that imitations never equal the wonderful flavor and extra value of genuine Kellogg's.

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## EGGS ARE AT THEIR BEST

ONE commodity from which the farm women of our country expect to derive some income, is eggs, which have been unusually cheap during the past winter and spring, perhaps because we have not been using them as freely as we might, although as a nation, Canadians eat more of them than do the people of most other countries, but we might, with considerable profit to ourselves as well as to those having them to sell, greatly increase their use. There is such an infinite variety of ways in which to cook them, that there is no excuse for monotony, which will make the family tire of them. We may serve them for any meal, and in any course, and in scores of combinations with other foods.

For breakfast, the simplest ways of cooking are best. There is no easier way of providing the hearty dish which people with a heavy forenoon's work before them, should have. Soft-cooked or coddled eggs, poached, "fried" or in omelets, are methods which take but a few minutes, and are usually liked. Small children should have them in preference to meat, cooked carefully in some simple way, and served daintily. A soft-cooked egg is most easily digested, while one cooked till quite hard is more readily digested than one moderately hard. Only a very excellent digestive system can take care of eggs cooked in the frying pan till tough and leathery in a considerable amount of grease, usually ham or bacon, and much of that grease absorbed by the eggs, a method far too frequently employed, especially in restaurants.

### Coddled Eggs

With a spoon, carefully put the eggs into boiling water, cover the vessel and set where the water will remain just below the boiling point for about six minutes, when the white will be jellied and the yolk still soft. Increase the length of time if the eggs are liked a little better cooked. About 1 cup of water is needed for each egg, and if only one is to be cooked, a pint of water, with an additional cupful for the extra eggs.

### "Soft $\frac{3}{4}$ -Boiled" Eggs

Put the eggs into a dish of boiling water, cover, and cook for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  minutes, keeping the water boiling. The time is lengthened when harder eggs are wished. Another method liked by some people is to put the eggs in a sauce-pan of cold water, place over the fire and just bring to the boiling point, when they are at once removed from the water. The degree of softness will depend upon the amount of water used; the larger amount

will take longer to reach the boiling point, thus cooking the egg more.

When hard-cooked eggs are required, the cooking time is extended. If the eggs are to be used cold, they are usually dropped into cold water to cool quickly, to prevent discoloration of the yolks, which show a tendency to turn green, if cooked for a long time, then allowed to stand.

### Poached Eggs

Use a wide shallow pan for cooking the eggs, such as a frying pan, with enough boiling water to cover the eggs. In the pan place as many buttered muffin rings as there are eggs. Add salt to the water and a little vinegar or lemon juice, which helps to prevent the egg whites spreading. Break each egg separately into a saucer and slip into the rings, then cook below the boiling point till the whites are set and there is a film over the top of the egg. Carefully lift the eggs to slices of buttered toast, etc. and serve hot. Using the rings keeps the eggs a much better shape, although they are not essential.



Sidney Fox, of Universal, with her Easter chicks

### Fried Eggs

What we call fried eggs are not actually fried. In a frying pan put just enough fat, either butter, bacon fat, etc., to keep the eggs from sticking to the pan, slip the broken eggs in carefully and cook till set over a moderate heat. If wished, they may be turned over and cooked lightly on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

### Shirred Eggs

Butter individual flat bake dishes, cover the bottom with crumbs, then break one or two eggs into each, cover with crumbs after sprinkling with salt and pepper, put in a moderate oven till the eggs are set and the crumbs browned.

### Eggs Baked in Rice with Tomato Sauce

Cook 1 c. of rice, spread on a flat bake dish, make with the back of a spoon, indentations to hold the required number of eggs, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and set in the oven till the eggs are set. Cover with 1 c. of tomato sauce or undiluted tomato soup.

### Steamed Eggs with Ham

Butter a bowl or individual custard cups. In the bottom of each, put a little minced cooked ham. On top of the ham break the required number of eggs, set in a steamer and cook till the whites are set.

### Shirred Eggs with Bacon

Cook the bacon till nearly done, cut in short strips, then lay on the bottom of shirrer or custard cups, brushed with a little of the bacon dripping, break one or two eggs into each, sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake till the eggs are firm.

### Eggs A La France

Eggs, 4 or more  
Boiled rice, 1 c.  
Tomato sauce or soup, 1 c.  
Cheese, grated or chopped,  $\frac{1}{4}$  c.  
Salt, pepper and paprika

In a sauce pan put the rice, tomato sauce and cheese and stir over the fire till hot. Make a border of the mixture around a flat buttered bake dish. Carefully break the eggs into the centre, sprinkle with the salt, pepper and paprika and set into a moderate oven till the eggs are set. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

### Eggs with Spinach Border

Put hot rounds of toasted bread on a hot platter. On each piece spread a spoonful of spinach, hot, which may be creamed or seasoned with salt, pepper and butter. Cover with hot chopped hard-cooked egg-whites, (Cont'd on page 72)





# Once in a Lifetime You Will Find Chocolate Recipes as Priceless as These!

EVERYONE likes chocolate, and chocolate cake is the most universally liked cake. There is a chocolate cake for every taste—a chocolate cake for every occasion. To some people chocolate cake means a delicate white cake with deep chocolate frosting. To others it means rich, dark devil's food. To a third group it means a chocolate fudge cake. Still others have their fondness for chocolate best satisfied by fudge squares or brownies.

On these pages, for the very first time, you are given the exact recipes which will enable you, yourself, to make the favourite chocolate cakes of the world. Each cake and frosting, you'll discover, is entirely different from the other, both in texture and in flavour, and yet no single recipe can claim superiority to the other—for each is the very finest in its class.

## Delicate White Layer Cake with Chocolate Boiled Frosting

The following recipe makes the most delicate of white layer cakes, worthy of the luscious chocolate frosting that makes it a chocolate cake *par excellence*.

- |                                      |                                  |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | ½ cup butter or other shortening |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder            | 1½ cups sifted sugar             |
| ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar           | ½ cup milk                       |
|                                      | 6 egg whites, stiffly beaten     |
|                                      | 1 teaspoon vanilla               |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and cream of tartar, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 30 minutes. Spread Chocolate Boiled Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers. All measurements are level.



## DELICATE WHITE LAYER CAKE

### Chocolate Boiled Frosting

- |                             |                                                            |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2¼ cups sugar               | 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten                               |
| 1 teaspoon light corn syrup | 6 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled |
| 1 cup boiling water         |                                                            |

Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (242° F.). Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until stiff enough to spread on cake. Fold in chocolate.

### Devil's Food Cake

For those who revel in the full-flavoured richness of devil's food cake, here is luxury itself—a cake de luxe, piled high with the most delectable white frosting.

- |                                     |                                                 |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | 3 whole eggs, unbeaten                          |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder            | ½ cup sour milk                                 |
| 1 cup butter or other shortening    | 1 teaspoon vanilla                              |
| ¾ cup granulated sugar              | ½ cup boiling water                             |
| 2 cups sifted brown sugar           | 6 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted |
| 3 egg yolks, unbeaten               | 1¼ teaspoons soda                               |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks; beat thoroughly. Then add eggs, one at a time, beating vigorously after addition of each egg. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Add boiling water to chocolate and mix well; add soda. Combine chocolate mixture and cake batter and beat vigorously for several minutes. Pour into greased loaf pan, filling pan ¾ full. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Cover top and sides of cake with Divinity Frosting. This batter may also be baked in two greased pans, 8 x 8 x 2 inches.

### Divinity Frosting for Devil's Food Cake

- |                             |                    |                              |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|------------------------------|
| 3 cups sugar                | 1 teaspoon vanilla | 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten |
| 1 teaspoon light corn syrup |                    | 1¼ cups boiling water        |



## DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (240° F.). Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Add vanilla, continue beating until stiff enough to spread on cake.

### Chocolate Fudge Cake

Then there is this temptingly dainty chocolate fudge cake—light and feathery in texture like the delicate white cake, but not so dark as the double-rich devil's food with its mysterious depths of chocolate. Here is a cake that is not too rich for those who shy at ultra-richness, yet a delightful cake to serve at such occasions as bridge parties, Sunday night suppers, or the informal family dinner. Crowned with its velvet-smooth fudge frosting, you will find it is as delectable a layer cake as ever melted on your tongue.

- |                                  |                                                 |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 2 cups Swans Down Cake Flour     | 2 egg yolks, well beaten                        |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder        | 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted |
| ¼ teaspoon soda                  | 1¼ cups sweet milk                              |
| ¼ teaspoon salt                  | 1 teaspoon vanilla                              |
| ¼ cup butter or other shortening | 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten                    |
| 1 cup sugar                      |                                                 |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and chocolate, then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Spread Fudge Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers.

All measurements are level.



## CHOCOLATE FUDGE SQUARES

### Fudge Frosting

- |                                                   |                                |
|---------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, shredded | Dash of salt                   |
| ¾ cup cold milk                                   | 2 tablespoons light corn syrup |
| 2 cups sugar                                      | 2 tablespoons butter           |
|                                                   | 1 teaspoon vanilla             |

Add chocolate to milk and heat gradually. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater 1 minute, or until mixture is smooth and blended. Add sugar, salt, and corn syrup, and stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking, without stirring, until a small amount of mixture forms a very soft ball in cold water (232° F.). Remove from fire. Add butter and vanilla. Cool to lukewarm (110° F.). Beat until of right consistency to spread.

### Chocolate Fudge Squares

And here you are given the recipe for the famous Walter Baker chocolate fudge squares—rich and tender, simple to make, and delicious beyond description. With their liberal content of chocolate, and the crunchiness of nut meats, they are a cake-confection worthy of the universal popularity they have won.

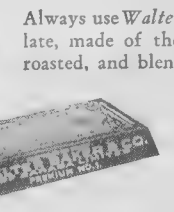
- |                                  |                                                 |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| ¾ cup Swans Down Cake Flour      | 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted |
| 1 teaspoon baking powder         | 3 eggs, well beaten                             |
| ¼ teaspoon salt                  | 1 teaspoon vanilla                              |
| ¼ cup butter or other shortening | 1 cup nut meats, broken                         |
| 1 cup sugar                      |                                                 |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add butter to chocolate and blend. Combine sugar and eggs; add chocolate mixture, beating thoroughly; then add flour, vanilla, and nuts. Bake in two greased pans, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. When cool, cut in 2-inch squares. Makes 32 squares.

### Perfect Chocolate Cookery Calls for Unsweetened Chocolate

These chocolate cakes are deserving of the finest ingredients—the freshest eggs and butter, Swans Down Cake Flour, sifted sugar, good baking powder, and—Walter Baker's Chocolate—rich, creamy-smooth, and with a true chocolate flavour that never has been equalled.

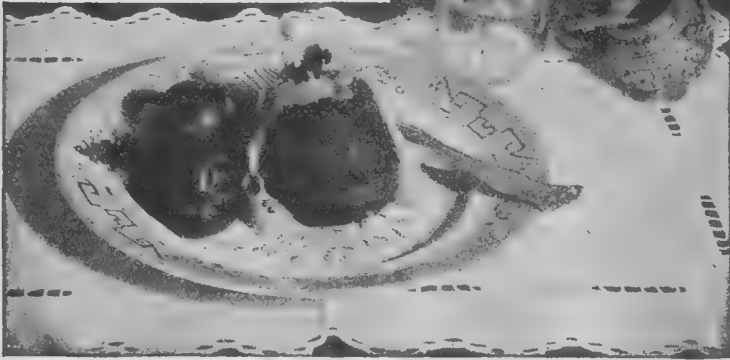
Always use Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate—for this chocolate, made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, selected, sorted, roasted, and blended with the skill that 150 years have brought, has a flavour that has set the standard of excellence ever since 1780. A substitution of any other ingredient is certain to be detected. Your cake is bound to suffer if it lacks that full-bodied chocolate flavour that only the finest unsweetened chocolate can give.



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sprinkle the sifted egg-yolks over the top, sprinkle with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Heat in the oven a moment, if not hot enough.

#### Poached Eggs with Variations Eggs with Mushrooms

Make 1 c. of white sauce, slice 1 c. of mushrooms and cook if using fresh ones, in a little butter, add to the white sauce and cook in the double boiler for 10-15 minutes. Pour over slices of toast and on top of each, put a poached egg.

#### Poached Eggs with Tomato Sauce I

Make a tomato sauce of 1½ c. tomatoes, 1 onion, 2 tb. butter, 2 tb. flour, salt and pepper. Poach eggs, put on rounds of toast and pour the sauce around them, and over them.

#### Mexican Poached Eggs

Remove the seeds and membrane from one or two green peppers, cover with boiling water and let stand 15 minutes, then cut in tiny cubes, or chop very fine if preferred. Saute in a little butter till tender, add salt and pepper. Sprinkle over poached eggs which have been placed on slices of hot buttered toast.

#### Poached Eggs Curried

Make a curry sauce of 1 tb. butter, ½ a small minced onion, 1 tb. flour, 1 t. curry powder, 1 c. of stock or water, salt and pepper, 1 tb. of cream, and pour over the poached eggs on hot pieces of buttered toast.

#### Eggs Poached in Milk

When extra nourishment is required, it may be provided by poaching one or more eggs in milk heated in the double boiler, with salt and pepper added and if wished, a t. of butter. Serve the milk with the eggs.

#### Deviled Poached Eggs

In a sauce pan put 1 c. tomato catsup, ½ c. water, 1 t. or more of Worcestershire sauce, 1 t. mustard, salt and pepper, 1 tb. butter. Heat, break the eggs carefully into it, cover, and cook till set, then serve on toast. The seasonings may be varied in amounts to suit the taste.

#### Poached Eggs Au Gratin

In a buttered bake dish, put lightly poached eggs, sprinkle with grated cheese, then cover with tomato or white sauce, sprinkle again with crumbs and cheese, and put in the oven till the cheese melts.

#### Florentine Eggs

On a hot platter or individual dishes, put flattened heaps of cooked chopped well-seasoned spinach, on top of each put a poached egg, and pour over them a well-seasoned hot white sauce.

#### Poached Eggs with Chicken Livers

Heat chopped chicken livers in good white sauce. Put on slices of toast, and on top of each put a poached egg.

#### Eggs with Asparagus

Cook asparagus cut in small pieces, in water to cover, season, add a little

milk or cream, and flour to thicken, and butter if milk is used. Heat in the double boiler, and carefully break the eggs into it. Cover till the eggs are set, put on hot toast.

#### Poached Eggs With Ham

Heat in a sauce pan 1 c. of cooked diced ham in 1 c. of sauce made with stock, 2 tb. flour, 1 tb. butter, seasonings, put on toast and on top of each serving, put a poached egg. Sprinkle with parsley.

#### Eggs With Ham II

On slices of toast, put thin slices of cooked ham on top of each, a poached egg. Pour mushroom, tomato or white sauce over them.

#### Eggs with Ham III

Cut thick slices of bread, scoop out a small depression in one side of each, and brown on both sides in butter in a hot frying pan. Spread the side having the depression with minced cooked ham, set in the oven to heat for a moment, then slip a poached egg into each hollow.

#### Creamed Eggs with Potatoes

Boil potatoes and break into rather uniform sized pieces. Cut an equal number of hard-cooked eggs in quarters, and arrange in alternate layers in a hot serving dish. Pour over them a cream sauce made by cooking a little chopped onion in the milk. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

#### Eggs in Croustades

Make croustades from two-inch slices of bread, with the centres removed, then brushed with melted butter and browned in a hot oven. Dip very quickly into hot salted water, break an egg into each and cook in the oven till the eggs are firm. Garnish with strips of crisp bacon.

#### Eggs Baked with Tomato

Make a well-seasoned tomato sauce, put in a broad bake dish, break the required number of eggs into it, set in the oven till the eggs are firm. Border with hot boiled rice and serve from the dish.

#### Baked Eggs With Cheese Sauce

Make a cheese sauce of 1 c. milk, 2 tb. butter, 2 tb. flour, salt and pepper and 1 tb. or more of grated cheese. Break the desired number of eggs into a buttered bake dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour over them the cheese sauce. Bake in a moderate oven till the eggs are done.

#### Scalloped Eggs

Make 1 c. of white sauce. Cover the bottom of a buttered bake dish with fine bread crumbs. Cover with a layer of sliced hard-cooked eggs, then with a layer of diced cooked ham if wished, and half of the white sauce. Repeat. Cover the top with crumbs, moistened with a little milk. Bake in a moderate oven for 15-20 minutes and serve hot.

#### Egg Cutlets With Tomato Sauce

Make a white sauce of 1 c. milk, 1 tb. butter, 4 tb. flour, pepper, salt, a [Continued on page 73]





little chopped onion cooked in the milk. Cook 4-6 eggs hard, chop the whites and add to the white sauce, then add the mashed or sifted yolks, and a little finely chopped parsley, and more seasonings if needed. Spread on a platter to cool. Cut in cutlet shapes, dip in fine crumbs, then in a slightly beaten egg diluted with 1 tb. of water, and again in crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

#### Golden Rod Eggs I

Cook 1 c. rice till tender then spread on a hot deep platter. Pour over it 1 c. of rich white sauce to which the chopped whites of 4 or 5 hard-cooked eggs have been added. Sprinkle over the top, the grated or sifted egg-yolks, sprinkle with paprika and chopped parsley.

#### Golden Rod Eggs II

Prepare as above, using slices of toast on a platter instead of the bed of rice. Or use cooked, chopped and seasoned hot spinach.

#### Luncheon Eggs

In a buttered bake dish, put alternate layers of sliced cooked potatoes and sliced hard-cooked eggs and cheese sauce, seasoned with a little onion. Sprinkle buttered crumbs on top and brown in the oven.

#### Creamed Eggs in Cases

To 1 c. of white sauce add the chopped whites of 6 hard-cooked eggs, the grated or sifted yolks, 1 or 2 t. of tomato catsup, and 2 tb. of deviled ham. Put in cooked pastry cases, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in a hot oven.

#### Ham and Eggs a la France

Cook thin slices of ham and line a bake dish with them. Cover with 6 or 8 sliced hard-cooked eggs, then with tomato sauce seasoned with onion, salt and pepper. Sprinkle with crumbs and bake, till the crumbs are brown.

#### Dutch Eggs and Cheese

Cut three large green peppers in halves, remove the membrane and seeds, cover with boiling water, cover the container and let stand ten or fifteen minutes. Chop 5 or 6 hard-cooked eggs, add to 1 c. fairly thick white sauce to which a little cheese has been added, fill the pepper cases with the mixture, sprinkle the tops with grated cheese, and bake till the peppers are tender. Garnish with parsley or cress, and serve hot.

#### Creamed Eggs and Shrimps

Mix together 1½ c. white sauce, seasoned with ½ t. prepared mustard, 6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced or cut in sections, and a small can of shrimps, stirring the mixture gently with a fork to prevent mashing the eggs and shrimps. Heat over hot water, and serve on toast.

#### Tomato Scrambled Eggs

Chop half a medium sized green pepper and cook till tender in 1 tb. of butter. Add 1½ c. of strained tomato, salt and pepper to taste, and remove from the frying-pan. Grease the pan and in it pour a mixture of 6 slightly beaten eggs, ½ c. of milk, salt and pepper to taste, and cook till creamy, stirring slowly but constantly. Then fold

in the tomato mixture a little at a time, and when all is combined with the egg mixture, serve at once on hot buttered toast. The pepper may be omitted if wished. Onion may be used for additional flavor if liked.

#### Eggs Au Gratin

Make a good white sauce, and hard-cook several eggs. Halve the eggs lengthwise and arrange in a buttered bake dish. Cover with the white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and paprika and bake till heated through and browned on top.

#### Scrambled Eggs I

Beat 4 or 5 eggs slightly, add ½ c. milk, salt and pepper. Heat a pan, put in it a little butter when melted, pour in the egg mixture, cook till creamy, stirring and scraping from the bottom of the pan, continually.

#### Scrambled Eggs II

Melt a little butter in a heated pan, and break into it the required number of unbeaten eggs. As soon as the white has set a little commence stirring with a fork, and continue till creamy, thus mixing white in with yellow portions, and adding salt and pepper while stirring.

#### Scrambled Eggs With Cheese

Put slices of buttered toast, lightly toasted, on a flat dish, on top of them put somewhat under done scrambled eggs, seasoned with salt and pepper, sprinkle the top with grated well-flavored cheese, and set in the oven to melt the cheese and finish cooking the eggs. Serve hot.

#### Scrambled Eggs With Chicken Livers

On slices of buttered toast, put scrambled eggs and on top of each, put a spoonful of chopped cooked chicken livers, or giblets, heated in a well-seasoned sauce made of the stock in which they were cooked.

#### Scrambled Eggs With Deviled Ham

Spread slices of toast with deviled ham, or with cooked ham chopped very fine, and seasoned with salt, pepper and tomato catsup, Worcestershire sauce, etc. On top of them put a mixture of ½ c. of tomato juice to 4 eggs, and seasoning, scrambled with a little butter in a hot pan.

#### Eggs With Hashed Meat

On a flat serving dish, spread finely chopped cold cooked meat, such as corned beef, roast or boiled meat, etc., seasoned and if wished, mixed with cold diced cooked potatoes. Moisten with gravy or soup stock or water. With the back of a large spoon make indentations for the number of eggs required, slip an egg, broken, into each hollow, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and put in the oven till the meat is hot and the eggs set.

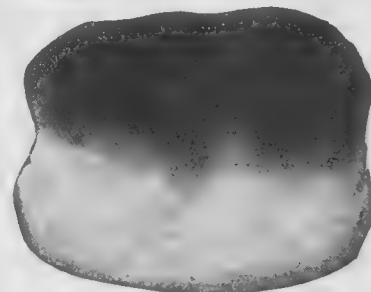
Or on the dish spread the minced meat and on top of it make nests of mashed potato and in them break the eggs, and surround the edge of the dish with a border of mashed potato.

#### Surprise Nests

Butter individual cups. Separate each egg individually, beat the white till stiff, add salt and pepper, put in the buttered cup, carefully slip the

[Continued on page 74]

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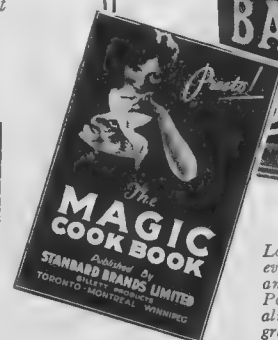
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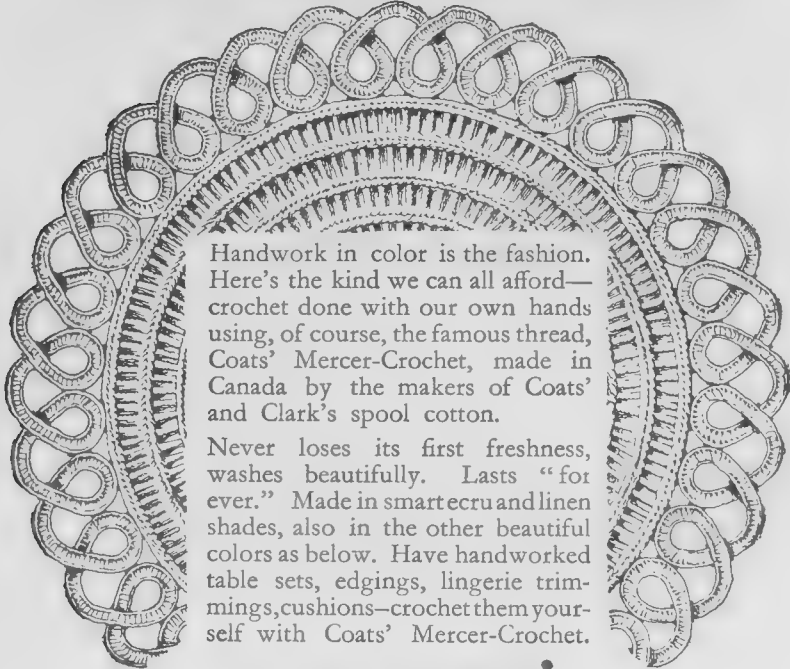
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yolk into the centre, add salt, set the cups in a pan of hot water and cook in the oven till the eggs are done. Children whose appetites need tempting, enjoy eggs prepared in this way.

### Stuffed Eggs

Cut hard-cooked eggs in halves, either lengthwise or cross-wise, remove the yolks, mash them, season with salt and pepper, grated cheese, salad dressing, or any cooked finely chopped meat desired, and melted butter to make the mixture soft enough to handle, form into balls and refill the halved whites. Put in a bake dish, cover with white sauce, and if wished, sprinkle with cheese. Reheat in the oven, and serve hot.

### Omelets

Possibly omelets are the best liked method of serving eggs; they are certainly one of the easiest, and are so varied as to never need to become monotonous. If one has not a heavy aluminum pan kept for the sole purpose of cooking omelets, a very smooth, clean, heavy frying pan will answer the purpose quite well.

Usually we allow one egg to a person, and one tablespoon of liquid is used to each egg. The liquid may be milk, water, tomato juice, soup stock or vegetable liquid. The seasonings are innumerable. Heat the pan and butter the bottom and sides well. Beat the eggs till very light, separating them if wished, add the seasonings and liquid and pour into the hot buttered pan, cover closely and cook over a moderate heat, till the bottom is browned, and the top will not stick if touched with the finger. Covering the pan causes the omelet to puff. Hold the handle of the pan in the left hand, with a case knife in the right hand, make an incision across the omelet then with the knife, fold the upper half over the lower, and turn out on a hot platter and serve before the omelet "falls."

### Variations

Add chopped parsley before cooking. Add chopped or grated cheese to the egg mixture, or sprinkle on top before folding over.

Add chopped cooked meat, such as ham or bacon, tongue, corned beef, etc. Add chopped cooked chicken.

Add flaked cooked fish, with tomato or white sauce, poured around the omelet.

Add cooked vegetables such as peas, string beans, asparagus, cauliflower.

Fold oysters, cooked and drained in the omelet, and arrange on top or around it, with or without white sauce.

Garnish with slices of ripe tomatoes, either raw or broiled or fried, using tomato juice as the liquid in the omelet.

Make a plain omelet, put rich tomato sauce in it before folding, then pour more of the hot sauce around it to serve.

Omit the pepper, add 1 t. sugar to the omelet when mixing, cook, spread with jelly or jam, fold, sprinkle with sugar and serve hot as a dessert.

Use thin white sauce in place of the liquid in the omelet, cook, fold and garnish with hot cooked asparagus tips, and pour the remaining white sauce around it.

Flavor with dried beef, torn into small pieces.

Add mushrooms, sliced and sauteed in butter.

Add a little cooked rice flavored with onions chopped and cooked in butter.



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# Sew Something Simple---and Something Smart

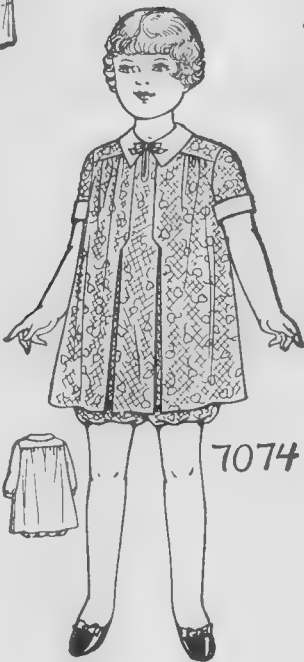


7005 — Ladies' and Misses Lounging Robe. Cut in 6 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for misses and 40, 44 and 48 inches for ladies. An 18-year size in full length requires 4 yards 39 inches wide. For the garment in short length 3 3/4 yards will be required. Facings of contrasting material requires 1 2/3 yard of 18-inch material cut in strips 5 3/4 inches wide (for full length). For short length 1 2/3 yard is required. Price 15c.

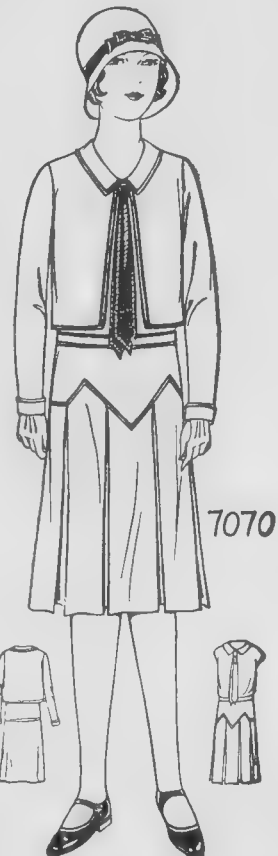


7093—This is an excellent style for gingham, percale, unbleached muslin or rubberized materials. A simple finish with bias binding, or rick rack braid is suggested. The back and front are cut with comfortable fullness, and serviceable pockets trim the front. Designed in one size: medium. It will require 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material. To finish with bias binding as shown in the large view, will require 7 1/2 yards 1 1/2 in. wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

7074 — Girl's Bloomer Dress. Designed in sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 2 3/4 yards 35 inches wide for the dress with long sleeves, and bloomers. For contrasting material 1/4 yard is required cut crosswise. Price 15c.



7070 — Girl's Dress. Designed in sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 14-year size requires 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch material. The tie requires 1/4 yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise. Price 15c.



7065 — A very simple dress in which the waist portions may be of contrasting material, and a comfortable smart coat comprise this style. As pictured the skirt was made of blue wool crepe and the waist of tan crepe. The jacket is of tan suede, but may be of wool crepe, lined to match skirt or waist portions. The raglan sleeve and ample pockets are interesting features of the jacket. Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, it will require 4 1/2 yards of one material 35 inches wide for a 12-year size. The jacket alone will require 2 1/4 yards of 35-inch material. The dress alone will require 2 1/4 yards. To line the coat requires 1 3/4 yards. The skirt of contrasting material will require 1 1/3 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



## An Invitation to enjoy this New Instruction Service



EVERY day more girls are discovering the happiness of making their own clothes. For if it is fun to choose in the stores the ready-made dress you would love to have, it is ten times more thrilling when you plan it yourself—when you select a design that is becoming, then choose the fabrics and colors that seem to have been created just for you, then watch it grow to loveliness, adding those distinctive touches that make it your very own.

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# SPRING FROM

## CREATIONS PHILIPPE AND GASTON

Tunic in blue flamenga worn with a skirt trimmed with wide box pleats. Trimmings of white flamenga.

Coat matching the latter dress in flamenga in plain blue. Cut-outs in points. Group of pleats at the bottom.



## CREATIONS CHAPPUIS-COVRAT

Ensemble of Celanese in red. The dress is of white Celanese crepe.



## CREATIONS JENNY

Very new ensemble composed of a skirt of black broadcloth and a plaid foulard blouse. A little red cloth coat is worn with it. The hat is of the same material as the coat.



# MODES PARIS



## CREATIONS WORTH

Dinner dress in blue muslin. All the fullness is caught by gathers.

Evening dress in black georgette; the drapes are irregularly placed on the hips. Wreath of silver flowers on one shoulder.



## CREATIONS JEANNE REGNY

Sport dress in black jersey and printed small white spots. The dress is slightly shaped and is trimmed with scarf collar which can be taken off.

Little afternoon dress in black and white crepe de chine. The little cape comes only to the sides. A small collar of white silk pique finished the neck.



## CREATIONS PATOU

Very smart dress in coral silk crepe trimmed with georgette.

A skirt of black broadcloth is worn with a blouse tunic in heavy white satin.



Approximate  
Calories  
per ounce

|                  |     |
|------------------|-----|
| Peanuts.....     | 100 |
| White Bread...   | 75  |
| Sirloin Steak... | 60  |
| Cream.....       | 54  |
| Eggs.....        | 39  |
| Chicken.....     | 19  |
| Potatoes.....    | 18  |



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## Paris Modes for Spring

Continued from page 56

truth. Stockings are now more studied than ever. Although much less of them is seen, what there is must be exactly right as to shades. Before this almost any light shade stocking was suitable, providing it was either gray or beige or flesh color. Then the mode for different shade stockings came, and now their variation is infinite. At present fashion has decreed that hose must nearly match the frock. Thus we have whole families of browns, near browns and rose browns, etc., which will eventually, if not entirely match, at least blend with almost any frocks we may possess, the essential is that the line below the skirt should not be broken. Some of the best designers have gone further by assorting shoes and stockings. When this is not possible, the hose will nevertheless harmonize as near as possible with the footwear, and the general tone of the gown. The new silk hose are manufactured entirely without sheen, so far this has only been possible with real silk, and is one of the reasons for it; to distinguish the real from the artificial.

Fine silk is still the favorite hose medium. However, for sport it is not the correct thing, and fine lisle a much better style.

The bead-burdened collars and cuffs of last season have not outlived their time. This year varnished leather has replaced them as a new accessory to the simple dresses. A belt comes with them which fastens with a nickel buckle. Both dull and shiny leather are made up into the Eton or the rolled collar. Plaited thongs of kid leather in two tones are also among the novelties in materials to make up cuffs and collars.

Fine lingerie, and fine and precious lace are still the correct neckwear with afternoon gowns.

Wool flowers are among the new dress ornaments for this season. They are made in flat relief, and look almost sculptured. A new kind of wool material is used, which has very much the weave of flannel. The petals, and the leaves are obviously stuffed before the veining is outlined by very small hand stitches. The result is a very flat group of flowers which blends harmoniously with the wool dresses which are going to be the favorites of the new season.

**H**ATS promise to be very small again, at least for the beginning of the fine days. Later as the sun increases the warmth of its rays, capelines are expected to appear to shade complexions from its too ardent caresses.

Celophane straw, and all manner of shiny materials are the forerunners of the millinery season. Shapes are very much in the same "esprit" as the ones of the winter. Foreheads continue to be shamelessly exposed, unfortunately

often regardless of the age of the wearer. Kind little veils are the addition which is used by those between 30 and 60. Manufacturers have even gone as far as designing a row of little question marks intending to represent light curls on the edge of veils and also hide if possible the outrage of years on many aged foreheads. Outside of that hats have not startled fashion so far by anything very new. Later will see more developments.

Bags are, on the contrary, showing a great variety of styles. One was of black satin with little squares of white. The clasp was a bar of onyx ending with two large balls cut of the same stone. Black suede and antelope are still very much in favor for afternoon. Marca site initials and elaborate clasps of jade, onyx or crystal are the usual ornaments. For sport and morning wear, crocodile plays a prominent part along with galuchat (shark skin) and pig skin. Lizard and serpent are not so good since they have been imitated in cheap materials. Clasps are being made into thousands of different, ingenious ways. On the whole, hand bags are exceedingly practical, combining the least bulk with all kinds of useful additions.

Umbrellas have won their place in women's wardrobes. Far away are the days when one umbrella was all it was necessary to possess. It was usually black and was a kind of family object, very much like a piece of furniture. Now women have found that umbrellas, like everything else in their wardrobe, should be assorted. So each frock has its own little rain stick to go with it. The dome shape which had been discarded for a while for the flat style of the Japanese parasol is coming back into favor as being more practical. Silk is of course the material employed for covers. Taffeta in stripes multi-colored, and in tonalities harmonizing with the dress worn. The idea of colored silk umbrellas is very practical. The last several rainy summers in Paris have been the reason for their creation. The uncertainty of the weather brought back the "en cas" of our grandmothers, in case of rain or sun.

The new umbrella handles are of tortoiseshell, and some are lizard-covered. Cut crystal with reptile skin is also very fashionable. Animal heads in modernistic designs or a simple crook which fits simply over the forearm are the leading styles in handles.

So that with the new season dresses, and all their accompanying frivolities and furbelows, as well as the brand new sunshine, and blossoms, and leaves and what-not that go with spring, there is no room for gloomy thoughts about depression, low market quotations, and such, which we have been hearing during all the long dreary days of winter. King Winter is dead, long live King Spring!!

## Equine Sympathy

By C. C. Gerber

For weeks I've seen you standing there  
Upon the lot beside the jail,  
Your body bent beyond repair,  
Tagged with a sign that says, "For Sale."

And though I toil upon the road  
From early morn till evening late,  
When passing I forget my load  
Awhile, and ponder on your fate.

Your owner drove all summer long;  
He "pounded you upon the tail,"  
And sometimes on the "Danger" curves  
He even rode you on the rail.

No hour too late, no mud too deep—  
And when you thought the grade too steep

He used a sort of dev'lish skill,  
And coaxed you till you climbed the hill.

But winter joy rides give no thrill,  
Your price will pay the grocer's bill;  
And so he placed you on the square  
To catch the eye of suckers there.

On other lots, on other streets,  
Your brothers and your cousins stand.  
My horse-sense tells me it's the same  
In every city of the land.

No roof to shield you from the storm,  
No exercise to keep you warm;  
I know exactly how you feel!—  
A second-hand automobile!

# First and Largest Animal Cemetery

Continued from page 24

reason or their excessive sentimentality; and if one smiles it is indulgently.

THE number of famous people who have taken plots for their pets is so large as to make impossible giving more than a few selected names such as Edmond Rostand, Leon Daudet, Saint Saens, Rejane, Coquelin, Sacha Guitry, Sully Prudhomme, the Princess Lobanoff, and the Grand Duke Nicholas.

Just as one finds in the last resting places of men the same sentiment repeated over and over again on monuments, so here for epitaphs for their animals many people have chosen the same lines by noted writers. Those most often repeated are the words of Victor Hugo: "A dog is virtue, which having been unable to become a man, is a beast instead." Those of Pascal: "The more I see of men, the more I love my dog." And those of Lamartine:

"Ah, come, this last of my friends,  
Who rejoices in hearing my steps,  
Dry my tearful eyes, lay thy heart  
close to mine,  
And alone in the world, let us love  
each other.

How deeply the loss of his pet affected one man is revealed by these poignant lines cut in golden lettering upon a beautiful red marble tomb.

Dick

"His memory haunts me. I miss his caresses. I recall with pain how I corrected him too harshly. Now I am left alone, not believing in anything. Life has bruised me."

Another tomb is a glowing tribute to an animal and a bitter reflection upon the owner made quite frankly by himself:

Touboul

1913-1925

His eyes reflected his thoughts so much better than human ones. If he had stood before my grave, he would have died. *But I Live On!*

What interesting life story lies perhaps hidden in the words upon the tomb of another dog:

"My little Goss who was my sole support during the long years of my captivity."

Another tomb, bearing the portrait of an Irish terrier set into the stone, requests: "Near this tomb make no noise. My treasure, Gillette, is not dead, but sleeps.

Maton, noted accompanist of the singer Patti, had two bars of music engraved in stone upon the tomb of his pet "Fa Sol."

Above the resting place of two cats, Pompon and Kiki, is raised a wooden headpiece with two paws painted upon it. The large white tomb raised by the Princess Lobanoff to her dogs Marquis and Tony (shown in one of the accompanying photographs) bears the crown of her family above the epitaphs. Many of the graves have variously shaped little kennels as monuments. The nearest approach to an ordinary headstone is that raised to Athos. A very fine picture of this dog has been placed in a deep recess behind heavy glass, so that it can remain untouched by the elements for centuries.

The oddest tomb of all is that raised to a French poodle, winner of

the Grand Prize at the 1905 dog show in Paris. It is marked with the coronet of his titled owner. The poodle is reproduced life size in a plaster cast. To protect this from the elements a large bell jar was specially made. Of all the thousands of monuments this is the only one that has an air slightly incongruous.

At the lowest part of the island, just above the river's edge, is the crematorium and a large number of the more modest graves which are kept for only a year or two. This is the only part of the entire cemetery where the absence of thick foliage permits a photograph giving a general view of a number of graves.

Just at the moment this was written two huge blocks of stone were placed here. Out of one of these certain war dogs who performed heroic services will be carved. The other will bear the images of some famous carrier pigeons which distinguished themselves. A small monument already stands to Pax and X, a cat and dog who by their actions always warned the French soldiers of the approach of poison gas.

Among the graves for horses the most celebrated is that of Troytown, winner of the Grand Prix, who died afterwards upon the course.

Nearby is a tiny tombstone raised to a canary with an epitaph: "Oh you other birds when flying around this tomb sing your sweetest to my little one."

TO anyone interested in statistics, one notes from comparing many tombs that the average length of life of cats and dogs seems to be between 9 and 11 years. However, quite a number lived 12, 14, 15 and 17 years. Cats seem to live the longest. One difficulty in making the estimate was that very often only the names were upon the tombs, and, as French people call both cats and dogs by the same, the observer could not know which species was represented. The French are great animal lovers but not very original in choosing names, so that one reads with astonishment the endless repetition of Kiki, Fifi, Coco, Toto, Rip and Loulou etc.

The majority of animal funerals are very simple affairs. Now and then, however, one is marked by ritual and ceremony of an unusual order. Such was the burial of a famous Pekinese from the Chinese Legation in Paris. All the ladies of the staff came in their native costumes. In the grave they placed flowers and pieces of silk at the bottom; cushions were placed around the sides before the body of the dog was put in place, and then flowers and cloth laid over it. This in keeping with the custom that the animal must not be put in a coffin, but buried in the earth without, however, the earth touching it.

In recent years the number of interments has grown to such an extent that little space remains upon the island. It is a charming and restful place. Yet though unusual and different, interesting to all, animal lovers in particular, it is one of the least known places in France. No guide book tells its story, and even hundreds of thousands of Parisians have never heard of it. Here on the outskirts of one of the world's oldest cities a custom is revived that has not been common among men since the time of the ancient Egyptians.

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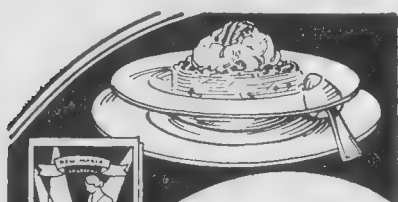
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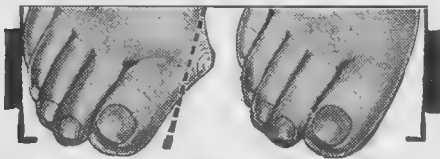
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**FLUSHO**

## A Pilgrim

Continued from page 40

"Yes'm; all the folks down to the village was fond o' the president, he was that jolly an' free, an' no stuck-up city airs; no'm; jest free and easy, an' a-sparkin' the gals with the best o' them—"

The old man laughed and crossed his arms under the barrel of his shotgun.

"Folks said he might o' married old man Dawson's darter if he'd lived. I dun'no. I guess it was all fun. But I hear the gal took on awful when they told her he was dead; yes'm.

TOWARDS evening Langham waded across the river, drew in his dripping line, put up his rod, and counted and weighed his fish. Then, lighting a pipe, he re-slung the heavy creel across his back and started up the darkening path. From his dripping tweeds the water oozed; his shoes wheezed and slopped at every step; he was tired, soaked, successful—but happy? Possibly.

It was dark when the lighted windows of the lodge twinkled across the hill; he struck out over the meadow head bent, smoking furiously.

On the steps of the club-house Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent greeted him with the affectionate heartiness of men who disliked his angling methods; the steward measured, and entered on the club-book.

"Finest creel this year, sir," said the steward, admiringly.

The Major grew purple; the Colonel carefully re-measured the largest fish.

"Twenty-one inches, steward," he said. "Wasn't my big fish of last Thursday twenty-two?"

"Nineteen, sir," said the steward, promptly.

"Then it shrank like the devil," said the Colonel. "By gad! It must have shrunk in the creel!"

But Langham was in no mood to savor his triumph. He climbed the stairs wearily, leaving little puddles of water on each step, slopped down the hallway, entered his room, and sank into a chair, too weary, too sad even to think.

Presently he lighted his lamp. He dressed with his usual attention to detail, and touched the electric button above his bed.

"I'm going back tomorrow morning," he said to the servant who came. "Return in an hour and pack my traps."

Langham sat down. He had no inclination for dinner. With his chin propped on his clinched hands he sat there thinking. A sound fell on his ear, the closing of a door at the end of the hall, the padded pattering of a dog's feet, a scratching, a whine.

He opened his door; the bull-terrier trotted in and stood before him in silence. His Highness held in his mouth a letter.

Langham took the note with hands that shook. He could scarcely steady them to open the envelope; he could scarcely see to read the line:

"Why are you going away?"

He rose, made his way to the desk like a blind man, and wrote:

"Because I love you."

For an hour he sat there in the lamp-lit room. The servant came to pack up for him, but he sent the man away, saying that he might change his mind. Then he resumed his waiting, his head buried in his hands. At last, when he could endure the silence no longer, he rose and walked the floor, backward, forward, pausing breathless to listen for the patter of the dog's feet in the hall. But no sound came; he stole to the door and listened, then stepped into the hall. The light still burned in her room, streaming out through the transom.

She would never send another message to him by His Highness; he understood that now. How he cursed himself for his momentary delusion! How he scorned himself for reading anything but friendly kindness in her message! How he burned with self-contempt for his raw, brutal reply, crude as the blurted offer of a yokel.

That settled the matter. If he had any decency left, he must never offend her eyes again. How could he have hoped? How could he have done it? Here, too!—here in this place so sanctified to her by associations—here, whither she had come upon her pious pilgrimage—here, where at least he might have left her to her dead!

Suddenly, as he stood there, her door opened. She saw him standing there. For a full minute they faced each other. Presently His Highness emerged from behind his mistress and trotted out into the hall.

Behind His Highness came his mistress, slowly, more slowly. The dog carefully held a letter between his teeth, and when Langham saw it he sprang forward eagerly.

"No, no!" she said. "I did not mean—I cannot—I cannot—Give me back that letter!"

He had the letter in his hand; her hand fell over it; the color surged into her face and neck. The letter dropped from her yielding hand; the thrill from their interlocked fingers made her faint, and she swayed forward towards him, so close that their lips touched, then clung, crushed in their first kiss.

Meanwhile His Highness picked up the letter and stood politely waiting.

## Easter

By Vera V. Robertson

The World this day is all enriched with hope  
For the sad burden of the cross is lifted now.

His yearning love went with Him as He  
climbed up Calvary,  
And only gentle thoughts behind the  
thorn-crowned brow.

The world this day is all enriched with hope  
For out of the dark earth the Lord has come.

And though the haunting mystery of death  
we may not solve,  
We know the dead are given life His cross  
has won.

## Washing Day

By Jessie de Goutiere

Sunshine shining through the window  
Onto Anna at her washing;  
Laughing, blue-eyed Anna  
So slim and tall and fair.  
Leaning o'er a wash-tub full of  
Iridescent bubbles,  
Singing at her washing,  
With soap-suds in her hair.

Sunshine streaming o'er the garden  
Onto Anna with her basket  
Hanging out the washing  
On the clothes line 'neath the trees.  
Maude and pink, and blue and yellow  
The clothes like coloured butterflies,  
Seem to strain and struggle,  
To escape upon the breeze.



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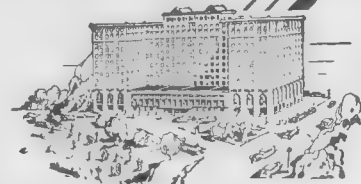
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## Busy Business Women in B.C.

Continued from page 4

with \$2.50 in pocket. I took a house with that amount of "capital" and got along finely until I was haled off to a hospital, a nervous break-down; but I directed my business from the hospital ward, got on my feet again, and things went well. War brought the cost of living up. Balancing the ledger was a problem; and, when this bank was looking for a dietitian to handle the lunch-room for their staff, by happy chance I received the offer four years ago, and here I am still!"

Beyond these bald facts no "interview" was possible; but there was a big story behind the smile! I got it elsewhere: Miss Catherine Welch, English born, was a society belle who sang her way into Vancouver hearts as a girl. Her histrionic gifts gave rare promise, but a (romantic) marriage stifled stage honors. In a trip to Pasadena, California, her singing attracted so much attention that she was offered the position of Choir leader in a "fashionable" church in the city of millionaires. She turned to B.C. to meet a catastrophic blow that shattered every illusion of a young wife and mother. She took a hand each of her baby boys and started out—alone, to meet (and conquer) circumstances. She did both but it took time, energy and good health, her only capital. To-day Catherine Welch Pearson owns her own pretty home on Vancouver Heights—her boys, still holding the brave hands of a brave mother, are giving a good account of themselves—and the smile that grew in the Garden-of-Tears,

shows no sign of failing, for it has been the sunshine of her home.

Isabell Crawford of Kamloops

**A**UTHOR of "The Redman's Prayer," "The Tapestry of Time," and now at work upon "Under The Eagle's Wing," teaches school every prosaic day, but lets her thoughts "go" when school is out. Her themes are drawn from historical sources, the lady possessing a mind versatile beyond description.

"I understand your inspiration comes from psychic sources, Miss Crawford?" I ventured (her friend the Duchess di Lanti having so informed me), but the young lady laughed: "My inspiration" comes from perspiration!" she said 'as all real writing comes, but the book I am at work on now is a recital of adventures, experiences of my father, whose colorful career began a long, long, time ago!"

Isabell Crawford has the rhythmic lilt of Bobby Burns in her verse, for the great Scotch poet was a first cousin of Miss Crawford's great grandmother, Margaret Fulton. Miss Isabell's family stock (in Canada) comes from U.E. Loyalist blood; all of them artists in many lines, a Receiver-General of the Island of Newfoundland being her great grandfather, Hon. John Bemister.

The types presented in my Paper are representative of Canada's best and bravest womanhood. The blood of pioneers runs through their veins; thus they may be classed as Women Builders of the West.

## Mind Deposits

By George W. Tuttle

Why not drop a flower on the grave of buried hopes rather than walk over it roughshod?

Fires kindled by human matches must of necessity warm either angels or devils.

Soul-manna is the best cure for a repelling manner.

Self respect is a life-builder, but self conceit is a life-wrecker.

When a lady said to her underpaid pastor, "You would look well in a surplice," he replied: "My people expect me to look well in a deficit."

Empty beauty may remind us of a beautiful vase, but is not every virtue a flower to enhance the beauty of the human vase?

If we work overtime to seem original some would-be humorist may remark, "Aboriginal!"

Purity is the best beauty insurance.

Almost everything but Heaven can now be obtained on the instalment plan.

Note that plethora of words is often a sign—a sign of paucity of ideas.

Why should we hasten to embalm a neighbor's failings with spicy remarks?

Ballots are life preservers, if used; if unused they become millstones.

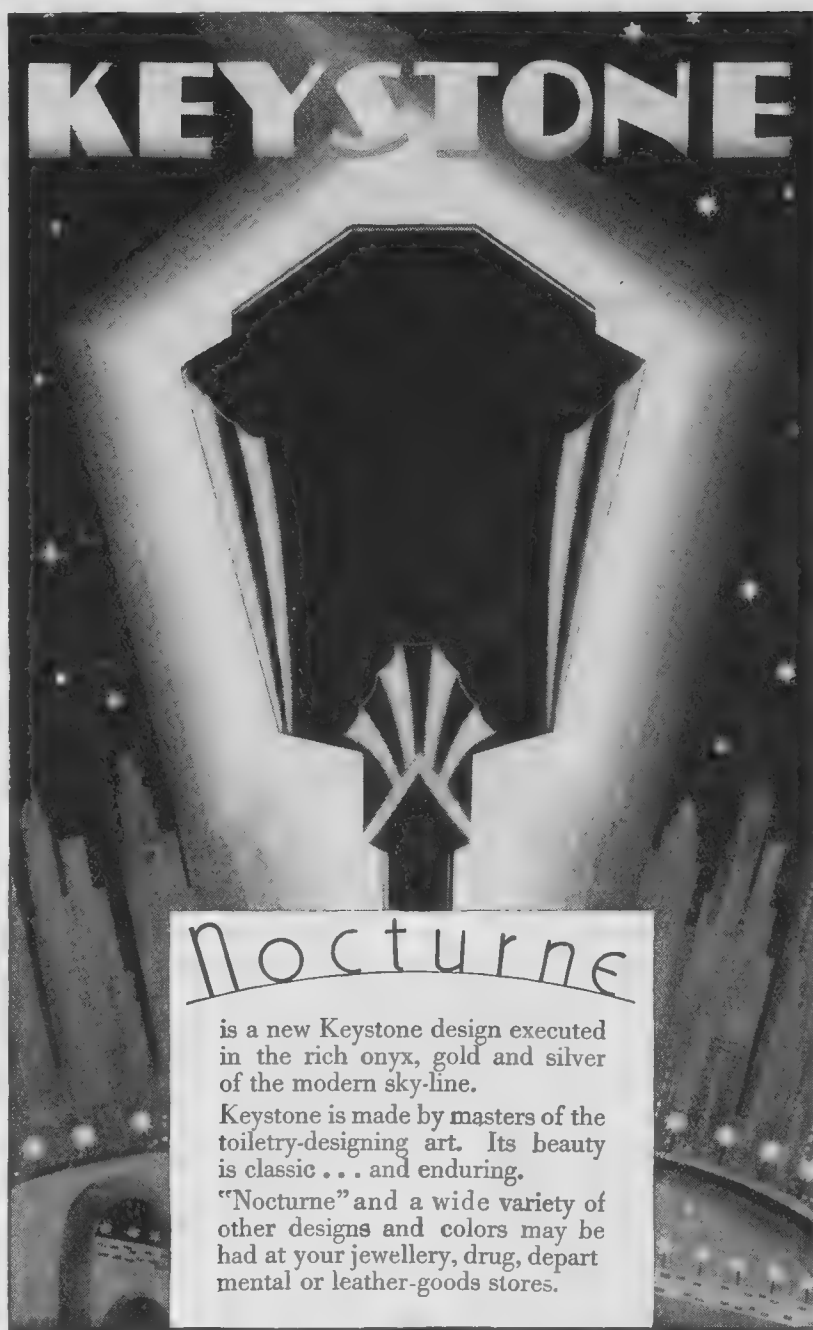
A lie is no trifle, it is an unsightly knot in the character timber of life.

Luck is only a mirage in life's desert, but Pluck is a guide to the oases of life.

Why not make "Exhibit A" of the choicest of our blessings, then exhibit them to Old Man Worry when he calls?

The Gospel is like paint for it must be spread in order to be useful.

The Hills of Hard Work are the foothills of the Mountain of Achievement.



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"Tie a little string around your finger," but do not overlook starting this exceptionally intriguing story in the May issue of

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



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## SLOAN'S Liniment

## The Greatest Thing

By Edward Ormerod

THERE lies on my desk today a well-thumbed copy of Professor Henry Drummond's little book, "The Greatest Thing in the World." I have just concluded a many times-repeated reading of it, and to those who are not familiar with it, and who love the beautiful in life, who cherish the noble and lovely things wherever found, I warmly commend it.

Who shall estimate for us the result of putting away out of our lives everything of hate, ill-temper, envy, malice, criticism, greed, intolerance? How frequently do we come upon the disastrous results of these things in the working out of our own or the lives of those about us. The genius discouraged, the kindness turned to indifference, the friendships estranged, the tender feelings trodden upon—through lack of The Greatest Thing!

Men are learning slowly to prepare themselves not for death, as we used to do, but for life. After all these years we are just beginning to appreciate the idea that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us—not a far-off place to go to some day, as we had come to think of it, but a something to be realized here and now—within us. Only through long ages of time and tragedies of experience are we learning the true nature of the interdependence of men, that truly no one of us lives to himself alone.

No man today aiming at achievement in any legitimate sphere of human endeavor can afford to permit within the compass of his personality hate, antagonism or enmity toward others. Such sentiments are of the nature of destructiveness, and must be guarded against with the same care we use against fire, burglary or other destructive agencies. The practice of indulging in spells or outbursts of hatred or enmity, like material conflagrations, leaves always behind it ashes and loss. The dignity of sane living, the culture of worth-while personality, large attainment, high achievement, all are rendered difficult or impossible where such emotions are given place, where their anti-social influences are permitted to set up and function. Many of us there be who spend year after year a large measure of effort in indulgence in these destructive emotions, or in weak and inefficient attempts at the control or abolishment of them, wasting so much nervous energy and setting

into operation forces which must inevitably recoil to our own disadvantage as well as to the hurt of those against whom they are aimed.

On the other hand, the culture and development in one's own life of The Greatest Thing, is truly constructive and as it grows becomes a means to further progress along the chosen path, to attainment of increasing measure of successful living, material, cultural, mental, spiritual.

Analyzing The Greatest Thing, Professor Drummond says this:

"Paul, in three verses, very short, gives us an amazing analysis of what this supreme thing is. I ask you to look at it. It is a compound thing, he tells us. It is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into component colors—red, and blue, and yellow, and orange, and violet, and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing, Love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the Spectrum of Love, the analysis of Love. Will you observe what its elements are? Will you notice that they have common names; that they are virtues that we hear about every day; that they are things that can be practiced by every man in every place in life; and how, by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues, the supreme thing, the *summum bonum* is made up?"

"The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients:

Patience—'Love suffereth long.'  
Kindness—'And is kind.'  
Generosity—'Love envieth not.'  
Humility—'Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.'  
Courtesy—'Doth not behave itself unseemly.'  
Unselfishness—'Seeketh not her own.'  
Good Temper—'Is not easily provoked.'  
Guilelessness—'Thinketh no evil.'  
Sincerity—'Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.'  
"Patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness, sincerity—these make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man."

## In Came Cynthia

Continued from page 69

In the last afternoon at his disposal he remembered a duty visit he should have paid sooner. Thoughts of the bright hair of the girl he was seeking reminded him of that other red-haired girl he had loved. The uncle of that boyish sweetheart of his had once been rector of St. Chrysostome's. But, no less renowned for his eloquence than for his saintliness, he had had a call to the larger city years ago.

He was reading in his study when Carter was announced. He did not know Carter at first, it had been fifteen years since he had left St. Chrysostome's. He was delighted when he recognized his visitor.

"You can't stay to dinner with us, Herbert?" he asked. "I am sorry. My daughter will be coming in for tea shortly, I fancy. I hear pussy in the hall." He smiled at Carter. "The child has some absurd name for her pet... Ah, yes, 'Diph-

theria,' if I remember rightly. Well, Diphtheria seems always to know the tea-hour."

Herbert Carter's heart began to beat loudly. It seemed to him that not even *Le Gros Bourdon* in the tower of Notre Dame when it calls the faithful to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve could boom more loudly.

He heard her voice in the hall. "Typhoid, you rascal, if you don't stop clawing my stockings, you get no cream today."

The door opened. She came in. She looked at him with wide startled eyes... but there was no displeasure in them. A lovely vivid rose flushed her clear skin.

Her father spoke. "Here's a very old friend, daughter. One you haven't seen since you were tiny. My daughter Cynthia, Herbert," said Dr. Little.

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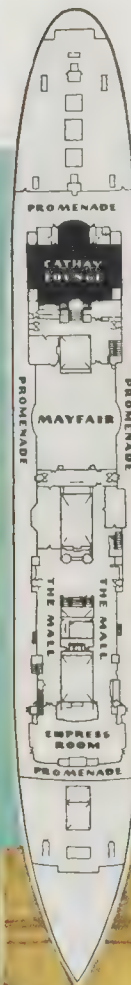




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# Empress<sup>OF</sup> Britain

5 DAYS TO...FROM EUROPE

ST. LAWRENCE...CANADIAN PACIFIC SEAWAY



# THE SPRING CALL OF WAWA

Hear the voice of Wawa in the twilight  
Now the snows are loosened on the plain!  
Hear the word of Wawa going Northward,  
Winging on the soft wind and the rain!  
All the solemn April night resounding  
With the cries of Wawa and his train.

Awake, my April Children,  
And hark,—that startling cry,  
The wild geese going over,  
A great wedge honking high!

The dark resounds with signals,  
The heaven is full of wings,  
And in your heart the flutter  
Of wild imaginings.

The breathless sudden impulse  
To get you out of doors,  
And hear the old goose calling  
On the long trek once more.

He cries the needed warning  
To steer the ragged line,  
By unknown lake and river,  
O'er hills of spruce and pine.

When the warmth of April  
Is stirring in the sedge,  
And the last ice is melting  
Along the lake's blue edge.

Unquestioning he follows  
The lead that lures him forth  
For Athabaskan reed-beds  
And the sunlands of the North.

Behind him press the legions,  
The drive that must prevail;  
Before him lie the wonder,  
The whisper and the trail.

Oh you who hear the music  
Within the April rain,  
And send your hearts to journey  
With Wawa and his train.

You too shall learn the magic  
That makes the woodlands ring,—  
The mystery that fashions  
The beauty of the spring.

(These lovely verses are part of a poem by Bliss Carman the Canadian poet who so recently died. Wawa is the Indian name for the great Canada goose which leads the flight northward in the spring time.)

## SOMETHING RECEIVED

More and more poems, and in due time most of these will appear in the Corner. A letter from Beth Bland of 231-2nd St., Brandon. Beth wishes to join the Cosy Corner. You are a member now Beth, and to win a gold button you must simply try and win in one of the "Something To Do" competitions which appear nearly every month. Beth is eleven and would, I am sure, be glad to receive letters from other Cornerites.

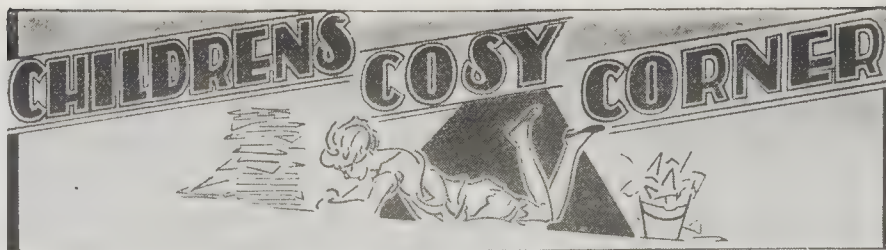
Helen Johnson of Erickson, Man., writes to thank us for the Gold Button she won. Helen has not been feeling well but I am sure she is much better now this lovely weather has come.

Elsie J. Kent of Riverhurst, Sask. would like to have some correspondents. Elsie is fourteen and has sent us a poem which we hope to publish later on.

Kathleen Pearson of Kuskanook, B.C., wrote a letter to us and it disappeared from her desk. However she has written again to thank us for her gold button. Kathleen wishes to become a writer, and we wish her luck. The only way to accomplish this is to write and write. Send in stories and if they come back, write more stories and send them in, and then some day perhaps a story will be accepted and your life as a writer will have begun.

Violet Edwards of Shining Bank, Alta., wishes to have some correspondents. Violet is thirteen and in grade 6, but she had to remain away from school a great deal, and hopes now to continue her education without a break. In the summer this energetic little girl looks after twenty-two head of cattle. She is fond of reading, sewing, and embroidery, is a nature lover, and takes part in all sports such as riding, swimming, skating and skiing, although she modestly says she is not much good at these. Violet would like to have some correspondents from Eastern Canada, especially Quebec, boys and girls older than she is, and she promises nice newsy letters in reply.

Gladys Evelyn Latimer of Boissevain was delighted to receive a gift for her scrap book, and writes an enthusiastic little note to thank the Cosy Corner.



## Something to Do

It's April, and Spring Time is here. You see the sunshine and feel the warm west wind, you hunt out on the prairies for crocuses, and watch the birds come back, and hear the first robin, but what a lot of boys and girls there are who don't see and hear these things, boys and girls who are shut up in hospitals mending broken legs, curing illnesses and being nursed back to health that will let them race around out doors in the spring sun. Your scrap books went to children like this, now how would you like to write some of them letters? You don't know their names, but you could write something like this, Dear Boy-in-a-Hospital;

Dear Girl-in-a-Hospital; and write your very best and most cheerful letters, enclose pussy willow or a crocus if you can find them, tell about the birds you have seen, or anything else that interests you. If you enjoy it, so will the sick boy or girl. Perhaps you have a picture of yourself, if so put it in your letter, or put anything interesting, stories, or pictures. Send in your letters to Bobby Burke before the end of April, and the good letters will receive gold buttons, and the BEST letter will win a book; and all the letters will be sent to sick children. Here's something nice for you to do, and something kind, a good deed for to-day.

## A Trip to Far Off Holland

OUR aeroplane is going in a different direction this time instead of heading West, towards Honolulu and California, it is turning East towards the sun and the continent of Europe, and here we are in a small boat landing at a dock at the Hook of Holland. It's a queer name, that for a place, isn't it? But it's quite right, and we soon find our way into busses and start off down the cobble paved road to The Hague. The three chief cities of Holland, are The Hague, Amsterdam and



Dutch Costumes

Rotterdam, and there is a likeness about them so that if we tell you about one, you will be able to picture them all, a little bit. In the first place they are beautifully clean. Not only are the streets washed and brushed, but the houses outside are as well, and the brass knockers and trimmings shine like the sun. The houses are different from ours, more square in shape, and with a high front in many cases, but always lots of windows filled with the whitest curtains I have ever seen. Even the tiny and poor little houses along the canals are spotless. Down these canals, which thread their way all through this flat country, sail great flat bottomed barges, long boats that carry freight of all kinds, lumber, coal, iron and so on. In the cabins of these barges live the wife and family of the man who runs it. They always have a dog too who runs furiously along the boat and barks at people driving along the nearby roads. Usually between the road and the canal bank runs another road, narrower than the first and quite smooth and this road is for the bicycles for nearly every one in Holland rides a bicycle. Boys and girls go to school on them; fat mothers go marketing, fathers go to work, and there are nearly as many bicycles in Holland as there are people.

Out in the flat level fields that border the road and canal sides are herds and herds of black and white cows, and in one place is a herd of what is called Royal Belted Dutch. These white cows have a black belt around their middles, and this belt must be perfect or they are not kept in this herd. From the milk from these cows Holland makes great quantities of cheese and butter that is sent to England. Dutch people are fond of cheese themselves too and even have it for breakfast and very good it is. When you arrive at the hotel from the drive up from the Hook you get delicious hot coffee, thin slices of cheese, home made bread and butter, smoked meat, and jam, and don't you tuck in a good breakfast.

In the city streets, which are mostly quite narrow, you will find the Dutch boys and girls dressed as you are but in the country places they still wear the old costumes such as you can see in the picture—the girls in full skirts, with many petticoats underneath them, tight woolen bodices, and white blouses and the pretty winged caps that are so becoming. Both boys and girls wear wooden shoes, and the boys have wide thick woolen trousers, blouses and woolen caps, and they shout and play just as boys do the world over.

Out in the fields among the rows and rows of tulip blossoms, you will find the windmills. Sometimes they are great strong buildings, with stone foundations and huge wings, sometimes they are tiny wooden things that look so small you might carry one home, but all the windmills are busy, so busy—and they make the country look rather like a picture in spite of its flatness.

The Dutch people still have to fight the sea to keep it out of their fields, and you can see the great walls of earth that they have erected, and more wonderful still you can see the land they are making by filling up with rubbish a portion of the Zuyder Zee.

It's a delightful place, Holland, everyone is so smiling and kind, and while you are there enjoying their hospitality you must visit some of their great galleries and see what the artists of their country have done. You will love the Dutch pictures, they are full of stories and color. In the Rembrandt gallery in Amsterdam you can see the great picture, "The Night Watch" and many other pictures of this and other famous artists such as Van Dyck, Franz Hals, Jan Steen and Paul Potter. In Amsterdam, too, you may be taken to visit the diamond cutting works, where the diamonds from the mines are cut and polished ready for mounting.

There are any number of places I would like to take you, and things I'd like you, do in Holland, but I am afraid our plane is waiting and back we must go from this very interesting little journey to the land of windmills.

There's a nice little book called "Things Seen in Holland," by Charles E. Roche. See if you can't get it from your library and read more about these interesting people and places.

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## PIMPLES

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By Daily Use of

## Cuticura Soap

Heal Rashes and Irritations  
with Cuticura Ointment





### Controversy and Truth

THE writer of a letter printed in one of the Winnipeg newspapers suggests that Winnipeg should have a place of public assemblage where individuals who cannot be happy unless they can proclaim their opinions and doctrines aloud and argue vehemently in support of them could do so under the police protection, as in Hyde Park in London on Sunday afternoons. The crowds drawn to Hyde Park for the fun of listening to the "soap boxers" take special delight when they have the good fortune, as they esteem it, of a vigorous argument between advocates of opposing beliefs on adjacent soap boxes. It is the same delight, in milder form, as that of the crowd at a boxing match when either boxer lands a resounding wallop on the other. Controversy is often good fun, and often it is unavoidable. More than that, it is often necessary and a duty. But serene and original thinkers have always known in their hearts that you cannot have the spirit of controversy and the pure spirit of truth at the same time.

### Are You Meditative?

IN AN article he wrote for the London Times before he left for home at the close of the Round Table Conference on the problems presented by India, which was presided over by Prime Minister MacDonald, the Maharajah of Alwar expressed concern over "the disappearance of the British Sunday." After saying that, of course, he "was not a Sabbatarian who believed that binding rules for the proper observance of Sunday were laid down in the Christian Bible," the Maharajah declared that "he believed earnestly that restlessness has already gone too far among the Western peoples, and that it would be better for them if they retained one day out of every seven for rest and meditation." What struck The Philosopher on reading the Maharajah's article was that it is all very well for an Oriental to proclaim the importance of devoting time to meditation. The fact is that we of "the Western peoples" are not by nature meditative. (We Canadians, and especially we Western Canadians are surely of "the Western people," if any people are). We are not naturally meditative and we would not take kindly to being trained to meditate. In fact, most of us have a hearty dislike for meditation. We feel that if a man wants to meditate, he should be allowed to meditate, but that he would be making a better use of his time by hustling about in making a living and enjoying himself. Suppose it were possible during a sermon in church or during a speech at a public meeting to look into the minds of the assembled listeners. You would see the minds of most of those seemingly attentive listeners carried away continually on bypaths by a chance word of the speaker, or by a sudden thought of some private business, or by some other sudden thought arriving in the incalculable way thoughts come into our minds.

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## The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS  
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

### Foolish "Superiority"

A HIGHLY-EDUCATED acquaintance of The Philosopher's likes to say that the trouble with the present age is that while the number of really educated men and women is greater than ever before and there are no longer any totally uneducated people, those whom he chooses to speak of as "half-educated people" form the enormous majority. He goes on to point out that in ancient and medieval times there was always a broad line of demarcation between the relatively small number of educated people and the great mass of the uneducated, but that now the "half-educated," to repeat his disdainful term of description, being so vastly the most numerous, are responsible, according to him, for everything that is wrong in the world. When he is asked what he has to propose that should be done about it, he shrugs his shoulders. He is, in fact, one more instance in proof of a thing which The Philosopher came to believe quite a while ago. It is that the persons who esteem themselves as superior in education and outlook to most people are often the most deplorably lacking in the breadth of sympathy, understanding of the true realities of life and genuine desire to do their best for the general good which animate the average men and women whom they look down on as uncultured.

### Thought

THERE is no power in the world greater than the power of a great idea. All the developments in the world are the product of thinking. The birth of an idea in the human mind is the one and only beginning of every human method and institution. Houses, tools, implements, roads, vehicles, ships, engines, railways, aeroplanes, governments, empires, revolutions, civilizations—all began in thought. Thought can be the seed of evil things, as it can be the seed of good things. And there is a kind of thought which stands all by itself. It is caused by the mixture of fear with thinking, which produces, instead of a clear stream of thought, a dark and troubled flow, known by the name of worry. By realizing that fear cannot help us but thought can help us, we can teach ourselves how to prevent fear from mixing with our thought. To let fear get into our thinking is about as helpful as to put the brakes on wheels that are toiling uphill.

### Something Every Cloud Has

SEEING the silver lining to the cloud which is casting gloom is easy. When you are standing in the sunlight yourself, it is not hard to see the silver lining of a cloud that is throwing no shadow on you. When a cloud casts its gloom upon ourselves, the thing we have to do is to realize that as we are in a position from which it is not easy to see the silver lining, we must remember to keep steadfastly in mind the fact that the silver lining is there, all the same. That is the true test of our philosophy.



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# What the World is Saying



*Golf Fiend: "—and zing! lika dat, I make a hole in one!!"*

## Later On She Took Another Look

A woman who wanted a separation order told a London magistrate that her marriage was a case of love at first sight.—Yorkshire Post.

## Like the Gravity of Law in Chicago

A scientist says that the law of gravity is on the way to becoming a discarded hypothesis.—Chicago Tribune.

## No Cold Bath Before Breakfast

"What," asks a writer in a health magazine, "is more pleasant than a cold bath before breakfast?"—Fort William Times-Journal.

## Yes, But Think of the Many that Would!

"If I could live my life over again," announced Mary Pickford recently, "I would not go into motion pictures."—Vancouver Province.

## But Is His Wind What It Used to Be?

Estelle Taylor, the movie actress, who is Mrs. Jack Dempsey, says that her husband may enter politics.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

## Do You Mean for Reducing?

Speaking of international problems as food for thought, we sometimes wonder if the Japanese Diet is any better than the Prussian Diet. —Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

## How Much Interest Was Due the Bank?

The youthful bandit who stole \$540 from a bank at Fort Frances was captured forty-five minutes later and the money recovered.—Selkirk Herald.

## The Ball on Which We Race Through Space

When it comes to world records, the world itself would laugh, if it could laugh, at man's puny efforts to make speed and distance.—Lethbridge Herald.

## Apparently He Wasn't Fly Enough

Montreal's "Human Fly" has been sentenced to six months in the penitentiary for burglary. He must have walked into the wrong parlor. —Kitchener Record.

## Not To Speak Too Seriously

We wish that the chaps at Hollywood who plan and produce those "soul-searing" pictures would occasionally leave their searers at home.—Fargo Tribune.

## She Has Missed Him So Much

A woman in Maine who, according to her husband, fired at him three times without hitting him, after which he left home, now wants him to come back to her.—Halifax Chronicle.

## With an Arctic Beauty Shoppe Next Door

Shining Star, the Eskimo maid who was the winner in an Arctic beauty contest, received as a prize a mirror, the first she has ever owned. By now, no doubt, she has a lipstick and a powder compact. Thus do the institutions of civilization spread to the outer fringes of the world. Before very long, we may be sure, Shining Star will be able to go to an Igloo Movie Theatre.—Calgary Herald.

## Trials of a Long-suffering Editor

It is hard to laugh appreciatively when you hear for the fifty-seventh time the jest about Niagara Falls still being all they have been cracked up to be.—Niagara Falls Review.

## About the Real Color of the Hair

A New York psychologist announces as the result of research work and profound thought that blonde, black or red hair does not tell a thing about the temperament beneath it.—Minneapolis Journal.

## Some Need One to Use From the Neck Up

Science has discovered, writes an authority on the art and practice of beautifying methods, that there are several astringents which have a beneficial effect in reducing a fat neck.—Calgary Herald.

## But Eve Wouldn't Have Listened To It

Sir James Jeans says that if Adam had had a broadcasting plant, and had given a talk about it, that talk would not yet have reached the more distant of the stars, but that if there are people on some of the nearer stars, they might now be listening to it. Probably it would be a talk on gardening.—Manchester Guardian.



*Florist: "I know it will grow on you, sir."*

## A Promissory Note Can Do the Same

"Certain musical notes," according to a writer in the Neurological Review, "have been known to prevent sleep in certain patients suffering from nervous instability."—British Medical Journal.

## He May Be Just Too Refined To Scratch

The aristocratic manner of a Pekingese and the haughty look in his eyes are not proof that he is free from fleas.—Baltimore Sun.

## Why Try To Be the Only Perfect Man?

We feel that we should not worry unduly about making an ass of ourself occasionally. Most of us do that once in a while. —New Westminster British Columbian.

## Nor We, Either

Sir Hubert Wilkins is selecting the crew of the submarine which he proposes to take under the ice to the North Pole. We have several candidates in mind, one of whom we are not which.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

## Some Say Zog May Zig When He Should Zag

King Zogu I, of Albania, whom the newspapers have got into the habit of mentioning as King Zog, has once more been missed by a would-be assassin who took a pot-shot at him. He would appear to be a skillful, or fortunate, dodger of bullets.—Winnipeg Free Press.

## Even Students Can Have Cause for Grief

Trinity College students in Toronto walked out of the dining-room on strike, complaining that they were fed too exclusively on "fish-eyes" (tapioca) and prunes. Did they expect dried-apple pie, too?—Hamilton Herald.

## Personally, We'd Prefer to Go No Farther

Captain Malcolm Campbell, who has attained such world-beating pre-eminence in speeding in a queer contraption of an automobile of his own contriving, says that man is now only just on the threshold of speed.—Medicine Hat News.

## Now Watch Their Dust!

"Sweeping Rights for Women in B.C." says a headline in an Eastern paper over a dispatch setting forth the provisions of the new legislation in regard to the legal rights of women in this province.—Nelson News.

## Well They Are Appliances, Aren't They?

There is to be an Office Equipment and Appliance Exhibition in Toronto next week. No doubt it will include a showing of all the latest things in compacts, lipsticks, vanity cases and other stenographic necessities.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

## Financial Item

Ninety millions were donated to charity by New Yorkers last year, but far greater amounts went to faith and to hope—which has been defined in this connection as "faith holding out its hands in the dark."—Wall Street Journal.

## A Cereal With Very Few Crop Failures

Most of these serial stories seem to be about people sowing wild oats.—Ottawa Journal.

## And It Takes Some Out, Too

"Marriage brings a lot of change into a man's life," writes a novelist.—Glasgow Herald.

## Well, That's Something

The public problems of the present era are surely enough to make any politician think.—Toronto Globe.

## They Should Be Taught How to Stop

Experts in correct diction should be provided to teach radio announcers how to talk.—Quebec Telegraph.

## All Papers in Russia Have to be Red

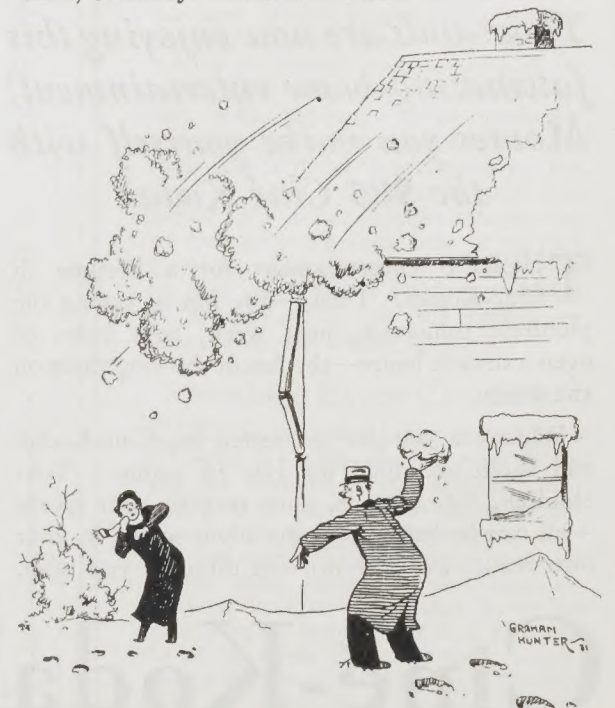
Newspaper circulations in Russia, it is stated, have increased greatly in the past ten years.—Printer's Ink.

## Were They of the Clan MacAroni?

A writer in one of the London afternoon papers waxes facetious about the fact at a Scottish dinner the haggis was borne in by Italian waiters.—Dundee Courier.

## Double and Quit

Fifty per cent of Los Angeles marriages, it is stated, result in divorces. Matrimony is a gamble down there, evidently.—Victoria Colonist.



*"Quit it, Eustace! I have to be just in the mood."*



# Why two spruce bachelors want to go home to their mothers!

Both were dapper young bachelors, adept at balancing cups of tea. Both, however, grew up on farms where food is produced in a man-sized way. This is the way I happened to learn about their longings—

One of them mournfully looked at a tiny sandwich and said, "What wouldn't I give for a big slice of mother's orange cocoanut cake!"

Then the other piped up. He was hungry, he said, for his mother's jam cake with *currant* icing.

Well, having a big kitchen, what did I do? I offered to make both cakes, if these hungry young men would get their mothers' recipes.

Now I know why they were so enthusiastic. The orange cocoanut cake is a golden fluff of goodness. Every mouthful tastes fresh and orangy—with delicate, sweet Crisco bringing out every drop of the sun-ripened flavor! That's what Crisco always does—because it tastes so sweet and fresh itself!

But I can't play favorites, for the English jam cake is just as good. It's moist and fruitful in every luscious feathery crumb, because pure, sweet Crisco cherishes its precious jam flavor. You'll love the unusual currant icing with a blush as delicate as the tint of a pink sea shell.

## Have you tried the new fluffy Crisco?

My, what a joy it is to make these cakes with the new fluffy Crisco! No creaming a hard, stiff shortening any more. No dribbling in the sugar in small portions. The new improved Crisco saves you all this round-about process, because Crisco comes to you now already creamed. It's the same pure Crisco you've always known, only it's as light and fluffy as whipped cream. This improvement in Crisco has started a new cake-mixing method. You can blend the sugar and eggs with Crisco in a few rapid stirs! You'll save  $\frac{1}{3}$  of your cake mixing time over the old tedious way.

If you haven't ever used Crisco for cakes, do try it soon, won't you? But first, so you can understand how good it is, taste a tiny bit of Crisco. It's as sweet and fresh as newly-churned, unsalted butter! That's why Crisco cakes are economical but taste expensive. That's why, too, the best bakers always use fine pure Crisco.

If you are interested in new dishes, as I am, you should have my booklet called "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes." Do write to me for it—address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-41, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



JAM CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup Crisco  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups brown sugar  
2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup strawberry or blackberry jam  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup seedless raisins  
2  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon nutmeg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk

Blend Crisco, sugar and eggs in *one* stirring. (This new *quicker* method is only possible because the new Crisco comes to you *already creamed*). Add jam, nuts and raisins. Sift together dry ingredients. Add alternately with milk. Pour into Criscoed tube

pan. Bake in moderate (350° F.) oven about one hour. Cover with following icing:  
2 egg whites  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
1  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups granulated sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup red currant jelly  
2 tablespoons cold water

Mix jelly, sugar, water. Cook slowly (238° F.) until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour slowly over stiffly beaten salted egg whites, beating until of consistency to spread.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL — Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co. of Canada, Ltd.



ORANGE COCOANUT CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup Crisco  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar  
3 eggs (beaten)  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water  
3 cups flour  
3 teaspoons baking powder  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
Grated rind of 1 orange  
Juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon  
Juice of 1 orange ( $\frac{1}{2}$  cup)

Blend Crisco, sugar and beaten eggs in *one* simple operation. (Try this new cake-mixing method with the new Crisco which comes in the can so creamy and fluffy that it blends with the sugar and eggs in a few brisk stirs). Add orange rind and fruit juices and mix well. Then add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the water. Blend thor-

oughly and bake in three 8-inch layer cake pans in hot oven (375° F.) for 20 minutes. Ice with fluffy icing.

FLUFFY ICING: 2 cups granulated sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shredded cocoanut, 3 egg whites, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind.

Cook sugar, salt and water, until it spins a fine thread. Pour syrup slowly over stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Add orange rind and continue beating until icing is cool and thick enough to spread. Sprinkle cocoanut lightly over icing.

CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA



Fluffy? Yes, Crisco is now so fluffy you don't need to cream it. Simply stir together Crisco, sugar, eggs. Whisk cakes into the oven in  $\frac{1}{3}$  less time.



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